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EDWARD YOUNG, F.R.S.

NIGHT
THOUGHTS
ON
LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

BY EDWARD YOUNG, L.L.D.

With Notes, critical and illustrative,

BY THE REV. C. E. DE COETLOGAN, A. M.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LAST DAY, A POEM;

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB;

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

AND

THE MERCHANT.

WITH

THE GRAVE, BY ROBERT BLAIR;

AND

DEATH, BY BISHOP PORTEUS.

8c. 4c.

ALSO,

THE LIFE OF DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

BY THE REV. DAVID M'NICOLL.

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THE
L I F E
OF
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

COMPILED BY

THE REV. DAVID M'NICOLL.

LITTLE has been preserved of the life of this admired Author. His indeed was an age of shining men; but their light, as it respects their ordinary dispositions and pursuits, was often confined within a very narrow sphere, and posterity was left with small assistance, to retrace their proper path, and ascertain their true character. *Dr. Johnson* had not yet taught the art of writing biography, and the long prevailing apathy of the public respecting the private conduct and condition of eminent writers, seems still to have kept its hold. To lovers of the serious muse, the present slight account will, however, be acceptable. The situations are ordinary, but such readers will feelingly perceive them to be those of a great and pious mind, producing from its own resources effects of lasting import to literature and religion.

What follows is a compressed view of the principal facts related of *Dr. Young* in the *Biographia Britannica*, and in the elegant sketch of his life written by *Mr. Herbert Croft*.

The father of this eminent poet was *Edward*

Young D. D. Fellow of Winchester College, and Rector of *Upham* in *Hampshire*. By pure merit he afterwards obtained the Deanery of *Sarum*. He was the author of two volumes of *Sermons* that well deserve to be read for the originality and solidity of their contents. He was chaplain to *King William* and *Queen Mary*; and lastly was appointed chaplain and clerk of the closet to *Queen Ann*, who had condescended (or, perhaps, to speak more properly, possessed the honour,) to stand Godmother to the Author of the *Night Thoughts*.

EDWARD, the only son of the Dean, was born at *Upham* in 1681. He was educated on the foundation at Winchester College, where he remained till his eighteenth year, without being, as far as can be known, the object of any particular attention. In 1708 he was nominated by *Apb. Tennison* to a law fellowship at *All Souls*. He took his degree as bachelor of civil law in 1714, and his doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719. It does not appear that he ever commenced the practice of his profession.

It is said, that during his stay at *All Souls*, he was a man of dissipated, rather than religious, manners. On this subject Mr. Croft charitably observes: "The authority of his father, indeed, had ceased some time before his death, and *Young* was certainly not ashamed to be patronized by the infamous *Duke of Wharton*. But *Wharton* befriended in *Young*, perhaps the poet, and particularly the tragedian. If virtuous authors must be patronized only by virtuous peers, who shall point them out? They who think ill of *Young's* morality in the early part of his life, may perhaps be wrong; but *Tindal* could not err in his opinion of *Young's* warmth and ability in the cause of religion. *Tindal*

used to spend much of his time at *All Souls*. ‘The other boys,’ said the Atheist, ‘I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read an hundred times; but that fellow, *Young*, is continually pestering me with something of his own.’—After all, *Young* might, for two or three years, have tried that kind of life, in which his principles would not suffer him to wallow long. If this were so, he has left behind him not only his evidence in favour of virtue, but the potent testimony of experience against vice.”

It appears from the nature of his pursuits in public life, and from some complaints of disappointment contained in the *Night Thoughts*, that he had strongly bent his heart on wealth, and on wealth as it is earned by fame. He therefore began to call the attention of the great, in 1712, by an Epistle to the *Right Honourable George Lord Lansdowne*. The purpose of this poem was to reconcile the people to one of the ten new Lords which *Queen Ann* had created in one day. It was considered as a composition of extravagant panegyric. The author’s maturer judgment, however, did not permit it to be republished.

The *Last Day*, one of his principal pieces, was finished in 1710, before he was thirty, and published in 1713. Because it was dedicated to the *Queen*, and because of some satirical lines of *Swift*, which are said to reflect on the poet, it has been presumed that he received a settled stipend as a writer for the court. “Yet who shall say with certainty,” observes Mr. Croft, “that *Young* was a pensioner? In all modern periods of this country, have not the writers on one side been regularly called hirelings, and on the other patriots?”

His next publication was, *The Force of Religion*, or *Vanquished Love*, a poem founded on the execution of *Lady Jane Gray*, and her husband, *Lord Guilford*, in 1554. This work excited little attention; *Pope's Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, it must be acknowledged, exhibits a more severe and interesting struggle, described with far more power of sentiment, and elegance of expression.

This was followed by a *Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job*; a production on which there seems to be but one opinion, that it does the author credit as a man of learning, a poet, and a christian.

He now determined to appear as an author of a different sort, of one whose province has, by some, been deemed the most difficult in the whole range of human writing. In 1719, his *Tragedy of Busiris* was brought upon the stage, and received with applause. In 1721, his principal drama, *The Revenge*, was performed. The attention of the public was now fixed upon him, as upon one who had proved himself a master in several departments of poetry. *Dr. Johnson* thus remarks upon his Tragedies: "*Mr. Stevens* recalled them to my thoughts, by observing, that he seemed to have one favourite catastrophe, as his three plays all concluded with lavish suicide; a method by which, as *Dryden* remarked, a poet easily rids his scene of persons whom he wants not to keep alive. In *Busiris* there are the greatest ebullitions of imagination; but the pride of *Busiris* is such as no other man can have; and the whole is too remote from known life to raise either grief, terror, or indignation. The *Revenge* approaches much nearer to human practices and manners, and therefore keeps possession of the stage: the first design seems suggested by *Othello*;

but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral observations are so introduced, and so expressed, as to have all the novelty that can be required. Of *The Brothers*, I may be allowed to say nothing, since nothing was ever said of it by the public.

From the seriousness of Tragedy, he proceeded to the more airy employment of writing Satires. These were occasionally published under the name of the *Universal Passion*, in which he forcibly paints and impugns the manners of the age. This by some has been looked upon as his greatest and most brilliant work. It procured him, at any rate, the sum of 3000*l*.

That *Dr. Young* resolved to become a churchman at the age of fifty, should be attributed rather to the increasing seriousness of his mind, than to the hope of preferment; though this might be supposed, from his natural disposition, to have some share in the determination. His *Last Day* had shewn a heart in youth deeply sensible of divine things, and his great, his most pious work, *THE NIGHT THOUGHTS*, could only have been the production of a man whose mind had been long imbued with religious subjects.

Soon after he assumed the clerical profession, he was made chaplain to the *King*, and in 1730 was presented by his College to the Rectory of *Welwyn* in *Hertfordshire*. He is said to have been an elegant and animated preacher. There is no proof of this, however, in his Sermon preached at *St. James'*, when the drowsiness of his audience was such, that he sat down in the pulpit and wept.

In 1731, he married *Lady Elizabeth Lee*, daughter of the *Earl of Litchfield*, and widow of *Colonel Lee*, herself an elegant poet. Of her he was deprived in

1741. She had lost, in her lifetime, at the age of seventeen, an amiable daughter who was just married to *Mr. Temple*, son of *Lord Palmerston*. This was one of her three children by *Colonel Lee*. *Mr. Temple* did not long survive his wife. *Mr. and Mrs. Temple* have always been considered as *Philander* and *Narcissa*. If they were, they did not die long before *Lady Elizabeth Young*. Who needs to be informed, that the sudden deaths of these three persons are lamented in the following lines?—

To what a archer! could not one suffice?

Thrice she fell a lance, and thrice my peace was slain!

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

Here then is the occasion of the *Night Thoughts*, an occasion of the most impressive nature; and which, it must be acknowledged, fell on one who possessed a native fitness for improving it.

His wife left him one son, named *Frederick*, whose godfather was the *Prince of Wales*, father to his present Majesty. He was a dissolute young man, and soon expelled the university for improper conduct, by which he lost his father's favour. He has been looked upon as the *Lorenzo* of the *Night Thoughts*; but *Mr. Croft* has ably shewn the absurdity of this opinion, and presumed that character with great probability to have been one of the infamous companions of the *Duke of Wharton*.

In 1761, *Dr. Young* was made clerk of the closet to the *Princess Dowager of Wales*.

The *Resignation* was his last poetical effort. It has suffered the severest animadversion; yet *Dr. Johnson*, a good judge, and who was far from being a gentle critic, looks upon it as worthy of its author; and though written at the age of 80, possessed of great

vigour. The rest of his works consist of numberless small productions, of different degrees of merit.

Dr. Young died in April, 1765, aged 84, having retained the perfect use of his faculties to the last. He was buried, according to his own desire, by the side of his wife, under the Altar-piece* in *Welwyn Church*; and his funeral attended by the poor of the parish.

This great man had been disappointed, by what he deemed a severe and undiscerning world, for many years, and had acquired both friends and enemies in considerable numbers. This was owing in part to his politics, and to his character being of a mixed nature, so as not to suit entirely any class of politicians. He was undoubtedly a person of piety, and of a solemn disposition,† but he was not without some prominent faults. He was occasionally guilty of a murmuring despondence, and sometimes grasped after fame and wealth with no common degree of ambition. Unfixed in any profession, except that of a poet, the divided state of his mind must have frequently paralyzed his efforts, and he sunk into retirement, displeased with the world, and perhaps with himself.

His works discover him to have been a man of ex-

* This Altar-piece is reckoned one of the most curious in the kingdom, being adorned with an elegant piece of needle-work, by *Lady Betty Young*. In the middle of it are inscribed these words: *I am the bread of life*. On the north side of the chancel is this inscription, supposed by the Doctor's order: *VIRGINEUS—Increase in wisdom and understanding*; and opposite, on the south side, *PURISQUE—And in favour with God and man*. [See App. to Biog. Brit.]

† It is adduced, for instance, that he had in his garden an alcove with a bench, so well painted, that at a distance it seemed to be real; but upon a nearer approach the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared:—

INVISIBILIA NON DECIPIUNT—*The things unseen do not deceive us.*

traordinary sensibility. He regularly practised family devotion; a circumstance which his biographers have particularly noticed, as if it had been an uncommon practice even among the Clergymen of his day. Though he was solicitous to gain money, he was far from being ungenerous in the disbursement of it. He was abstemious, seldom drinking wine, because he would not, as he said, waste the succours of age and sickness on health and strength. He is said to have been uncommonly polite, and with all his gloom was often extremely social and cheerful: but a Clergyman patronizing in person bowling parties, and other pursuits of giddiness and fashion, is not one of the most consistent and becoming objects.

Considered as a poet, the first thing that strikes us, is the amazing number, and often greatness, of his thoughts. He was wonderfully laconic, but not obscure, unless to readers remarkable for ignorance or inattention. And the wonder is increased, when we reflect on the argumentative and abstract nature of his subjects in the *Night Thoughts*. His proofs in favour of the immortality of the soul are clear and convincing, and still used by prose writers; while at the same time the soul itself, in all its various situations, emotions, and interests, is described in the most affecting light. One of his principal excellencies consists in a surprising power of describing religious subjects: a proof that *Dr. Johnson* was not perfectly accurate in his opinion, that such subjects are unsuitable to poetry. In the *Night Thoughts* we have an evidence, that where divine things are as much felt and delighted in as the more ordinary topics of poets, *genius*, without a difficulty, can raise, on this foundation also, lasting monuments of her skill and ability.

It is the province of the poet to represent things in their genuine appearances, giving a fresh interest to the study of the originals by the accuracy and art of the pictures he exhibits. It is that of the philosopher to investigate the real nature, relations, and effects, of things, and to point out how they differ from their appearances, and in what particular instances. These two properties are admirably blended in the *Night Thoughts*.

The general character given of his poems by *Dr. Johnson*, will weigh considerably with the reader.


“Of *Young's* poems,” he observes, “it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner; one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth, and sometimes rugged; his style is sometimes concatenated, and sometimes abrupt; sometimes diffusive, and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment; and his thoughts appear the effects of chance, sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment.

“In his *Night Thoughts* he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work

is not exactness, but copiousness: particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity.

“ His versification is his own; neither his blank nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers; he picks up no hemistichs, he copies no favourite expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe, that when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labour and frequent revisions.

“ His verses are formed by no certain model; for he is no more like himself in his different productions than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prosody, nor to have had any direction but from his own ear. But, with all his defects, he was a man of genius, and a poet.”



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TO A LADY, WITH 'THE LAST DAY.'

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold;
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes;
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous sons alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish Nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;
But bliss, resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan.
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore;
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Coll. Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON
LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the World, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear. 5
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancy'd misery, 11
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain;
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and Night, 15
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world. 20
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. 25
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To Reason, and on Reason build Resolve, 30
(That column of true majesty in Man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? 35

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul; 40
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of Nature and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind 45
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song:
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will 50
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes One. We take no note of time, 55
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
As wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

A dread eternity! how surely mine!

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours:
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood. 60
 It is the signal that demands dispatch:
 How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—On what? A fathomless abyss;
 A dread eternity! how surely mine! 65

And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!
 How passing wonder He, who made him such! 70
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
 From diff'rent natures marvellously mix'd,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from Nothing to the Deity! 75
 A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!
 Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite! 80

A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own: How reason reels!
 O what a miracle to Man is Man, 85
 Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there. 90

'Tis past conjecture: all things rise in proof:
 While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spreads,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep 95
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
 Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,

All on earth is shadow,—all beyond is substance.

With antic shapes? wild natives of the brain!
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod; 100
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims my soul immortal:
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims eternal day.

For human weal, Heav'n husbands all events: 105
 Dull Sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress? Are angels there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire? 110

They live! they greatly live! a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd! and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
 This is the desert, this the solitude: 115

How populous, how vital, is the grave!
 This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades!
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond 120
 Is substance: The reverse is Folly's creed:
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death, 125
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free.

From real life, but little more remote
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light, 130
 The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
 You ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods, (O transport!) and of man.

Yet Man, fool Man! here buries all his thoughts;
 Inter celestial hopes without one sigh. 135
 Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,

Night-visions may befriend—Our waking dreams are fatal.

Here pinions all his wishes: Wing'd by Heav'n
 To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
 Where seraphs gather immortality 140
 On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
 In His full beam, and ripen for the just!
 Where momentary ages are no more!
 Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
 And is it in the flight of threescore years, 146
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness, 150
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd
 At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? it o'erwhelms myself; 155
 How was my heart incrust'd by the world!
 O how self-fetter'd was my growling soul!
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun!
 Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er 160
 With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above :)
 Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
 Of things impossible! (could Sleep do more?) 165
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of Life!
 How richly were my noontide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys, 170
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
 Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
 Where's now my frenzy's pompous furniture? 175
 The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
 Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me,

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !

The spider's most attenuated thread,
Is cord, is cable, to Man's tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze. 180

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight !
Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy, 185
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour ; 190
And rarely for the better ; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of Fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root ; each moment plays 195
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree ! 1947. 200
A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air ;
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !
Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine 205
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amidst such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ? 210
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me ?
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament 215
Thy wretched neighbour ? grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?

Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace.

How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from Fortune's smile,
 Precarious courtesy ! not Virtue's sure,
 Self-given, solar ray of sound delight. 220

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
 Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace ;
 Through the dark postern of time long claps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night, 225
 Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
 Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
 And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys, a numerous train ! 230

I rue the riches of my former fate ;
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
 And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ? 235
 Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
 The single man ? Are angels all beside ?
 I mourn for millions : 'Tis the common lot ;
 In this shape, or in that, has Fate entail'd
 The mother's throes on all of woman born, 240
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
 Intestine Broils, Oppression, with her heart
 Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
 God's image, disinherited of day, 245
 Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
 There beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
 Some, for hard masters, broken under arms, 250
 In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
 If so the tyrant, or his minions, doom.

Want, and incurable Disease, (fell pair !)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize 255
 At once ; and make a refuge of the grave..
 How groaning hospitals eject their dead !

The smoothest course of Nature has its pains.

What numbers groan for sad admission there!
 What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of Charity! 260

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
 Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
 You rue more modish visits, visit here;
 And breathe from your debauch: Give, and reduce
 Surfeit's dominion o'er you: But so great 265
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
 Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;
 And punishment the guiltless; and alarm, 270
 Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.

Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not Happiness itself makes good her name;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish. 275

How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
 From that for which we doat, felicity!
 The smoothest course of Nature has its pains;
 And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
 Without misfortune, what calamities! 280

And what hostilities, without a foe!
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe 285
 Is tenanted by Man! the rest a waste;

Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands!
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
 Such is Earth's melancholy map! But, far
 More sad! this earth is a true map of Man. 290

So bounded are his haughty lord's delights
 To Woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
 Loud sorrows howl, invenom'd passions bite,
 Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
 And threat'ning Fate wide opens to devour. 295

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
 In age, in infancy, from others aid

Stand on thy guard against the smiles of Fate.

Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.
 That, Nature's first, last lesson to mankind ;
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels. 300
 More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
 Nor Virtue, more than Prudence, bids me give
 Swoln thought a second channel ; who divide,
 They weaken too, the torrent of their grief. 305
 Take then, O world ! thy much-indebted tear :
 How sad a sight is human happiness,
 To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
 O thou, whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !
 Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ? 310
 I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.
 Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
 The salutary censure of a friend.
 Thou happy wretch ! by blindness thou art blest ;
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles. 315
 Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
 Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay ;
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity, 320
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
 LORENZO, fortune makes her court to thee.
 Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.
 Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;
 I would not damp, but to secure, thy joys. 325
 Think not that Fear is sacred to the storm.
 Stand on thy guard against the smiles of Fate.
 Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns ? most sure ;
 And in its favours formidable too :
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards ; 330
 A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes ;
 Awake us to their cause, and consequence ;
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;
 Awe Nature's tumults, and chastise her joys, 335
 Lest, while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert
 To worse than simple misery, their charms.

Beware what earth calls happiness.

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage invenom'd rise against our peace. 340

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware

All joys, but joys that never can expire.

Who builds on less than an immortal base,

Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh 345

Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth

Lost all her lustre. Where, her glitt'ring tow'rs?

Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down

To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:

The great magician's dead! Thou poor pale piece 350

Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change

From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,

(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd

Thy glowing cheek! ambition, truly great,

Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within, 355

(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,

Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and bekon'd

The worm to riot on that rose so red,

Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is conditionally wise; 360

LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns

Oft, the first instant; its idea fair

To lab'ring thought is born. How dim our eye!

The present moment terminates our sight;

Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain. 366

Time is dealt out by particles; and each,

Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,

By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn

Deep silence, "Where eternity begins." 370

By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;

There's no prerogative in human hours.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,

Than Man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?

Where is to-morrow? In another world. 376

For numbers this is certain; the reverse

Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer.

This peradventure, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant we build
 Our mountain hopes ; spin our eternal schemes, 380
 As we the fatal sisters would out-spin,
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud,
 Nor had he cause ; a warning was deny'd :
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe ! 385
 As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
 Of human ills the last extreme beware,
 Beware, LORENZO ! a slow-sudden death.
 How dreadful that deliberate surprise !
 Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ; 390
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves 395
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of Man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live," 400
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own ; their future selves applauds ; 405
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails !
 That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone :
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ; 410
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory Man,
 And that through ev'ry stage : When young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Un-anxious for ourselves ; and only wish, 415
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, Man suspects himself a fool ;/

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ; 420
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate 425
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains ;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel ; 430
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget PHILANDER ? That were strange :
O my full heart !—But should I give it vent, 435
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn ;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer 440
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,
And call the stars to listen : Ev'ry star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages : Wrapt in shade, 445
Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides ! 450
Or, Milton ! thee ; ah ! could I reach your strain !
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.
Man too he sung : Immortal Man I sing.
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of Efe ;
What now, but Immortality can please ? 455
O had he pass'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day !

O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal Man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me! 460



NOTES

TO

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS

OF

YOUNG.



WHATEVER respective value it may be proper to set on the other sciences, those, which are of the most extensive utility, and the most interesting to mankind, are poetry, history, and eloquence. For at the same time that they constitute what is called polite literature, they are accompanied with graces and charms of peculiar attraction.

It is needless to inform the intelligent reader, that the art of poetry, profane as it is become, by its shameful prostitution, was originally invented to render the public homage of adoration to the Divine Being, and to teach mankind the most important truths of religion. Such was the purity of its first institution. A learned prelate of our own country considers it as of divine origin; and such, indeed, appears to have been the opinion of the more informed part of the heathen

Notes to Night the First.

world. They considered poetry, we are told, as something sacred and celestial; not produced by human genius, but altogether a divine gift. The mysteries and ceremonies of their religion, and the worship of their deities, were performed in verse; and the most ancient of their compositions, the *oracles*, always consisted of numbers.

It ought to be observed, as a circumstance of still greater consideration, that, in the oracles of *divine truth* itself, there are some of the first and choicest specimens of poetic taste; and that in this, as well as in many other respects, the SACRED SCRIPTURES will for ever remain unrivalled. Nor is it any dishonour to the Author of the *Night Thoughts* that his work is enriched and dignified with various treasures from that source.

“ If men of the first intellectual powers had dedicated their talents to the sublimest of all subjects, and had followed the example of this excellent writer; if they had recommended every moral and religious duty, with all the charms of numbers, and in all the colours of a fine imagination; they might have inspired those with a love of *christianity* and *virtue*, who are now seduced, by a licentious muse, to vice and scepticism. Let men of genius enter this field; let them recollect that they have *Homer* and *Callimachus*, in some measure, for their model; or, which is better still, that *Milton* derived from sacred subjects a style of poetry, which all the enlightened world admire.”

The *design* of our Author is evidently that of exposing the vanity of the world, and the insufficiency of all earthly pursuits, possessions, and enjoyments, to satisfy the vast desires of an immortal spirit; and, from the emptiness of all sublunary bliss, to lead the soul to *virtue*, to *religion*, and to *God*. In the prosecution of this noble design, there is a force of reasoning, not to be equalled in any poetic composition in our language.

If a certain degree of *obscurity*, accompanied with an unusual *brevity* be acknowledged excellencies in a

didactic poem, they are distinguishing characteristics of this writer; whose style and manner are unusually sententious and pointed: In whom, however, there are not wanting some very beautiful instances of the tender and pathetic, and sublime and grand.

Let us be permitted to celebrate it, as a peculiar excellency of this work, that it is impossible to read it without reflection. And the habit of reflection is what forms the man of judgment—the valuable member of society—and the candidate for honours, which will never fade.

In an age like the present, when all orders of men are in some degree attentive to letters, he certainly renders great service to religion, and consequently to society, who unites *taste* with *theology*; and much encouragement ought surely to be given to those, who are exerting their utmost efforts, to promote the desirable coalition of *piety* and the *arts*.

It was saying but little, of this illustrious ornament of our country, in a comparative view, when it was remarked of him, that, “with all his defects, he was a genius and a poet.”

NIGHT THE FIRST.

VERSE 1st, &c. “Tir’d Nature’s,” &c.—It is impossible to possess that happy sensibility, from whence arises every amiable emotion of the heart, without being tenderly affected with the pathos of this introduction. Nothing can more beautifully express the state of mind it is intended to delineate. Who can read the lines, and not be touched with the sentiment? We have something very similar in the introduction of Gray’s *Elegy*, and Pope’s *Eloisa*:

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

“ In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns—”

In each of them, the sound is a very natural and obvious echo to the sense; but, in that of our Author, there is something so congenial with universal experience, that you hear it for ever repeated.

V. 18th, &c. “ Night, sable goddess,” &c.—How admirably is all this scenery contrived, to fix the mind in a posture of the most serene reflection! Neither does the Poet transport us into the regions of *fancy*; every thing here, is *truth* and *fact*.

V. 36, &c. “ THOU, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence,” &c.

Is there not something uncommonly sublime and grand in this sudden and yet well-timed address to the Divine Being? How mean and insignificant does the usual mode of invocation to some inspiring muse appear before it! What dignity does it reflect on the whole subject; and on Man, when it is the genuine breathing of his heart! And how devoutly is it to be wished, that all the disappointments and sorrows of this present scene may drive him, for repose and peace, into

“ The bosom of his Father, Friend, and God!”

Though Milton’s address to the Divine Spirit has its beauties, this is a prayer that people of every rank and circumstance may record in their memories, and make use of upon all occasions with great advantage.

V. 68, &c. “ How poor, how rich,” &c.—St. Augustine very justly observed, that Man, considered in his essence, and in all his relations, is an enigma of all others the most difficult to be solved. No power, but the Deity, was capable of establishing so intimate an union between an indivisible soul, and a substance composed of parts; between an immortal spirit, and a mass of flesh, destined to be reduced to dust; in a word, between thought and sensations, ideas and forms, affections and nerves.

It is sufficient then to descend into *ourselves*, in order

to contemplate a prodigy every moment renewed ; but we find there only an horrible abyss, if the Deity does not occupy the first rank within us. Each of us should have a throne erected for God in his heart ; otherwise, it becomes a chaos without order or symmetry.

If we would have a just definition of *ourselves*, conformable to our excellencies and our imperfections, we must make our inquiries of Religion, to gain an exact knowledge of our nature.

V. 99, &c. " Her ceaseless flight," &c.—None but a spiritual being can produce immaterial ideas. The most subtile particles of air and fire might be collected, might be agitated in every direction, but can never be formed into a syllogism. Flame, radiant and penetrating as it is, has never yet given birth to a single thought, or a single argument. That thought, which in an instant makes the circuit of the world ; which subjects the universe to its observations ; which, with the most rapid flight, rises even to the infinite Being ; which has neither situation, figure, nor colour ; which imperiously commands, and forces the body to obey its orders ; tell me, how can it be a part of that same body ? If thought be thus really spiritual, must not the soul, which engenders it, be spiritual ?

V. 135, &c. " Yet man, fool Man!"—Milton, in his *Comus*, has expressed the same idea in the following strain :

" The smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown which Virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants,
Around the throne of God on sainted seats."

V. 149, &c. " A soul immortal."—A finer stroke of satire on the folly, not to say disarrangement, of those, who are spending all their time and powers in terrestrial pursuits, or in every varied scene of dissipation and levity, is scarcely to be met with in any writer.

V. 158, &c. " How, like a worm, was I," &c.—The imagery, in these lines, is exquisitely beautiful, and

Notes to Night the First.

admirably descriptive of the fascinating illusions, by which human beings suffer themselves to be cheated out of their real happiness.

V. 238. "I mourn for millions; 'tis the common lot;
In this shape," &c.

See this most pathetically elucidated in the Ecclesiastes of Solomon. Who, indeed, has not felt the force of that weeping strain in the history of Job, where it is said, "Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble: He cometh up—and is cut down—like a flower: He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

V. 264, &c. ——"Give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you."

—"Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just."

King Lear, Act iii. Scene 5.

See also Thomson's,

"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power," &c. *Winter Season*.

V. 289, &c. "Such is Earth's melancholy map," &c.—This account of earth's melancholy map, to those who skim lightly over the surface of things, and whose wretched maxim is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" may, perhaps, be pronounced dark and gloomy. The *design*, however, is equally benevolent and pious. It is evidently drawn in these deep shades, to wean us, if possible, from all the airy dreams and siren songs of human felicity, by which so many thousands are deceived—infatuated—destroyed. It is intended to provoke us to every amiable operation of sympathetic virtue towards our fellow-travellers through this vale of care; and to lead our views to brighter scenes of never-ending peace and joy in future bliss. Notwithstanding the sad variety of wretchedness with which the picture presents us, who can help esteeming that philanthropy, which says,

"I would not *damp*, but to *secure*, thy joys."



W.M. Craig del.

Goche Sculp.

*Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
 'Dreadful Death' should his strong hand arrest.
 No composition set the prisoner free.*

Night 2nd

And, fortitude abandon'd, where is Man?

V. 390, &c. "Be wise to-day," &c.—This is a hint, which no moralist, heathen or christian, ever failed to press upon our attention. You will meet with it, amidst all the gaiety of an Horace, as well as in the more grave severity of a Persius.—*Carpe diem: fugit hora; fugit irrevocabile tempus. Ab hoc momento, pendet eternitas.*

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

"WHEN the cock crew, he wept"—Smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: That Pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
(Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,) 5
Rouse souls from slumber into thoughts of Heav'n.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is Man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best, 10
Deserves it least.—On other themes I'll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit; profit there,

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

Where most thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear PHILANDER's dust. He, thus, though dead,
May still befriend.—What themes? Time's wond'rous
price, 16

Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER's final scene.

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half-impress 20
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief

Call glory—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate?

I know thou say'st it: Says thy life the same?

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time 25

(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,

As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?

O Time! than gold more sacred; more a load

Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise.

What moment granted Man without account? 30

What years are squander'd, Wisdom's debt unpaid!

Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.

Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,

Insidious Death! should his strong hand arrest,

No composition sets the pris'ner free. 35

Eternity's inexorable chain

Fast binds; and Vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late

Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!

That time is mine, O MEAD! to thee I owe; 40

Fain would I pay thee with Eternity.

But ill my genius answers my desire;

My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.

Accept the will;—that dies not with my strain.

For what calls thy disease, LORENZO? Not 45

For Esculapian, but for moral aid;

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor;

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay

No moment but in purchase of its worth: 50

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell:

Part with it as with life: Reluctant; big

Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed.

With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine. 55

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?
(These Heav'n benign in vital union binds,)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire ? Amusement reigus
Man's great demand ; to trifle is to live : 60
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?

Thou say'st I preach, LORENZO ! 'Tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake ?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal, 65
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities with their glitt'ring spires 70
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ;
Will toys amuse ? No : Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—Its loss we dearly buy. 75
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports ?
He pleads time's num'rous blanks ; he loudly pleads
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee ?
No blank, no trifle, Nature made or meant. 80
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine ;
This cancels thy complaint at once ; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.

This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold : 85
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours ;
Immense revenue ! every moment pays.
If nothing more than purpose in thy pow'r ;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed : 90
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in heav'n.

Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint:
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;
 Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in
 Heav'n. 95

On all-important time, through ev'ry age,
 Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
 " I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
 Had been an emperor without his crown ; 100
 Of Rome? Say, rather, lord of human race:
 He spoke, as if deputed by Mankind.
 So should all speak : So Reason speaks in all ;
 From the soft whispers of that God in Man,
 Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly, 105
 For rescue from the blessings we possess?
 Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity ;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth 110
 A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to Nature, and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man!
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure Nature for a span too short ; 115
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
 Art, brainless Art! our furious charioteer 120
 (For Nature's voice unstifled would recall,)
 Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of Death ;
 Death, most our dread; Death thus more dreadful made;
 O what a riddle of absurdity!
 Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ; 125
 How heavily we drag the load of life!
 Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour. 130
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;

Then Time turns torment, when Man turns a fool.

The next amusement mortgages our fields!
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,
From hateful Time if prisons set us free.
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief, 135
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. • The telescope is turn'd,
To Man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age: 140
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all Mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills; 145
To Nature just, their cause and cure explore.
Not short Heav'n's bounty, boundless our expence;
No niggard, Nature; Men are prodigals.
We waste (not use) our time; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, us'd is life. 150
And bare existence, Man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was giv'n for use, not waste.
Injoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for Man; 155
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That Man might feel his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts, such by Heav'n design'd; 160
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds; 165
Then time turns torment, when Man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle with great Nature's plan;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart His will shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnat'ral quarrel with ourselves; 170
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;

Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence?

We push Time from us, and we wish him back;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; Death seek, and shun;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife, 175
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd; 180
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

Nor death, nor life, delight us. If time past,
And time possess, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The Man who consecrates his hours 185
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed; 190
And thy great gain from urging his career.
All-sensual Man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly Man's; 'tis Fortune's.—Time's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence? 195
For, or against, what wonders can he do!

And will: To stand blank neuter he disdains
Not on those terms was Time (Heav'n's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to Man.

LORENZO! no: On the long-destin'd hour, 200
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
When the dread SIRE, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then Time was born,) 205

By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on those terms, from the great days of Heav'n,
From old Eternity's mysterious orb,
Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode, 210
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;

Man flies from Time, and Time from Man.

That horologe machinery divine.

Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,
Like num'rous wings, around him, as he flies:

Or, rather, as unequal plumes they shape 215

His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,

To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,

And join anew Eternity his sire;

In his immutability to nest,

When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd 220

(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush

To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy? Why with levities

New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?

Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done? 225

Man flies from Time, and Time from Man; too soon

In sad divorce this double flight must end;

And then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then

Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state

Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud, ~~A~~ 230

Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.

Has Death his fopperies? Then well may Life

Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd! Ye lilies of our land!

Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor spin, 235

(As sister lilies might,) if not so wise

As Solomon, more sumpt'ous to the sight!

Ye delicate! who nothing can support,

Yourselves most insupportable! for whom

The winter rose must blow, the Sun put on 240

A brighter beam in Leo, silky-soft

Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid,

And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,

And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!

O ye LORENZOS of our age! who deem 245

One moment unamus'd, a misery

Not made for feeble Man! who call aloud

For ev'ry bauble, drivell'd o'er by sense,

For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,

For change of follies, and relays of joy, 250

To drag your patient through the tedious length

And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

Of a short winter's day—say, sages say!
Wit's oracles; say, dreamers of gay dreams;
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail? 255

O treach'rous Conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her change, to drop
On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to License, unrecall'd, 260
Unmark'd—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.

Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band, 265
A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.

As all-rapacious usurers conceal 270
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable Time;
Unmoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass, 275
Writes our whole history; which Death shall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;

And judgment publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
LORENZO, such that sleeper in thy breast! 280
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance such
For slighted counsel; such thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

But why on Time so lavish is my song?
On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school, 285
To teach her sous herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day! If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd 290
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

A moment we may wish, when worlds want wealth to buy.

Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
 Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—labours more?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst 295
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
 Man sleeps; and Man alone; and Man, whose fate,
 Fate irreversible, intire, extreme,
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph 300
 A moment trembles; drops! and Man, for whom
 All else is in alarm! Man, the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm! And yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
 Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize; 305
 Heav'n's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid Day stand still,
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
 The period past, regive the given hour.
 LORENZO, more than miracles we want; 310
 LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come!
 Such is the language of the Man awake;
 His ardour such, for what oppresses thee.
 And is his ardour vain, LORENZO? No;
 That more than miracle the gods indulge; 315
 To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd
 Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool. 320
 Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
 More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n?
 Where shall I find him? Angels! tell me where. 325
 You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
 Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed
 Protection; now, are waving in applause 330
 To that blest son of foresight! lord of Fate!

The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls.

That awful independent on to-morrow!
 Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
 Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile;
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly; 335
 That common, but opprobrious lot! Past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If Folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
 All god-like passion for eternals quench'd; 340
 All relish of realities expir'd;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
 Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
 Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust; 345
 Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim;
 Embruted ev'ry faculty divine;
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world—
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire 350
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd;
 Though we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.
 Such veneration due, O Man! to Man.
 Who venerate themselves, the world despise. 355
 For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,
 Which hangs out Death in one eternal night?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence, 360
 Inch-high the grave above; that home of Man,
 Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
 We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
 We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot! 365
 Is Death at distance? No: He has been on thee;
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues! 370
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.

The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust. 375

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to Heav'n
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what Men experience call;
If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe. 380

O reconcile them! Kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so. 385

Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes! 390

Since by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till Earth herself shall be no more. 395

Since then (as emnets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore-amaz'd, from out Earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As Man's own choice, (controller of the skies!)
As Man's despotic will, perhaps one hour, 400
(O how omnipotent is Time!) decrees;

Should not each warning give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each dial strike us as we pass, 405

Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Erewhile high-flush'd with insolence and wine?
Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
LORENZO! loth to break thy banquet up: 410
"O Man! thy kingdom is departing from thee,

We take fair days in winter for the spring.

“ And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade.”
 Its silent language such : Nor need'st thou call
 Thy Magi, to decypher what it means.
 Know, like the Medean, Fate is in thy walls : 415
 Dost ask, how ? whence ? Belshazzar-like, amaz'd !
 Man's make incloses the sure seeds of Death ;
 Life feeds the murderer : Ingrate ! he thrives
 On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, LORENZO, the delusion lies ; 420
 That solar shadow, as it measures life,
 It life resembles too : Life speeds away
 From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen ; 425
 Yet soon Man's hour is up, and we are gone.
 Warnings point out our danger ; gnomons, time :
 As these are useless when the sun is set ;
 So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.
 Reason should judge in all ; in Reason's eye, 430
 That sedentary shadow travels hard.

But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware ;
 A Wilmington goes slower than the sun : 435
 And all mankind mistake their time of day ;
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain ;
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring ; 440
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ; 445
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On this, or similar, PHILANDER ! thou,
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun, 450
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !

Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion too!

How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the recluse, more coy!
Thoughts disentangle, passing o'er the lip; 455
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The fancy, and unhallow'd passion fires;
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane. 460

Know'st thou, LORENZO! what a friend contains?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from Friendship, Wisdom and Delight;
Twins ty'd by nature; if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad? 465
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion
too! 469

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought too, delivered, is the more possess'd;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain 475
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament, and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie 480
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted; who might have borne an edge,
And played a sprightly beam, if born to speech!
If born blest heirs to half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum, 485
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in Contemplation's field; 490

True Love strikes root in Reason ; Passion's foe.

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint ; and Emulation's spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude ;
As exercise for salutary rest. 495

By that untutor'd, Contemplation raves ;
And Nature's fool, by Wisdom's is outdone.
Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness ! 500

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity, 505
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.

Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flies monopolists : It calls for two ;
Rich fruit ! Heav'n-planted ! never pluck'd by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give 510
To social Man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast. 515

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft, 520
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Beware the counterfeit : In passion's flame
Hearts melt : but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in Reason ; Passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life : 525

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever :
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is Virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And tumultuously rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity ! endearing strife ! 530

Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

This carries Friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From Friendship, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old Time, and Death!
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,
The wise extract Earth's most Hyblean bliss, 536
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flow'r?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts, 540
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the great,
None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure, 545
Or fascination of a high-born smile.

Their smiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out
For other hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye Fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of wealth! 550
You do your rent-rolls most felonious wrong,
By taking our attachment to yourselves.
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love. 555
LORENZO! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme) 560
I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and Distrust, destroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough, 565
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death. 570

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

Well, for thy friend; but nobler far, for thee;
How gallant danger for Earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazard we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world:

A world in purchase for a friend is gain." 575

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy.)

So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round

In the rich ichor, in the gen'rous blood

Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit, 580

A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.

He drank long health and virtue to his friend;

His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new

(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure. 585

O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,

And elevating spirit, of a friend,

For twenty summers rip'ning by my side; 590

All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;

All social virtues rising in his soul; 590

As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!

Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;

Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.

High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!

On earth how lost!—PHILANDER is no more. 595

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?

And I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.

I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.

Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,

Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes 600

Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

His flight PHILANDER took; his upward flight,

If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,

(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall 605

One feather as he flew! I, then, had wrote,

What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;

Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus relieve.

Yet what I can, I must: It were profane

To quench a glory lighted at the skies, 610

And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
 Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
 Momentous most to Man, should sleep unsung!
 And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
 Painim or Christian; to the blush of wit. 615
 Man's highest triumph! Man's profoundest fall!
 The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
 By mortal hand: it merits a divine:
 Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
 There, on a post of honour, and of joy. 620
 Dare I presume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
 And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
 Yet am I struck; as struck the soul beneath
 Aerial groves' impenetrable gloom;
 Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade; 625
 Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust,
 In vaults, thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings!
 Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
 It is religion to proceed: I pause—
 And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme. 630
 Is it his death-bed? No: It is his shrine:
 Behold him, there, just rising to a god.
 The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heav'n. 635
 Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe.
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease:
 If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
 For, here, resistless demonstration dwells; 640
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
 Here tir'd Dissimulation drops her mask,
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
 Here real, and apparent, are the same.
 You see the Man; you see his hold on Heav'n; 645
 If sound his virtue; as PHILANDER's, sound.
 Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
 On this side death; and points them out to men;
 A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace. 650

A sun extinguish'd! a just op'ning grave!

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
 PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on thee.
 "No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate! 655
 A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
 A wrench from all we love! from all we are!
 A restless bed of pain! A plunge opaque
 Beyond conjecture! Feeble Nature's dread!
 Strong Reason's shudder at the dark unknown! 660
 A sun extinguish'd! a just op'ning grave!
 And oh! the last, last; what? (can words express?
 Thought reach?) the last, last—silence of a friend!"
 Where are those horrors, that amazement where,
 This hideous group of ills (which singly shock) 665
 Demands from Man?—I thought him Man till now.
 Through Nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies
 (Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom,)
 What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
 Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm? 670
 No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
 His conduct is a legacy for all,
 Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.
 His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
 With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields 675
 His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
 How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
 Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to Man?
 His God sustains him in his final hour!
 His final hour brings glory to his God! 680
 Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.
 We gaze; we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!
 Amazement strikes! Devotion bursts to flame!
 Christians adore, and infidels believe.
 As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow, 685
 Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
 While rising vapours and descending shades,
 With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale;
 Undamp'd by doubt, and undarken'd by despair,
 PHILANDER thus augustly rears his head, 690

At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
 Sweet Peace, and heav'nly Hope, and humble Joy,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies, 695
 With incommunicable lustre bright.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ONE of the principal views of Poetry, was, to form the manners. To be convinced of this, we have only to consider the particular end of the several species of poetry, and to observe the general practice of the most illustrious poets of antiquity. If either the epic poem, the ode, tragedy, comedy, or the pastoral, have been employed to different purposes, it is certain that they are made to deviate from their natural institution; and that, in the beginning, they all tended to the same end, which was, to render men better.

For this beneficial purpose, the reader may expect to meet with a variety of general reflections in this Second Night, on the nature, importance, speed, and value, of *Time*—on *Friendship*—and on *Death*.

V. 3, &c. "This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
 Emblem of that," &c.

—"I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
 Awake the god of day." *Hamlet*.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
 The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes,
 No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time." *Hamlet*.

V. 9, &c. ———“ Life is war,
Eternal war with woe.”

And why? For the origin of all human misery and woe, consult the Mosaic account of the fall of man from a state of original righteousness.

V. 48, &c. “ Youth is not rich in time,” &c.—From the bills of mortality, it appears, that one half of the human race die under the age of thirty!

V. 59, &c. ———“ Amusement reigns
Man’s great demand; to trifle, is to live.”

The proper and rational idea of *amusement*, is, the occasional diversion of the mind from the habit of thinking too intensely; the modern perversion of it is, to prevent thinking at all.

V. 68. “ When spirits ebb, when life’s enchanting
Their lustre lose,” &c. [scenes

What a striking example of this is transmitted to all ages in the history of Cardinal Wolsey!

“ This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope—to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick about him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls.”

V. 139, &c. “ Time in advance,” &c.—The artist has very judiciously selected one of the most picturesque images in this whole work, on which to employ his pencil. It is an awful consideration, and highly calculated to arrest our attention to the amazing difference we cannot but perceive between what is already past, and time that is yet to come.

V. 162, &c. “ Cares are employments,” &c.—Our situation in this world requires activity. Idleness is the worst of all diseases; equally injurious to the mind and to the body. We are placed here by the divine Providence, so as to render industry essential to our well-being; for, without it, neither the necessities nor the comforts of our existence can be obtained or enjoyed.

“ All is the gift of industry—whate’er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful.”

V. 168, &c. “ We thwart the Deity,” &c.—To seek for happiness upon any plan, but that of conformity to the revealed will of Heaven, is of all labour the most in vain.

V. 188, &c. “ He walks with *Nature*,” &c.—If we might be permitted a correction here, we would rather read,
“ He walks with *Wisdom*,” &c.—

The word, *Nature*, being vague and equivocal, in our opinion, in this application.

V. 200, &c.—“ On the long-destin’d hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour,” &c.

The reader of taste and criticism, we presume, will mark this whole passage, as a specimen of the sublime and grand, both in sentiment and in expression. The thought is perfectly new and original; and the close of it is in nothing inferior to what has been so universally celebrated,

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces;
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a trace behind.”

V. 256, &c. “ O treacherous conscience,” &c.—Volumes could scarcely say more to the purpose on this theme, than is to be found in these few lines. The moral sense must be strangely benumbed in those, who can read them without serious emotion. The murderer’s account of conscience is, indeed, very finely given by a more ancient writer, when he introduces him saying,

“ I’ll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him. It is a blushing shame-faced spirit, which mutinies in a man’s bosom; it fills one full of obstacles,” &c. &c. *Shakespeare.*

V. 298. "Man sleeps," &c.—It is this astonishing degree of moral insensibility to concerns of everlasting import, which the sacred oracles have represented metaphorically by the sleep, and death, of the soul; and which divines have therefore called spiritual death. See this very strikingly delineated in some subsequent lines, 338—349.

V. 360, &c. "Life's little stage," &c.—A more pathetic account of the brevity and vanity of our existence in this world, was never given in fewer lines by mortal pen. An inspired writer seems to have been very tenderly impressed with the same sentiments, when he was composing Psalm xxxix.

V. 432. "But such our gravitation to the wrong."—Heathens saw this; and therefore they exclaimed,

"O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium iuanes."

V. 458, &c. "Song, fashionably fruitless," &c.—Nothing is more universally to be lamented than this sad prostitution of poetical genius. The more exquisite its charms, the more fatal its effects.

V. 560. "What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship," &c.

Where is the topic, that has ever been dwelt upon with so much celebration and rapture, as that of *friendship*? "How tiresome indeed do all the pleasures of the world appear, when compared with the happiness of a tender, faithful, and enlightened friendship! that high and intimate connexion of the soul, where our inclinations are free, our feelings genuine, our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutual confidence of thoughts and actions, of pleasures and pains, uninterruptedly prevails; where the heart is led with joy along the paths of piety and virtue, and the mind conducted by Happiness into the bowers of Truth; and where advice, consolation, and succour, are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents and sorrows of life!"—Our Author has painted the charm in the most inviting colours; but where, oh! where is the treasure to be found?

V. 597, &c. "Like birds," &c.—In what consum-

Reasons that heav'n-lighted lamp in Man.

mate beauty of imagery is that common remark, that, "We never learn the true value of blessings, but by their loss," conveyed in these few verses!

V. 617, &c. "The death-bed of the just," &c.—The reader, who wishes to have his soul animated with the pious ambition this scene is calculated to inspire, must live, as it were, o'er each line, and critically observe how every circumstance of it is delineated, so as to affect, amend, and improve, the human heart. The composition is wonderful, but the moral is inestimable.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

VIRG.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs
mad,

To Reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in Man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

5

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be alone.

Communion sweet! communion large, and high!

Our reason, guardian angel, and our god!

10

Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these

I to Day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court.

How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd, unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more. 16
Or, if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

Take Phoebus to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head; 20
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;
Where Sense runs savage, broke from Reason's chain,
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;
Unlike the deity my song invokes. 25
I to Day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now first implor'd in succour to the Muse.

Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form,
And modestly forego thine own! O thou 30
Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
Say, why not Cynthia, patroness of song?
As thou her crescent, she thy character
Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute 35
This revolution in the world inspir'd?
Ye train Pierian! to the lunar sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads 40
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain;
A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n!
What title, or what name, endears thee most?
Cynthia! Cyllene! Phœbe!—or dost hear 45
With higher gust, fair P——p of the skies?
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More pow'ful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heav'ly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in mine ear 50
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast

It call'd Narcissa long before her hour.

Of thy first votary—but not thy last ;
If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be: kind on such a theme; 55

A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,

Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!

A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,

'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;

A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp 60

Than that which smote me from PHILANDER's tomb.

NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster: rare are solitary woes;

They love a train, they tread each other's heel;

Her death invades his mournful right, and claims 65

The grief that started from my lids for him:

Seizes the faithless alienated tear,

Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,

Sorrow he more than causes, he confounds;

For human sighs his rival strokes contend, 70

And make distress, distraction. Oh PHILANDER!

What was thy fate? A double fate to me;

Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!

Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,

Not less a bird of omen, than of prey. 75

It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;

It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,

From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;

Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves

In this inclement clime of human life. 80

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!

And young as beautiful! and soft as young!

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!

And happy (if aught happy here) as good!

For fortune fond had built her nest on high. 85

Like birds quite exquisite of note and plumage,

Transfix'd by Fate (who loves a lofty mark,)

How from the summit of the grove she fell,

And left it unharmonious! all its charm

Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song! 90

Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear;

Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay.

(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of Paradise, 95

As yet unforfeit, in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
We guess of Heav'n: And these were all her own.
And she was mine; and I was—was 'most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery! 100

As bodies grow more pond'rotts robb'd of life;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there; 105
Far lovelier! Pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep:
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me. 110

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale Omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw; (and who would cease to gaze, 115
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam, 120
Deny'd his wonted succour, or with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies! fairest lilies not so fair.

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives; 125
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often crop'd your odours, incense meet 130
To thought so pure. Ye lovely fugitives!
Coëval race with Man! for Man you smile;

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart.

Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight, 135

But what his glowing passions can engage;

And glowing passions, bent on aught below,

Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;

And anguish, after rapture, how severe!

Rapture? Bold Man! who tempts the wrath divine,

By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste, 141

Whilst here, presuming on the rights of Heav'n.

For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,

LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wise;

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart; 145

A broken reed at best; but oft a spear;

On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her: Thought
repell'd,

Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.

Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour! 150

And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!

And when high-flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!

And when blind Man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!

And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!

Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still, 155

Strangers to kindness, wept: Their eyes let fall

Inhuman tears; strange tears; that trickled down

From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!

A tenderness that call'd them more severe;

In spite of Nature's soft persuasion, steel'd; 160

While Nature melted, Superstition rav'd;

That mourn'd the dead; and this deny'd a grave.

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!

Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.

For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal! 165

While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurst

In blind Infallibility's embrace,

The sainted spirit petrify'd the breast;

Deny'd the charity of dust to spread

O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy. 170

What could I do? what succour? what resource?

What guilt can equal violations of the dead?

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
 With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;
 Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept, 175
 With soft-suspended step; and, muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
 I whisper'd what should echo through their realms:
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes, 180
 While Nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
 Half-execration mingled with my pray'r;
 Kindled at Man, while I his God ador'd; 185
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
 Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity
 (Deny'd NARCISSA) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead? 190
 The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold. 195
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
 When Man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
 Then, spleen to dust! the dust of innocence! 200
 An angel's dust!—This Lucifer transcends;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race 205
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;
 And uncreated, but for love divine;
 And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
 By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man, hard of heart to Man! of horrid things 210
 Most horrid! 'mid stupendous, highly strange!

Man is to Man the sorest, surest ill.

Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs ;
 Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
 And contumelious his humanity :
 What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars! 215
 And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound ;
 Man is to Man the sorest, surest ill.
 A previous blast foretels the rising storm ;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
 Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue ; 220
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire :
 Ruin from Man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were! 225
 Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but himself,
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
 Fir'd is the muse? And let the muse be fir'd :
 Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends : 230
 Shame to Mankind! PHILANDER had his foes :
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
 But he, nor I, feel more : Past ills, NARCISSA!
 Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs; 235
 Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring there
 Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) 240
 How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd !
 An aspic, each ; and all, an Hydra-woe.
 What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?—
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews ; 245
 And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;
 And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
 A grief like this proprietors excludes:
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ; 250
 They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs

My soul! the fruits of dying friends survey.

Far as the fatal fame can wing her way;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down the right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian vale, 255
Where Darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!

That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought! 260
There let my thought expatiate; and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.

For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey; 265
Expose the vain of life; weigh life and death:
Give Death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
And labour that first palm of noble minds,
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave. 270
As poets feign'd, from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.

And first, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid 275
To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth 280
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.

Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume 285
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,

And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up, 290
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,

Live ever here, Lorenzo! shocking thought!

And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love:
For us they languish, and for us they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain? 295
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts!
Shall we disdain their silent soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans; 301
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy! 305
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast;
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme 310
Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
And song of ev'ry joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the num'rous ills that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey; 315
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His luxuries have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless present, chews the past; 320
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.

Live ever here, LORENZO!—Shocking thought! 325
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light!
For what live ever here!—With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round 330
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,

Though on bright thought they father all their flights.

Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat,
 The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
 The former mock? To surfeit on the same,
 And yawn our joys; or thank a misery 335
 For change, though sad? To see what we have seen?
 Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
 To taste the tasted, and at each return
 Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
 Another vintage? Strain a flatter year, 340
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted! load, not life!
 The rational foul kennels of excess!
 Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch! 345
 Trembling each gulp, lest Death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our fine-ones is the wish refin'd!

So would they have it: Elegant desire!
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
 But such examples might their riot awe. 350
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 (Though on bright thought they father all their flights,)
 To what are they reduc'd? To love and hate
 The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool 355
 Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
 Through dread of worse? To cling to this rude rock,
 Barren, to them, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope— 360
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
 Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.

This hugg'd, this hideous state, what art can cure?
 One only; but that one, what all may reach; 365
 Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
 That rock to bloom; and tames the painted shrew;
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO! gives
 To life's sick nauseous iteration, change;
 And straitens Nature's circle to a line. 370
 Believ'st thou this, LORENZO? Lend an ear,

Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire.

A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid leaden iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste: The cuckoo-seasons sing 375
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons from the teeming earth
 To doating sense indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the sun,
 Make their days various; various as the dyes 380
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
 On minds of dove-like innocence possest,
 On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
 In that, for which they long; for which they live. 385
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame;
 While Nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel 390
 Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour;
 Advancing virtue, in a line to bliss;
 Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
 And bliss, which Christian schemes alone insure! 395
 And shall we then, for Virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates? and turn infidels for joy?
 A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
 "He sins against this life, who slights the next."
 What is this life? How few their fav'rite know! 400
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make
 Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
 We give to time eternity's regard;
 And, dreaming, take our passage from our port. 405
 Life has no value, as an end, but means;
 An end deplorable! a means divine!
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing: Worse than nought;
 A nest of pains: When held as nothing, much:
 Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd 410
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;

Vain is the world; but only to the vain.

Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
 In prospect richer far; important! awful!
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy! 415
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the barren rock? the painted shrew?
 Where now LORENZO! life's eternal round?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain is the world; but only to the vain. 420
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
 Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, Night
 Assists me here:) Compare it to the moon;
 Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich 425
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that front
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow. 430

Nor is that glory distant: Oh LORENZO!
 A good man, and an angel! these between
 How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still; 435
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.
 Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
 Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass?
 The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd: 440
 Such it is often, and why not to thee?
 To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise;
 And may itself procure what it presumes.
 Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd:
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown. 445
 "Strange competition!"—True, LORENZO! Strange!
 So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim Life peeps at light;
 Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day: 451

Death has no dread, but what frail Life imparts.

All eye, all ear, the disembod' d pow'r.
 Death has feign'd evils, Nature shall not feel;
 Life, ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty Mind, that son of heav'n, 455
 By tyrant Life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By death enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
 Death but intombs the body; life, the soul.

"Is Death then guiltless? How he marks his way
 With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine! 460
 Art, genius, fortune, elevated pow'r!
 With various lustres these light up the world,
 Which Death puts out, and darkens human race."
 I grant, LORENZO! this indictment just:
 The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror, 465
 Death humbles these; more barb'rous Life, the Man.
 Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
 Death, of the spirit infinite, divine!
 Death has no dread, but what frail Life imparts;
 Nor Life true joy, but what kind Death improves. 470
 No bliss has Life to boast, till Death can give
 Far greater; Life's a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

LORENZO! blush at fondness for a life,
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile, 475
 To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,
 Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute bemoir'd! 480
 LORENZO! blush at terror for a death,
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bow'rs,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss. 485
 What need I more? O Death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
 Age, and Disease; Disease, though long my guest;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
 Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell, 490
 That calls my few friends to my funeral;

And feel I, Death! no joy from thought of thee?

Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While Reason and Religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory; 495

It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
 Lust and Ambition, Wrath and Avarice,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his pow'r.
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not immortal too, O Death! is thine. 500

Our day of dissolution!—Name it right;
 'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe: What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain;
 More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound. 505
 Birth's feeble cry, and Death's deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-taxt Nature pays
 For mighty gain: The gain of each, a life!
 But O! the last, the former so transcends,
 Life dies, compar'd! Life lives beyond the grave. 510

And feel I, Death! no joy from thought of thee?

Death, the great counsellor, who Man inspires
 With nobler thought, and fairer deed!
 Death, the deliverer, who rescues Man!
 Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns! 515

Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
 Rich Death, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
 Death, of all pain, the period, not of joy;
 Joy's source, and subject, still subsist unhurt; 520

One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds and waves, and central night,
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim
 (To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres,)
 And live entire. Death is the crown of life: 526

Were Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain;
 Were Death deny'd, to live would not be life;
 Were Death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure: We fall; we rise; we reign!
 Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies; 531

Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death? 535
When shall I die?—When shall I live for ever?

NIGHT THE THIRD.

A CORRECT taste, it has been said, is very much offended with Dr. Young's Night Thoughts: it observes, that the representation there given of human life is false and gloomy; that the poetry sometimes sinks into childish conceits or prosaic flatness, but oftener rises into the turgid, or false sublime; that it is perplexed and obscure; and that the general plan of the work is ill laid, and is not happily conducted.

So much for what is called correct taste. It is certain, however, that this work may be read, and is read, with very different sentiments. It may be found, as a judicious writer has remarked, to contain more touches of the most sublime poetry than any language has produced, and to be full of those pathetic strokes of *nature* and *passion*, which touch the heart in the most tender and affecting manner.

Besides, the mind is sometimes in a disposition to be pleased only with dark views of human life. There are afflictions too deep, to bear either reasoning or amusement. They may be *soothed*, but cannot be diverted. The fine gloom of the Night Thoughts perfectly corresponds with this state of mind. It indulges and flatters the present passion, and at the same time proposes those motives of consolation, which alone can render certain griefs supportable.—We may here observe that secret and wonderful endearment, which the Divine Being has annexed to all our sympathetic feelings. We enter into the deepest scenes of distress

and sorrow with a melting softness of heart, far more delightful than all the joys which unthinking and dissipated mirth can inspire.

After all, there is a sublime of tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant of genius; and there are many reasons to be assigned, why, in the great scale of things, "it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart."—"The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools in the house of mirth;"—

"And reeling through this wilderness of joy,
Where Sense runs savage, broke from Reason's chain;
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall."

V. 6, &c. "O lost to virtue," &c.

—"For Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd."

Milton.

V. 145, &c. "Lean not on earth," &c.—There is no real peace, but that which surpasseth all understanding: nor any disappointless hope, but that which is full of immortality.

"The soul, for perfect bliss design'd,
Strives in vain that bliss to find,
Till, wing'd by *Hope*, at length it flies [skies."
Beyond the narrow bounds of earth, and air, and

V. 165, &c. "For, oh! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal!" From the madness of false zeal, and the ravings of fanaticism, pure religion has received some of its most incurable wounds. Witness the inquisition and crusades of the Romish church, and the enthusiastic ranters of the last century. Ecclesiastical history will furnish us with too many instances of this sort; with examples sufficient to make us tremble; equally injurious to the cause of religion, and to the rights of

society. For, what is genuine Christianity, but a system of divine love? of that love, which hospitably embraces the Turk and the Indian; and which, becoming all things to all men, desireth not the death, but the conversion, of a sinner.

V. 226, &c. "Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings," &c.—The exceeding depravity of our common nature, is a subject of deep humiliation, and cries aloud to every one of us, in the language of the son of Sirach, "Pride was not made for man."

V. 357, &c. ——"To cling to this rude rock;
Barren, to *them*, of good," &c.

Not to say any thing of the picturesque propriety of all this scenery, see the affecting truth it contains, illustrated at large in the Author's *True Estimate of Human Life*, vol. 5th.

V. 366. "Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess!
Charms that rock to bloom," &c.

A bad man is wholly the creature of the world. He hangs upon its favour, lives by its smiles, and is happy or miserable in proportion to his success. It is the peculiar effect of virtue—such as Christian motives inspire—to make a man's chief happiness independent on all this. To him, success in worldly undertakings is but a secondary object. To discharge his own part in life with integrity and honour, and to set his affections on things above, that are unseen and eternal, is his supreme aim. To Providence he leaves the rest. "His witness is in heaven, and his reward on high."

V. 416, &c. "The mighty basis of eternal bliss."

What an importance and grandeur does this sentiment reflect on human existence!

"Transient, indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet, the seed of an immortal flower;
Design'd in honour of almighty love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above;
Its value, what no thought can ascertain;
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain."

The dread of Death! I sing its sov'reign cure.

V. 526, &c. ——— “Death is the crown of life;
Were Death deny'd,” &c.

How much ought that writer to be esteemed, who has grouped together so many ideas to dissipate the horrors of the tomb, and reconcile the trembling mind to the inevitable approach of Death! If any thing can be more supporting, than what is here advanced, it is the sublime and rapturous strain of St. Paul, in the close of the fifteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. In that reviving view of things,

“Thrice welcome Death!

That after many a painful, bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to HIM,
Who scourg'd the venom out.”

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

*Our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper
Sentiments of Heart on that inestimable Blessing.*

A MUCH-indebted muse, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of Fortune, and of Youth,
Thine ear 'is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of Man
The dread of Death! I sing its sov'reign cure.



W. J. G. Del. J. G. G. Sc.

And is there who the blessed Cross wipes off,
 As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow,
 If angels tremble 'tis at such a sight.

Man makes a death, which Nature never made.

Why start at Death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding Man
Receives, not suffers, Death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave; 10
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and Error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which Nature never made; 15
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were Death frightful, what has Age to fear?
If prudent, Age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom. 20
I scarce can meet a monument but holds
My younger; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: The wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought 25
Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the best; the many, flaw all o'er;
As leopards, spotted, or as Æthiops, dark;
Vivacious, ill; good dying immature, 30
(How immature, NARCISSA's marble tells;)
And at its death bequeathing endless pain!
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant 35
To lucky life) some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd, 40
Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss Fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene. 45

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
 A new world rises, and new manners reign:
 Foreign comedians (a spruce band) arrive,
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
 What a pert race starts up! The strangers gaze, 50
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown!
 Nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire effect
 Of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long;
 Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
 My very master knows me not. — 55
 Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
 I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
 An object ever pressing dims the sight,
 And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
 When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint, 60
 They drink it as the nectar of the great;
 And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow:
 Refusal! canst thou wear a smother form?
 Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
 Who cheapens life, abates the fear of death: 65
 Twice-told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
 Court-favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
 Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
 Alas! ambition makes my little, less;
 Embitt'ring the possess'd: Why wish for more? 70
 Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
 Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
 Were I as plump as stall'd Theology,
 Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
 Were I as wealthy as a South-Sea dream, 75
 Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
 Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool;
 Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
 And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!
 Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid 80
 My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed,
 The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
 Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng, 85

Man wants but little; nor that little, long.

As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the Fear of Death.
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff, 90'
 Eager Ambition's fiery chase I see;
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men,
 Burst law's inclosure, leap the inroads of right,
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey;
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles; 95
 Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What, though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
 Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies;"
 And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song. 100
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One (though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,)
 Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed planu'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state; 105
 Some avocation deeming it—to die;
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;
 Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coëvals! remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave! 110
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age? 115
 With av'rice and convulsions, grasping hard?
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour! 120
 Years inexperience'd rush on num'rous ills;
 And soon as Man, expert from time, has found
 The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such, 125

And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.

Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive: And am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live? 130

Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD! if I am still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure 135
And vapid; Sense and Reason shew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth 140
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and couldst know 145
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing! with the Patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs: 150
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

Though Nature's terrors, thus, may be repress;
Still frowns grim Death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm 155
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And smil'd, unsmitten: Small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
More dreadful by delay; the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound. 160
O think how deep, LORENZO! here it stings:
Who can appease its anguish? How it burns!
What hand the barb'd invenom'd thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb? 165

And shew to men the dignity of Man.

With joy—with grief, that healing hand I see;
 Ah! too conspicuous! It is fix'd on high.
 On high?—What means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
 Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!
 The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me— 170
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds.
 Draw the dire steel—Ah, no!—the dreadful blessing
 What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
 There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
 The falling universe: That gone, we drop! 175
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
 In Heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell? 180
 O what a groan was there! A groan not his.
 He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
 And heav'd a mountain from a guilty world.
 A thousand worlds, so bought, were bought too dear.
 Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise; 185
 Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
 Inspire me, Night! with all thy tuneful spheres inspire;
 Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,
 And shew to men the dignity of Man; 190
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall Pagan pages glow celestial flame,
 And Christian languish? On our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake.
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by this, 195
 "Expended Deity on human weal?"
 Feel the great truths, which burst the tenfold night
 Of Heathen error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
 And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel. 200

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r!
 Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
 And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense! 205

A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

In love immense, inviolably just,
Thou, rather than thy justice should be stain'd,
Didst stain the cross; and, work of wonders far
The greatest! that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought! Shall I dare speak it, or repress? 210
Should Man more execrate, or boast, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love in-
flam'd?

O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-stretcht arms,
Stern Justice, and soft-smiling Love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne, 215
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or Man, inevitably lost.

What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both! both rescue! both exalt! 220
O how are both exalted by the deed!

The wond'rous deed! or shall I call it more?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!

A mystery, no less to gods than men!

Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw, 225

A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams, 230
Bid Mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:

A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains! 235

The ransom was paid down! the fund of Heav'n
Heav'n's inexhaustible exhausted fund;
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: Though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum? 240
Its value vast ungraspt by minds create.

For ever hides, and glows in, the Supreme.

And was the ransom paid? It was: And paid
What can exalt the bounty more?) for you:

He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of Death.

The sun beheld it — No, the shocking scene 245
 Drove back his chariot: Midnight vail'd his face;
 Not such as this; not such as Nature makes;
 A midnight, Nature shudder'd to behold;
 A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's crown! 250
 Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
 Made groan the centre; burst Earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead? 255
 Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
 Heav'n wept, that Men might smile! Heav'n bled, that
 Man

Might never die!—

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis compell'd:
 What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like these!
 Such contemplations mount us; and should mount 261
 The mind still higher; nor ever glance on Man,
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;
 And strike where'er they roll: My soul is caught: 265
 Heav'n's sov'reign blessings, clust'ring from the cross,
 Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The pris'ner of amaze!—In his blest life,
 I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
 And in his great ascent, the proof supreme 270
 Of immortality.—And did he rise?
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
 He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of Death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of Glory to come in. 275
 Who is the King of Glory? He who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of Glory to come in.
 Who is the King of Glory? He who slew 280
 The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
 The King of Glory, He, whose glory fill'd
 Heav'n with amazement at his love to Man;

Hail, Heav'n! all-lavish of strange gifts to Man!

And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme. 285

The theme, the joy, how then shall Man sustain?
Oh the burst gates, crush'd sting, demolish'd throne,
Last gasp, of vanquish'd Death! Shout, Earth and
Heav'n!

This sum of good to Man: Whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then I rose; then first Humanity 291

Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth"
Seiz'd in our name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call Man mortal. Man's mortality 295

Was, then, transferr'd to Death; and Heav'n's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, Heav'n! all-lavish of strange gifts to Man!
Thine all the glory; Man's the boundless bliss. 300

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing? Above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas, small cause for joy!
That if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe? 305

Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd!
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify 310
Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent sight.

If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in Heav'n, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind, 315
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only this, subdues the Fear of Death.

And what is this?—Survey the wond'rous cure;
And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!
“Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon 320
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!

Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!

With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
 Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
 Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still! 325
 A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
 Nor I alone! a rebel universe!

My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies;
 Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt! 330
 As if our race were held of highest rank;
 And Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man!"

Bound, ev'ry heart! and, ev'ry bosom, burn!
 Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
 Its lowest round, high planted on the skies; 335
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of Man or Angel! Oh that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent with equal praise!
 Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment
 Will give thee leave,) my praise! for ever flow; 340
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heav'n
 More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd;
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall praise descend,
 With her soft plume (from plausive angels' wing 345
 First pluck'd by Man) to tickle mortal ears,
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
 Is praise the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
 Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
 Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours! 350
 Shall praise her odours waste on virtues dead?
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
 Earn dirty bread by washing Æthiops fair,
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
 A scavenger in scenes, where vacant posts 355
 Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
 Return, apostate Praise! thou vagabond!
 Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme. 360

There flow redundant; like meander flow,
 Back to thy fountain; to that parent Pow'r,

O the presumption of Man's awe for Man!

Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow 365
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their backs on Thee,
Great SIRE! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!

O the presumption of Man's awe for Man! 370

Man's Author, End, Restorer, Law, and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of night,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds;
What, night eternal, but a frown from Thee?
What, Heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile? 375
And shall not praise be thine? not human praise?
While Heav'n's high host on hallelujahs live?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair, 380
Cut through the shades of hell, great love! by Thee,
Oh most adorable! most unador'd!

Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!

How is Night's sable mantle labour'd o'er, 385
How richly wrought with attributes divine!

What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!

Built with divine ambition! nought to Thee;
For others this profusion: Thou, apart, 390

Above, beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
What art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?

Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
For their Creator? Shall I question loud

The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells? 395
Or holds he furious storms in straiten'd reins,

And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
What mean these questions?—Trembling I retract;

My prostrate soul adores the present God:
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes 400

My voice (if tun'd;) the nerve that writes, sustains:
Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise:

The great First Last! pavilion'd high he sits.

But though past all diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence; local is his throne (as meet,)
To gather the disperst (as standards call 405
The listed from afar;) to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since finite ev'ry nature, but his own.
The nameless He,² whose nod is Nature's birth;
And Nature's shield, the shadow of his hand; 410
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great First Last! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness, from excessive splendour, borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright, 415
As that to central horrors; He looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Though Night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluviun of his majesty: 420
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of Heav'n?
Down to the centre should I send my thought,
Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay; 425
Goes out in darkness: If, on tow'ring wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars,
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to Thee,
Great, good, wise, wonderful, eternal King!
If to those conscious stars thy throne around 430
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, more they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns; 435
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more this theme is Man's, and Man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: They see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And downward look for Heav'n's superior praise! 440
First-born of ether! high in fields of light!
View Man, to see the glory of your God!

To Man the bleeding cross has promis'd all.

Could angels envy, they had envy'd here;
 And some did envy; and the rest, though gods,
 Yet still gods unredeem'd (there triumphs Man, 445
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies,)
 They less would feel, though more adorn, my theme.
 They sung Creation (for in that they shar'd;)
 How rose in melody, the child of love,
 Creation's great superior, Man! is thine; 450
 Thine is Redemption; they just gave the key;
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
 Though human, yet divine; for should not this
 Raise Man o'er Man, and kindle seraphs here?
 Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime; 455
 Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
 Far more than labour—It was death in Heav'n.
 A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
 If not far bolder still, to disbelieve. 459

Here pause and ponder: Was there death in Heav'n?
 What then on earth? on earth, which struck the blow?
 Who struck it? who?—O how is Man enlarg'd,
 Seen through this medium! how the pigmy tow'rs!
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return! 465
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
 Which is the seraph? which the born of clay?
 How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
 Of guilt and clay condens'd, the son of Heav'n! 470
 The double son; the made, and the re-made!
 And shall Heav'n's double property be lost?
 Man's double madness only can destroy.
 To Man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace; 475
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
 O ye! who, from this Rock of ages, leap,
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the deep!
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll, 480
 Our int'rest in the master of the storm!
 Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's ruin smile:

To none Man seems ignoble, but to Man.

While vile apostates tremble in a caln.

Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there;
To none Man seems ignoble, but to Man; 485

Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:

How long shall human nature be their book,

Degen'rate mortal! and unread by thee?

The beam dim Reason sheds shews wonders there;

What high contents! illustrious faculties! 490

But the grand comment, which displays at full

Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,

By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the cross.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself

An awful stranger, a terrestrial god? 495

A glorious partner with the Deity

In that high attribute, immortal life?

If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:

I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul

Catches strange fire, Eternity! at thee; 500

And drops the world—or rather more enjoys:

How chang'd the face of Nature! how improv'd!

What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,

Or what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!

It is another scene! another self! 505

And still another, as time rolls along;

And that a self far more illustrious still.

Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades

Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest ray,

What evolutions of surprising fate! 510

How Nature opens, and receives my soul

In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods

Encounter, and embrace me! What new births

Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,

Where what now charms, perhaps what'er exists, 515

Old Time, and fair Creation, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of Man we form

Extravagant Conception, to be just:

Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more. 520

He, the great Father! kindled at one flame

The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd

Angels are men of a superior kind.

From spirit's awful Fountain; pour'd himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God, 525
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown. 530

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Though yet unsung, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight; 535
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While here, of corps ethereal, such inroll'd, 540
And summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung 545
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the SOV'REIGN: And are these, O Man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies 550
To wretched Man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next;
Religion! the sole voucher Man is Man;
Supporter sole of Man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death, 555
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours. 560
His hand the good Man fastens on the skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
 Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
 And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharg'd, 565
 Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
 Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
 His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
 As if new-born, he triumphs in the change!
 So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims, 570
 And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
 Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
 To Reason's region, her own element,
 Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness; 575
 And, groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
 The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting;
 There sacred violence assaults the soul;
 There, nothing but compulsion is forborn.
 Can love allure us? or can terror awe? 580

He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
 He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 If in his love so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire;
 Like soft smooth oil, outblazing other fires? 585
 Can pray'r, can praise, avert it?—Thou, my all!
 My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate! —
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
 My light in darkness! and my life in death! 590
 My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
 Eternity! too short to speak thy praise!
 Or fathom thy profound of love to Man;
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me!
 My sacrifice! my God! what things are these! 595

What art Thou? by what name shall I call thee?
 Knew I the name devout archangels use,
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
 By me unrivall'd: Thousands more sublime,
 None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke, 600
 Still glows at heart: O how Omnipotence
 Is lost in love! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST!

Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song !

Father of Angels ! but the friend of Man !
 Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born ! 604
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
 Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;
 To challenge, and to distance, all return ! 610
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale !
 Thy right too great defrauds thee of thy due ;
 And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
 But since the naked will obtains thy smile, 615
 Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
 And future life symphonious to my strain,
 (That noblest hymn to Heav'n !) for ever lie
 Intomb'd, my fear of death ! and ev'ry fear,
 The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown. 620

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts, 625
 Abhorring violence ! who halt indeed ;
 But, for the blessing, wrestle not with Heav'n !
 Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?
 Are passions, then, the pagans of the soul ?
 Reason alone baptiz'd ? alone ordain'd 630
 To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still !
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs ;
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song !
 Thou, my much-injur'd theme ! with that soft eye
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look 635
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain !
 Oh ye cold-hearted frozen formalists !
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;
 Passion is reason, transport temper, here. 640
 Shall Heav'n, which gave us ardour, and has shewn
 Her own for Man so strongly, not disdain

Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout.

What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety,—a lukewarm praise? 645
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to Heav'n;
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
 High Heav'n's orchestra chants Amen to Man. 650

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
 Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of Heav'n,
 Soft-wafted on celestial Pity's plume,
 Through the vast spaces of the universe,
 To cheer me in this melancholy gloom? 655
 Oh when will Death (now stingless,) like a friend,
 Admit me of their choir? Oh when will Death
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down!
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode? 660
 Oh Death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
 Great Future! glorious Patron of the past,
 And present! when shall I thy shrine adore?
 From Nature's continent, immensely wide,
 Immensely blest, this little isle of life,
 This dark incarcerating colony, 665
 Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
 That manumits; that calls from exile home;
 That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
 And re-admits us, through the guardian hand
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne; 670
 Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
 Beholding Man, allows that tender name.

'Tis this makes Christian triumph a command;
 'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise:
 'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad. 675

Seest thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our hope?
 Touch'd by the cross, we live, or more than die;
 That touch which touch'd not angels; more divine
 Than that, which touch'd confusion into form,
 And darkness into glory; partial touch! 680
 Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
 Sacred to Man, and sov'reign through the whole

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?

Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From Heav'n through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan, 685
Thy welfare, Nature! and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to Heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb! 690

Dost ask me when? When HE who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train, 695
Leave a stupendous solitude in Heav'n;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote? and rise 700
Dark doubts between the promise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature! Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Christian; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed. 705

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide 711
Heav'n's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze: 715
And, with him, all our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n adders hear,
But turn, and dart into the dark again. 720
Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of Death,
To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun,

When Faith is virtue, Reason makes it so.

And lands Thought smoothly on the farther shore.
 Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes ;
 That mountain-barrier between Man and Peace. 725
 'Tis Faith disarms destruction ; and absolves,
 From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve? LORENZO ;—" Reason bids,
 All-sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still ;
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame: 730

All-sacred Reason ; source, and soul, of all
 Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above !
 My heart is thine: Deep in its inmost folds,
 Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two.

Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp't 735
 On passive Nature, before thought was born ?
 My birth's blind bigot ! fir'd with local zeal !

No ; Reason rebaptiz'd me when adult ;
 Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale ;
 My heart became the convert of my head ; 740

And made that choice, which once was but my fate.

" On argument alone my faith is built :"
 Reason pursu'd is Faith ; and, unpursu'd
 Where proof invites, 'tis Reason, then, no more :
 And such our proof, that, or our Faith is right, 745
 Or Reason lies, and Heav'n design'd it wrong :
 Absolve we this ? What, then, is blasphemy ?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of Faith,
 Reason, we grant, demands our first regard ;
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear. 750
 Reason the root ; fair Faith is but the flow'r :
 The fading flow'r shall die ; but Reason lives
 Immortal as her father in the skies.

When Faith is virtue, Reason makes it so.
 Wrong not the Christian ; think not Reason yours ;
 'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear ; 756

'Tis Reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents ;
 'Tis Reason's voice obey'd, his glories crown ;
 To give lost Reason life, he pour'd his own ;
 Believe, and shew the reason of a man ; 760

Believe, and taste the pleasure of a god ;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb

The grand morality is love of Thee.

Through Reason's wounds alone thy Faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to Death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting. 765

Learn hence what honours, what loud pæans, due
To those, who push our antidote aside;
Those boasted friends to Reason, and to Man,
Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart. 770

These pompous sons of Reason idoliz'd
And vilify'd at once; of Reason dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While love of truth through all their camp resounds,
They draw Pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray, 776
Spike up their inch of Reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit call'd argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun;" and, Indian-like, adore. 780

Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou Maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of Thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown,) 785
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow? 790
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly;) 795
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
And says he call'd another; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on; 800
Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,

Truth is deposited with Man's last hour.

Till Nature dies, and Judgment sets him free ;
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant Man happy ; grant him happy long ; 805
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud !
Where is the fable of thy former years ? 810

Thrown down the gulph of time ; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd 815
By strides as swift: Eternity is all ;
And whose eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the Deity!

LORENZO! who?—Thy conscience shall reply. 820
O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,
Thy leave unask'd: LORENZO! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with Man's last hour ; 825
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;

Truth of his council, when he made the worlds ;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound, 830
Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
That heav'n-commission'd hour no sooner calls,

But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ; 835
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.

Dark Dæmons I discharge, and Hydra-stings ;
The keen vibration of bright truth—is hell:
Just definition! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page, 840
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;
" Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

FROM a comparative view of the numerous beauties in each of the Night Thoughts—of which there are nine—whether in honour of the tuneful nine, or of the graces equal in number, celebrated by an inspired writer, we cannot say—Taste, Criticism, and Piety, will surely give the preference to this.

Notwithstanding the peculiarity of sentiment, by which a masterly writer of the highest reputation has distinguished himself, we have a proof, in this Night, with what advantage sacred poetry may be devoted to the service of religion. We perfectly agree with this great ornament of our nation, that of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. But it does not appear to us, that the ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, or too majestic for ornament: nor, that verse can do no more than delight the ear, and assist the memory. The mind, that is not affected with several passages in the *The Christian Triumph*, must be lost to the noblest sensibility of the human soul.

Sacred history will, no doubt, be read by the more reflective and serious part of mankind—alas! how few!—with submissive reverence, and an imagination overawed and controlled. But there are those, and they are the many, with whom amplification is neither useless nor vain. Thousands will be charmed with divine truth, recommended by the embellishments and harmony of verse, who, it is to be feared, disregard it in its native simplicity.

V. 15, &c. “Man makes a death,” &c.

“And yet, ’tis sure a serious thing, to die!

What a strange moment must it be, when near

Thy journey’s end thou hast the gulph in view—

That awful gulph, no mortal e’er repass’d,

To tell what’s doing on the further side.

Nature starts back, and shudders at the sight.”

V. 82, &c. "The world's a stately bark," &c.—The intercourse of the world is the education of vice. Men possessed of the best inclinations, surrounded by so many snares and dangers, that they all commit some faults every day of their lives, but as they fly from its enchantments to solitude and self-reflection.

V. 111, &c. "Shall we, shall aged men," &c.—When they, who have most reason to be wise, are farthest from it, it sinks the dignity of our common nature; brings, beyond all other enormities, a reproach upon mankind; and gives each individual, as a sufferer in the scandal, a just right to censure, if not to condemn.

V. 122, &c. "And soon as man," &c.—He that has not learned the world, must go out of it, or be made a *jest* and an *unfortunate* in it: he that has learned it, has learned it by the discipline of bitter experience; and, by the time he is well master of the game, his candle is put out. It is hard to learn the world—but harder to unlearn it; and not to *unlearn* it, will one day prove more fatal.

V. 138, &c. "O thou great Arbitrer," &c.—If there be a character on earth, that deserves our ambition, or our envy, it is the character of him, whose heart can breathe out its secret desires in pious effusions, like these. This is the perfection of human excellence, and that consummation of all sublunary felicity, most devoutly to be wished.

V. 144, &c. "What healing hand," &c.—From hence, to the end of this Night, let the reader prepare his mind for the richest assemblage of every thing sublime, tender, interesting, and important, in language and sentiment, that the most religious taste can enjoy. There is enough here, to exhaust all the powers of critical and pious admiration. It is indeed impossible to believe, on this occasion, without feeling; or, to feel without being fired with such a theme; the grand theme, the very line of life, in all divine revelation.

V. 249. "A midnight awe! a dread eclipse."—Which a learned man of Greece is said to have observed

at that time, and to have exclaimed, "That either the God of nature suffered violence, or, that the frame of the world was about to dissolve."

V. 271, &c. ——"And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations," &c.

Nothing can exceed the sublimity and grandeur, with which this animating truth is celebrated, by the spirit of prophecy, in the twenty-fourth Psalm. Who can read it, without being transported with the glorious manner, in which the triumphant Conqueror is introduced to the mansions of bliss, by the celestial convoy!

V. 318, &c. "Survey the wondrous cure;

And at each step let higher wonder rise.

Sit down, for once, in more than usual meditation, at the foot of the Redeemer's cross—

"Oh, stop! and from the humble base below

Cast up thy fearful eyes

To where thy Lord, and love, was crucifi'd!

So shall the world, and all its vanities,

Appear like dross;—ambition, lust, and pride,

Shall far, far off, their baleful pow'rs remove,

And in the pure unspotted mind

Nothing remain behind,

But adoration, ecstasy, and praise."

V. 334. "O what a scale of miracles is here!"—

Such a judicious selection of capital circumstances, in order to give them an uniting force, is, by an eminent critic, styled, *grandeur of manner*. And grandeur, being one of the strongest emotions of the human mind, is not easily produced in perfection, but by reiterated impression. The effect of a single impression can be but momentary, and very inferior to that of a grand subject displayed in all its principal parts, and brought together in one comprehensive point of light.

The use of *repetition* never perhaps was shewn to greater advantage than in this unrivalled passage, which may be said to bear away the palm from every other in this whole work.

Neither ought it to be unobserved, that every suc-

cessive circumstance, in this sublime gradation, revives and enlivens the mind—for, by an uninterrupted series of climax, it is raised to the very summit of mental *elevation*. Every body must have observed the delightful effect of a number of thoughts and sentiments, ingeniously disposed in this ascending series, and making impressions deeper and deeper.

The only possible inconvenience to be apprehended, in this case, is, a depression, as sudden and displeasing as the elevation is gradual and enchanting. That, however, is completely obviated here, by the lines which immediately follow—"Bound every heart," &c.

V. 550. &c. "Religion's all. Descending," &c.—*This* is what the wisest of the mere sons of men, after an accurate survey of the world's inventory, has called, "The *Whole of Man*;" and what a greater than Solomon has pronounced to be, "The *one thing* needful."

V. 563, &c. "As when a wretch," &c.—It is this great doctrine of *regeneration*, thus poetically illustrated, which the divine Prophet enforced with so much energy upon the surprised attention of Nicodemus. See John iii.

V. 575. "Religion! thou the soul of happiness."—The one thing necessary for happiness, is common to both worlds; this, and the next. In vain we seek a different receipt for it, one in time, another in eternity. *Religion wanting*, every thing else becomes necessary to happiness, and ineffectual. "A good man shall be satisfied from himself alone." A bad man shall be dissatisfied, with all the world at his command.

V. 647. "Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows," &c.

If there be a God, all our affections are too feeble, all the wings of our soul are too few, to be put forth in pursuit of his favour; and being languid in devotion, is being solemnly undevout. If there be a God, he gave us our *passions*, as well as our reason; they therefore, as well as reason, should assist in his service. Even angels have their passions; nor are any beings

on this side the throne of God exempt from the *need* of them.

V. 731, &c. "All-sacred Reason!" &c.—The Deity is all Reason, in nature, conduct, revelation, and commands. The great, invariable, everlasting alternative, is, throughout his creation, or reason, or ruin.

V. 738, &c. "Reason rebaptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false," &c.

For when that is preserved, sense submits to reason; and when sense submits to reason, reason submits to the revealed word of God. And, I must observe, that reason, stooping to revelation, is reason still—only more reasonable; and its great hazard of error, is all that is lost.

V. 742. "On argument alone my faith is built."—Let us not, however, misunderstand our Author; for, in another place, he has expressly affirmed, that, "Fallible ratiocination should not be made the grounds of our faith, whose proper basis is, infallible testimony. Nor is it longer faith, than while it rests on *that*."—All, therefore, he can mean to say here is, as he explains himself in the line immediately subsequent, that, reason, properly pursued, will lead on to faith; which is no more than the unreserved submission of our understandings, or the sacrifice of our idolized reason, to God.

V. 755, &c.

"Wrong not the Christian; think not Reason your's;
'Tis Reason," &c.

Volumes have been written upon the all-important subjects of *reason* and *faith*, which have not contained one half the solid and valuable instruction, to be derived from these few lines.

V. 771. "These pompous sons of Reason idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once," &c.

The intelligent reader will know how to apply this inimitable stroke of satire and of wit; and with what justice it falls on characters of such immortal infamy and shame, as Bolingbroke, Shaftsbury, Chesterfield, and all the lower tribe of infidelity and vice. The

Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.

sufficiency of human reason is the golden calf, which these men set up to be worshipped; and in the frenzies of their extravagant devotion to it, they strike at an oak with an osier—the doctrine of God's own planting, and the growth of ages, with the sudden and fortuitous shoots of vanity and imagination.

V. 788. “A Christian is the highest style of Man!” —A Christian should let every body see, what an animation there is in Christianity, above all that the world may admire besides. Christianity should be the boast, as well as the comfort, of our hearts.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
 Fondness of fame is avarice of air.
 I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
 Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
 As just thy second charge. I grant the muse 5
 Has often blush'd at her degener'ate sons,
 Retain'd by Sense to plead her filthy cause;
 To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
 And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
 As if to magic numbers' pow'rful charm 10
 'Twas giv'n, to make a civet of their song
 Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
 Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
 And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
 The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause. 15
 We wear the chains of Pleasure, and of Pride:

Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes.

These share the man; and these distract him too;
 Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
 Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
 But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground. 20
 Joys shar'd by brute creation, Pride resents;
 Pleasure embraces: Man would both enjoy,
 And both at once: A point how hard to gain!
 But what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?
 Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise. 25
 Since joys of Sense can't rise to Reason's taste;
 In subtle Sophistry's laborious forge,
 Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
 To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
 Wit calls the Graces the chaste zone to loose; 30
 Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl:
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
 A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd mind of Man delightfully confound. 35
 Thus that which shock'd the judgment, shocks no more;
 That which gave Pride offence, no more offends.
 Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in Man shall reign,
 By Wit's address, patch up a fatal peace, 40
 And hand in hand lead on the rask debauch,
 From rask, refin'd to delicate and gay.
 Art, cursed Art! wipes off th' indebted blush
 From Nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt, 45
 And Infamy stands candidate for praise.
 All writ by Man in favour of the soul,
 These sensual ethics far, in bulk, transcend.
 The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world. 50
 Can pow'rs of genius exercise their page,
 And consecrate enormities with song?
 But let not these inevitable strains
 Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
 Nor meanly stops at time, but holds the world 55
 As 'tis in Nature's ample field, a point,

Sing syrens only? Do not angels sing?

A point in her esteem ; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's Source, that utmost flight of mind ! 60
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is moral, nought is great.
Sing syrens only? Do not angels sing?
There is in Poesy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to Prose, 65
Her younger sister; haply not more wise.

Think'st thou, LORENZO! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r, 70
No rainbow colours, here, or silken tale :
But solemn counsels, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on Man
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade ; 75
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour ;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
And the dark pencil, Midnight! darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n this, my laughter-loving friends ! 80
LORENZO! and thy brothers of the smile!
If what imports you most can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or, if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ; 85
And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
Is ample recompence ; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor mistake ;
Think not un-introduc'd I force my way ;
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'd, 90
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
To thee, from blooming amaranthine bow'rs,
Where all the language harmony, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse:
A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise ; 95
Thy praise she drops, nobler still inspir'd.

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene.

O THOU! blest Spirit! whether the Supreme,
 Great antemundane FATHER! in whose breast
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd 100
 Present, though future; prior to themselves;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
 Or, from his throne, some delegated pow'r,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime! 105
 Unseen Thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the god, than that which burst
 From fam'd Castalia: Nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd 110
 Through pleasing paths of moral and divine,
 By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.
 By them best lighted are the paths of thought;
 Nights are their days, their most illumin'd hours.
 By day, the soul, o'erborne by life's career, 115
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
 By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
 By night from objects free, from passion cool, 120
 Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births
 Of pure election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of one world confin'd;
 But from ethereal travels light on earth,
 As voyagers drop anchor for repose. 125
 Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
 Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
 To settle on herself, our point supreme! 130
 There lies our theatre, there sits our Judge.
 Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of providence stretch'd out
 'Twixt Man and vanity; 'tis Reason's reign,
 And Virtue's too; these tutelary shades 135
 Are Man's asylum from the tainted throng.

And Inhumanity is caught from Man.

Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too;
It no less rescues virtue, than inspires.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd, 140

Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again. 145

Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: Light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off 150
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; Love of Gain 155
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, Pride, Perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And Inhumanity is caught from Man,

From smiling Man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home 160
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.

We see, we hear, with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong,—and what proficient's swarm around! 165
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes:

That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth, hence, Wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade. 170

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?

'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.

Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night. 175

By night an atheist half-believes a God.

The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend ;
 The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
 Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall,
 On Contemplation's eye, her purging ray. 180
 The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from Heav'n
 Philosophy the fair, to dwell with Men,
 And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
 While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
 His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence-slide, 185
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,
 See him soliciting his ardent suit
 In private audience: All the live-long night,
 Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands ;
 Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun 190
 (Rude drunkard, rising rosy from the main!)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.
 Hail, precious moments, stol'n from the black waste
 Of murder'd time! auspicious Midnight, hail! 195
 The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm intercourse with Heav'n,
 Here the soul sits in council ; ponders past,
 Predestines future action ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ; 200
 All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.
 What awful joy ! what mental liberty !
 I am not pent in darkness ; rather say
 (If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
 Delightful gloom ! the clust'ring thoughts around 205
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade ;
 But droop by day, and sicken in the sun.
 Thought borrows light elsewhere ; from that First Fire,
 Fountain of animation ! whence descends
 URANIA, my celestial guest ! who deigns 210
 Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and now
 Conscious how needful discipline to Man,
 From pleasing dalliance with the charms of Night
 My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
 Far other beat of heart ; NARCISSA's tomb ! 215
 Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,

How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!

And breaks my spirit into grief again?
 Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood?
 A cold slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
 Or is it thus with all Men?—Thus with all. 220
 What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
 And now we sink: to be the same, transcends
 Our present prowess. Dearly pays the soul
 For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
 Reason, a baffled counsellor, but adds 225
 The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.
 The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
 In this damp dusky region, charg'd with storms,
 But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
 Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall. 230
 Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
 And not to yield, though beaten, all our praise.
 'Tis vain to seek in Men for more than Man.
 Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
 Experience damps our triumph. I, who late, 235
 Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
 Where Grief detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
 Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
 And call'd Mankind to glory, shook off Pain,
 Mortality shook off, in ether pure, 240
 And struck the stars; now feel my spirits fail;
 They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
 Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
 In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
 How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd! 245
 I dive for precious pearl, in Sorrow's stream:
 Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves;
 Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
 (Inestimable gain!) and gives Heav'n leave
 To make him but more wretched, not more wise. 250
 If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
 Ennobles Man? what else have Angels learnt?)
 Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
 Than Genius, or proud Learning, e'er could boast.
 Voracious Learning often over-fed, 255
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field.

This book-case, with dark booty almost burst,
 This forager on others' wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her Reason, quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil, 260
 Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
 Her servant's wealth incumber'd Wisdom mourns.

And what says Genius? "Let the dull be wise."
 Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong; 265
 And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
 It pleads exemption from the laws of Sense;
 Considers Reason as a leveller;
 And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
 That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim 270
 To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.
 Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
 Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
 When Sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
 And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning show'r; 276
 Her seed celestial, then, glad Wisdom sows;
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
 If so, NARCISSA! welcome my Relapse;
 I'll raise a tax on my calamity, 280
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.
 I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
 And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign pow'r
 To chase the moral maladies of Man;
 Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Though natives of this coarse penurious soil; 286
 Nor wholly wither there, where seraphs sing,
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in Heav'n;
 Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
 In either clime, though more illustrious there. 290
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb;
 And, peradventure, of no fading flow'rs.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
 "Th' importance of contemplating the tomb; 295
 Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;

The man how blest ! who, sick of gaudy scenes.

The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
And Death's dread character—invite my song."

And, first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief: 300
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
Are they more kind than He who struck the blow?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,
Calamities are friends: As glaring day
And bring it back a true and endless peace? 305
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to Man.

The man how blest ! who, sick of gaudy scenes 310
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves,)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust, 315
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs.
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's stone,
(NARCISSA was thy fav'rite;) let us read
Her moral stone: few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch 320
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can strike; and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep; 325
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mist our sultry passious raise, 330
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;
And shews the real estimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the vail from Virtue's rising charms;
Detects Temptation in a thousand lies. 335
Truth bids me look on Men as autumn leaves,

Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driv'n by the whirlwind : Lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
 See things invisible, feel things remote, 340
 Am present with futurities ; think nought
 To Man so foreign, as the joys possess ;
 Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight ;
 Pale worldly Wisdom loses all her charms ; 345
 In pompous promise from her schemes profound,
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
 Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss !
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.
 Not so, celestial : Wouldst thou know, LORENZO ! 350
 How differ worldly Wisdom, and divine ?
 Just as the waning and the waxing moon.
 More empty worldly Wisdom ev'ry day ;
 And ev'ry day more fair her rival shines.
 When later, there's less time to play the fool. 355
 Soon our whole term for Wisdom is expir'd
 (Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave.)
 And everlasting Fool is writ in fire,
 Or real Wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble Sibyl's leaves, 360
 The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare
 (In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale.)
 In price still rising, as in number less,
 Inestimable quite his final hour.
 For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones ; 365
 Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
 " Oh let me die his death ! " all Nature cries.
 " Then live his life. " — All Nature falters there.
 Our great Physician daily to consult,
 To commune with the grave, our only cure. 370

What grave prescribes the best ? — A friend's, and yet
 From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage !
 Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
 Why are friends ravish'd from us ? 'Tis to bind,
 By soft Affection's ties, on human hearts, 375
 The thought of Death, which Reason, too supine,

Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook.

Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold th' inexorable hour at hand! 380

Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
 And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
 Though well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only sure, 385
 (Come when he will,) an unexpected guest?
 Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind Imprudence, unexpected still?

Though num'rous messengers are sent before,
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause, 390
 The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
 All Heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that Life has sown her joys so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single care between?
 Is it, that Life has such a swarm of cares, 395
 The thought of Death can't enter for the throng?

Is it, that Time steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes Indulgence from her golden dream?
 To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same. 400

Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice;
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.

We call the brook the same; the same we think 405
 Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
 Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say,
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on,)

That Life is life a vessel on the stream? 410
 In Life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of Time descend, but not on Time intent;

Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
 Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
 We start, awake, look out; what see we there? 415
 Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Less base the fear of Death, than fear of Life.

Is this the cause Death flies all human thought?
 Or is it Judgment, by the Will struck blind,
 That domineering mistress of the soul,
 Like him so strong by Dalilah the fair? 420
 Or is it Fear turns startled Reason back?
 'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
 From looking down a precipice so steep,
 By Nature, conscious of the make of Man.
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind, 425
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
 By that unaw'd, in Life's most smiling hour,
 The good man would repine; would suffer joys,
 And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
 The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride, 430
 Or gloom of humour, would give rage the reign,
 Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
 And mar the scenes of Providence below.

What groan was that, LORENZO?—Furies! rise;
 And drown, in your less execrable yell, 435
 Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
 On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
 So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field, 440
 Less base the fear of Death, than fear of Life.
 O Britain, infamous for suicide!

An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
 From the whole world of rationals beside!
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head, 445
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
 Of Self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
 And bid Abhorrence hiss it round the world.
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun; 450
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
 Immoral climes kind Nature never made.
 The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
 And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of Man, (let Man in homage bow, 455
 Who names his soul,) a native of the skies,

Ask alms of Earth, for guests that came from Heav'n.

High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unsold, unmortgag'd for Earth's little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity, 460
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of Earth suspicious, Earth's enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
 On Immortality, her godlike taste;
 There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
 there. 465

But some reject this sustenance divine;
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;
 Ask alms of Earth, for guests that came from Heav'n;
 Sink into slaves; and sell for present hire,
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate) 470
 Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more,
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full;
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage, 475
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,
 And bursting their confinement; though fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human; guarded strong
 With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest, Nature, or dire Guilt, can raise; 480
 And moated round with fathomless destruction,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons! is the cause, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed 485
 Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
 And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual unreflecting life is big
 With monstrous births, and Suicide, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break 490
 Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
 Through sacred Nature's murder, on their own,
 Because they never think of Death, they die.
 'Tis equally Man's duty, glory, gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate, his end. 495

We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile.

When by the bed of languishment we sit
 (The seat of wisdom! if our choice, not fate,)
 Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock, 500
 Start at the voice of an eternity;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 That most pathetic herald of our own; 505
 How read we such sad scenes? As sent to Man
 In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
 To melt him down like wax, and then impress,
 Indelible, Death's image on his heart;
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself. 510
 We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning folly cancels all;
 As the tide rushing razes what is writ
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore. 515
 LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
 Or study'd the philosophy of tears?
 (A science yet unlectur'd in our schools!)
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source? If not, descend with me, 520
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
 Our fun'ral tears from diff'rent causes rise.
 As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,
 Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,
 By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once, 525
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
 Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
 Some hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,
 Struck by the magic of the public eye,
 Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain. 530
 Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear.
 They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
 And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
 Some mourn in proof that something they could love;

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain.

They weep not to relieve their grief, but shew. 536

Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,

As conscious all their love is in arrear.

Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,

Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye. 540

With what address the soft Ephesians drew

Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!

As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,

While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek!

Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen, 545

Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.

Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,

And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.

By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,

Because a decent veil conceals their joy. 550

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;

As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.

Passion, blind Passion, impotently pours

Tears, that deserve more tears; while Reason sleeps;

Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd; 555

Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;

Knows not it speaks to her, and her alone.

Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,

That noble gift! that privilege of Man!

From Sorrow's pang, the birth of endless joy. 560

But these are barren of that birth divine:

They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,

And full as short! The cruel grief soon tam'd,

They make a pastime of the stingless tale;

Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread 565

The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.

No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump't up by Death

Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life;

In making Folly flourish still more fair. 570

When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,

Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;

Instead of learning, there, her true support,

Though there thrown down her true support to learn,

Without Heav'n's aid impatient to be blest, 575

Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair.

She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell:
With stale forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of Life: 580
Presents her weed, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the death's-head on the ring.

So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd Youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom. 585

So wept LORENZO fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb, 590
To sacrifice to Wisdom.—What wast thou?

“Young, gay, and fortunate!” Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death. 595
A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And first, thy youth. What says it to grey hairs?
NARCISSA, I'm become thy pupil now—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew, 600
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heav'n.

Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on another's grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, Age severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair; 605

With graceless gravity chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
Father of ail, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen: 610

Or, that life's loan Time ripen'd into right;
And Men might plead prescription from their grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathless? far from it! such are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world's the grave.

Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green.

Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell, 616
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and Death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends 620
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves; 625
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong! 630
There death is certain; doubtful here: He must,
And so we may, within an age, expire.
'Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve. 635
Absurd longevity! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Object and Appetite must club for joy;
Shall Folly labour hard to mend the bow, 640
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from without,
While Nature is relaxing ev'ry string?
Ask Thought for joy; grow rich, and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed? 645
Contract the taste immortal; learn ev'n now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter.
Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of age the glory is, to wish to die.
That wish is praise and promise; it applauds 650
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking! It makes folly thrice a fool; 655

The thought of death alone, the fear destroys.

And our first childhood might our last despise.
 Peace and esteem is all that age can hope.
 Nothing but Wisdom gives the first; the last,
 Nothing, but the repute of being wise.
 Folly bars both; our age is quite undone. 660

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
 Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
 No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
 Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil. 665
 Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
 Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
 Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
 Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon; 670
 And put good works on board; and wait the wind
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown:
 If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
 Their future fate; their future fate foretaste; 675
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The thought of death alone, the fear destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice 680
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, LORENZO, why so warmly prest,
 By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
 The thought of Death? That thought is the machine,
 The grand machine, that heaves us from the dust, 685
 And rears us into men. That thought ply'd home,
 Will soon reduce the ghastly precipice
 O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
 And gently slope our passage to the grave:
 How warmly to be wish'd! What heart of flesh 690
 Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
 Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold
 (To speak a language too well known to thee,)
 Would at a moment give its all to chance. 695

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

And stamp the die for an eternity?

Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep pace
With destiny; and ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world. 700

Sting thou my slumb'ring Reason to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To sally, and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all. 705

All accident apart, by Nature sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then forward only look for Death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there. 710
Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.

Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My youth, my noon-tide, his; my yesterday;
The bold invader shares the present hour. 715

Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While Man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste that instant they take fire. 720

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we must, let that death turn us pale,
Which murders strength and ardour; what remains
Should rather call on Death, than dread his call. 725
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!

Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear!

Be death your theme in every place and hour; 730
Nor longer want, ye monumental sires!
A brother tomb to tell you, you shall die.

That Death you dread (so great is Nature's skill!)
Know, you shall court, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit; 735

That life is long, which answers life's great end.

In wisdom, shallow : Pompous ignorance !
Would you be still more learned than the learn'd ?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that knowledge, which impairs your sense.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, 740
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field ;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of Nature and Experience, moral truth ! 745
Of indispensable, eternal fruit !
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turns to gods ;
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride ;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords 750
Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators ! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you, known ;
If you would learn Death's character, attend. 755
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random : Or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults 760
All bold conjecture and fond hopes of Man.
What countless multitudes not only leave,
But deeply disappoint us, by their deaths !
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.
Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite, 765
What smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud ;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb ; 770
Me thine, NARCISSA !—What though short thy date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name ;
The man of wisdom is the man of years. 775

A blaze betokens brevity of life.

In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
O how misdated on their flatt'ring tombs!

NARCISSA'S youth has lectur'd me thus far.

And can her gaity give counsel too?

That, like the Jews' fam'd oracle of gems, 780

Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,

And opens more the character of Death,

Ill known to thee, LORENZO! this thy vaunt:

"Give Death his due, the wretched and the old;

Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave; 785

Let him not violate kind Nature's laws,

But own Man born to live as well as die."

Wretched and old thou giv'st him; young and gay

He takes; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.

What if I prove, "The farthest from the fear, 790

Are often nearest to the stroke of fate?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.

A blaze betokens brevity of life:

As if bright embers should emit a flame,

Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA'S eye, 795

And made youth younger, and taught life to live.

As Nature's opposites wage endless war,

For this offence, as treason to the deep

Inviolable stupor of his reign,

Where Lust, and turbulent Ambition, sleep, 800

Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,

More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd

By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r.

But wherefore aggrandiz'd? By Heav'n's decree,

To plant the soul on her eternal guard, 805

In awful expectation of our end.

Thus runs Death's dread commission: "Strike, but so,

As most alarms the living by the dead."

Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,

And cruel sport with Man's securities. 810

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim;

And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most:

This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are his arts to lay our fears asleep?

Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up 815

Death would have enter'd; Nature push'd him back.

In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
 Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
 Who travel under cover, Death assumes
 The name and look of Life, and dwells among us.
 He takes all shapes that serve his black designs: 820
 Though master of a wider empire far
 Than that, o'er which the Roman eagle flew;
 Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer,
 Or drives his phaeton, in female guise;
 Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath, 825
 His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
 His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
 Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
 Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk, 830
 Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
 In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
 Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
 Such, on NARCISSA's couch, he loiter'd long
 Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen 835
 To smile; such peace has Innocence in death!

Most happy they, whom least his arts deceive.
 One eye on Death, and one full fix'd on Heav'n,
 Becomes a mortal and immortal Man.
 Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy, 840
 I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant dress;
 Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
 Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
 And shew LORENZO the surprising scene;
 If'twas a dream, his genius can explain. 845

'Twas in a circle of the gay I stood.
 Death would have enter'd; Nature push'd him back:
 Supported by a doctor of renown,
 His point he gain'd. Then artfully dismiss
 The sage; for Death design'd to be conceal'd. 850
 He gave an old vivacious usurer
 His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
 In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
 A pamper'd spendthrift; whose fantastic air,
 Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow, 855

Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world.

He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen tuck'd his filthy shroud.

His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt, 860
Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where?

Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let this suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason shuns.
When, against Reason, Riot shuts the door, 866

And Gaiety supplies the place of Sense,
Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown. 870

Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: And when the revel burns,
When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon, 875
Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire, 880
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest, in the fiend?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown 885

Which moment is commission'd to destroy?

In Death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

Is Death uncertain? Therefore thou be fixt;

Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,

All expectation of the coming foe. 890

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;

Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,

And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;

Thus give each day the merit, and renown,

Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die. 895

O how portentous is prosperity!

Nor let Life's period hidden (as from most)
Hide too from thee the precious use of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
Soon, not surprising, Death his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way, 900
Nor Gaiety forgot it was to die

Though Fortune too, (our third and final theme,)
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glittering gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark. 905

Death's dreadful advent is the mark of Man;
And ev'ry thought that misses it is blind.
Fortune, with Youth and Gaiety, conspir'd
To weave a triple wreath of happiness
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow. 910
And could Death charge through such a shining shield?

That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to Man.
O how portentous is prosperity! 915

How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition,
To cut his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er 920
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,

The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When Fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state, 925
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy, and our ev'ning's sigh!

As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey. 930

High Fortune seems in cruel league with Fate.
Ask you for what? To give his war on Man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burn LORENZO still for the sublime 935

Gold glitters most, where Virtue shines no more.

Of Life? to hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
 Granting grim Death at equal distance there;
 Yet Peace begins just where Ambition ends. 940
 What makes Man wretched? Happiness deny'd?
 LORENZO! no: 'Tis Happiness disdain'd.
 She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
 And calls herself Content, a homely name!
 Our flame is Transport, and Content our scorn. 945
 Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a Toil, a Tempest, in her stead;
 A Tempest to warm Transport near akin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise; 950
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace:
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
 Of fortune fond, as thoughtless of thy fate!
 As late I drew Death's picture, to stir up 955
 Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
 Gay Fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glitt'ring ware,
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad 960
 Her raudom bounties o'er the gaping throng.
 All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends,
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
 (Still more ador'd,) to snatch the golden show'r. 965

Gold glitters most, where Virtue shines no more;
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious pack of votaries,
 Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
 Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise! 970
 All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
 And, wide expanding their voracious jaws,
 Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still. 975

Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.

Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r, 980
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for Men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off, 985
Through fury to possess it: Some succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize;
From some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dream'd of gain;
To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off, 990
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together some (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty; 995
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
Smiles too the goddess: but smiles most at those,
(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)

Who perish at their own request, andwhelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire. 1000
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain.
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Though various for a while their fates; at last
One curse involves them all: At Death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss, 1005
And mourn in just proportion to their store.)

And Death's approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of Fortune's smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin? 1010
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which rears aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,

So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.

The sun's defiance, and the flocks' defence; 1016
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock, 1020
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of Death, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
Or near Heav'n's Archer, in the zodiac, hung, 1025
(So could it be,) should draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the gay through life's tempestuous wave,
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock; 1030
"From greater danger to grow more secure,
And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."

Lysander, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia: She was kind; 1035
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore: 1041
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd: He takes his leave,
To re-embrace in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives: 1045
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen, (her heart was apt to feel;)
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous bridal monument, 1050
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear! Can tears suffice?—But not for me.
How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!
The distant train of thought I took, to shun, 1055

Notes to Night the Fifth.

Has thrown me on my fate—these dy'd together ;
 Happy in ruin ! undivorc'd by Death !
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
 NARCISSA ! pity bleeds at thought of thee.
 Yet thou wast only near me ; not myself. 1060
 Survive myself ?—That cures all other woe.
 NARCISSA lives ; PHILANDER is forgot.
 O the soft commerce ! O the tender ties,
 Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live— 1066
 And is it then to live ? When such friends part,
 'Tis the survivor dies—My heart ! no more.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

SOME—for pity's sake, we name them not—have very ignorantly objected to this inimitable writer, a want of order and method. To which it might be replied, “ that irregularity and want of method are supportable in men of great learning and genius ; who are often too full, to be critically exact ; and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.”

Such an apology, however, is quite superfluous. For, as method is of great advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and reader, it is with pleasure we can discover it, though very ingeniously concealed, in this. If it be not perceived, it must be ascribed to the carelessness of the observer, not to the confusion of the Author.

The various subjects here arranged, and discussed, are, “ The importance of contemplating the tomb ; suicide ; the different kinds of grief ; the faults of age ; and Death's dread character.”

V. 5, &c. —“ I grant the Muse
 Has often blush'd at her degenerate sons ”

Too many poets have exhausted all the wit, eloquence, and graces, they were masters of, to gloss over such vices and crimes in the most bewitching colours, as must have fallen into general contempt, had they not been set off with the ornaments they supplied as a cover to their deformity and shame.

This is the foundation of the just reproaches, which the wise men among the heathen have thrown upon the poets. Tully himself complains of Homer in particular, that he has ascribed the frailties of men to the gods, instead of giving the virtues of the gods to men. And it was upon this motive, that Plato banished the poets his republic.

V. 49. "The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world."

"What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?

Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,

Though tempted by no prize;

Hard their *commandments* and their *creed*,

A magazine of lies,

From *Fancy's* forge: Gay *Fancy* smiles

At *Reason* plain and cool;

Fancy, whose curious trade it is

To make the finest fool."

V. 79. "In melancholy dipp'd, embrowns the whole."

"Thus o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,

Long-sounding aisles, and intermingling graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws

A death-like silence, and a dread repose:

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,

Shades every flower, and darkens every green;

Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,

And breathes a browner horror on the woods."

Pope.

V. 97, &c. "O thou, bless'd Spirit!" &c.—If any thing can give real dignity to human nature, in its

present low estate, it is this pious elevation of the soul, from dust and earth, to God and heavenly things.

V. 164, 165. —“ The world’s a school
Of wrong,—and what proficients swarm around!”
“ Have angels sinn’d? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind.
None are supinely good : Through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest ;
Man’s is laborious happiness at best.
On this side death, his dangers never cease,
His joys, are joys of conquest, not of peace.”

V. 223, &c. —“ Dearly pays the soul
For lodging ill,” &c.

See this most piously and pathetically lamented, by one of the most distinguished characters, celebrated in the history of the world, in Rom. vii.

V. 253. “ Grief! more proficients in thy school are made
Than Genius, or proud Learning, e’er could boast.”

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

Shakespeare.

V. 264, &c. “ And what says Genius?” &c.—There is nothing with which mankind are apt to be more fascinated than *Genius*: Forgetting, at the same time, that it is not genius, but the application of it, that constitutes its intrinsic worth, or otherwise. For, “ with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judges amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else but aggravates his folly ; as it shews him wrong, though blessed with a capacity of being right.”

V. 442, &c. “ O Britain! *infamous* for suicide!
An island,” &c.

“ Self-murder! name it not—our island’s shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb’ring states.

Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven!—Dreadful attempt!
Just recking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath! Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such!"

What then ought we to think of a celebrated philosopher, an historian of our own times, who has consigned his memory to deserved infamy, by a posthumous essay in defence of suicide? *Horresco referens!*

V. 468, &c. "Sink into slaves," &c.—Does not the doctrine of *materialism* give a kind of secondary sanction to this brutal degeneracy?

V. 496, &c. "When by the bed of languishment," &c.

"*Ut pictura poesis.*"—If this is not painting to the life, what is? In descriptive poetry, not even *Thomson* himself has any thing superior—to say nothing of its moral uses.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about Religion, than this. The dispute about Religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question—Is Man immortal, or, Is he not? If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, Truth, Reason, Religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But if Man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest, that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed, immortality! and how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel: but by how many is the gospel rejected, or overlooked!

From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded, that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize,) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping the one, and securing the other: And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points, the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only, viz. Because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity, which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad !

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

CONTAINING THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE, OF
IMMORTALITY.

SHE (for I know not yet her name in Heav'n)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene ;
Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail ?
This seeming mitigation but inflames ;
This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease. 5
The longer known, the closer still she grew :
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts
By tardy pressure's still increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress. 10
O the long, dark approach, through years of pain,
Death's gall'ry ! (might I dare to call it so,)
With dismal Doubt, and sable Terror, hung ;
Sick Hope's pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray :
There Fate my melancholy walk ordain'd, 15
Forbid Self-love itself to flatter there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad !
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles !
In smiles she sunk her grief, to lessen mine.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain. 20
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege ; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends 25
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars !

But why more woe? More comfort let it be.

(Not now first made familiar to my sight,
And thou, O Moon! bear witness; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock, 30
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker ev'ry hour!
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed out eternity below; 35
When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important die
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up Life; my title to more woe.

But why more woe? More comfort let it be. 40
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but Wretchedness and Pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise? 45
Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars,
Too low to reach it; Death, great Death alone,
O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition; though the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms, 50
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale. 55
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess;
Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades:
And these the formidable picture draw. 60

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;
And drop a vail eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim;
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death. 65
Wrapt in the thought of Immortality,

O that my song could emulate my soul!

Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song. 70
 O that my song could emulate my soul!
 Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
 A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
 Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire. 75
 Thy nature Immortality! who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever; dipt by cruel Fate
 In Stygian dye, how black, how brittle here! 80
 How short our correspondence with the sun!
 And, while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys,
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great 85
 To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, where-ever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
 Of universal Nature! to lay hold 90
 By more than feeble Faith on the SUPREME!
 To call Heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines, which support archangels in their state,)
 Our own! to rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies! 95
 To read creation; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!
 The plan, and execution, to collate!
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and leave 100
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene! 105
 Love's clement! true joy's illustrious home!

Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud.

From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
 Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man, Man,
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great. 111

How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry inoment fear to sink beneath
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons,)
 How great, in the wild whirl of Time's pursuits. 115
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Through the long visto of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine! 120

To prophesy our own futurities!
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception, as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale! 125

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought?
 The swell becomes thee: 'tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
 His nature no man can o'er-rate; and none
 Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed, 130
 Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud;
 That almost universal error shun.

How just our pride, when we behold those heights!
 Not those Ambition paints in air, but those
 Reason points out, and ardent Virtue gains; 135
 And angels emulate; our pride how just!

When mount we? when these shackles cast? when quit
 This cell of the creation? this small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air? 140

Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
 Greatly triumphant on Time's farther shore,
 Where Virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears; 145
 While Pomp imperial begs an alms of Peace.

In an eternity what scenes shall strike !

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
 Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
 With half the dignity, with half the gain,
 The gust, the glow of rational delight, 150
 As on this theme, which angels praise and share?
 Man's fates and favours are a theme in Heav'n.

What wretched repetition cloy's us here!
 What periodic potions for the sick!
 Distemper'd bodies, and distemper'd minds! 155
 In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
 Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!
 What webs of wonder shall unravel there!
 What full day pour on all the paths of Heav'n,
 And light th' ALMIGHTY'S footsteps in the deep! 160
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
 And straighten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in Man
 To know; how rich, how full, our banquet there! 165
 There, not the moral world alone unfolds;
 The world material, lately seen in shades,
 And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
 And seen those fragments by the lab'ring eye,
 Unbroken, then, illustrious, and entire, 170
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
 And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
 From some superior point (where, who can tell?
 Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside,) 175
 How shall the stranger Man's illumin'd eye,
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
 Behold an infinite of floating worlds
 Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
 In endless voyage, without port? The least 180
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
 Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
 Huge, as Leviathan, to that small race,
 Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
 He swallows unperceiv'd! Stupendous these! 185
 Yet what are these stupendous to the whole?

As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd;
 As circulating globules in our veins;
 So vast the plan! Fecundity divine!
 Exub'rant Source! perhaps I wrong thee still. 190

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence! Yet this the least in Heav'n.
 What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
 Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
 A specimen, an earnest, of his pow'r? 195
 'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
 Which gave it birth. But what this sun of Heav'n?
 This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
 Death, only Death, the question can resolve. 200
 By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joys;
 The bare ideas! Solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death? 205
 And toil we still for sublunary pay?
 Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
 Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
 To great futurity) in curious webs 210
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
 (Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
 The momentary buz of vain renown!
 A name! a mortal immortality!

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air, 215
 For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire?
 Drudge, sweat, through ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
 For vile contaminating trash? throw up
 Our hope in Heav'n, or dignity with Man?
 And deify the dart, matur'd to gold! 220
 Ambition, Av'rice; the two dæmons these,
 Which goad through ev'ry slough our human herd,
 Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
 How low the wretches stoop! how steep they climb!
 These dæmons burn mankind; but most possess 225
 LORENZO's bosom, and turn out the skies.

If prone in thought, our stature is our shame.

Is it in Time to hide Eternity?
 And why not in an atom on the shore
 To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?
 Glory and Wealth, have they this blinding pow'r?
 What if to them I prove LORENZO blind? 231
 Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd;
 Thou neither know'st: Their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as these subjects seem,
 What close connexion ties them to my theme. 235
 First, what is true ambition? The pursuit
 Of glory, nothing less than Man can share.
 Were they as vain as gaudy-minded Man,
 As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
 Their arts and conquest animals might boast, 240
 And claim their laurel crowns, as well as we;
 But not celestial. Here we stand alone;
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent:
 If prone in thought, our stature is our shame;
 And Man should blush his forehead meets the skies.

The visible and present are for brutes, 246
 A slender portion, and a narrow bound!
 These Reason, with an energy divine,
 O'erleaps; and claims the future and unseen!
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless! 250
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross Nature's sediments below,
 Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man. 255
 This is ambition: This is human fire.

Can Parts or Place (two bold pretenders!) make
 LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and Art, Ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid! 260
 Dédalian engin'ry! If these alone
 Assist our flight, Fame's flight is Glory's fall.
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch when I behold, 265
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.

Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mix't, and glitt'ring in the dust. 270
 Struck at the splendid melancholy sight,
 At once Compassion soft, and Envy, rise.—
 But wherefore Envy? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults 275
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great pow'rs.
 Plain Sense but rarely leads us far astray.
 Reason the means, Affections choose our end ;
 Means have no merit, if our end amiss. 280
 If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain :
 What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart ?
 Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
 Right ends, and means, make wisdom : Worldly-wise
 Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. 285

Let Genius then despair to make thee great ;
 Nor flatter Station : What is Station high ?
 'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity. 290
 Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names :
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve 295
 The meanest slave ; all more is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right ;
 Nor ever paid the Monarch, but the Man.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth ;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. 300
 Fools, indeed, drop the Man in their account,
 And vote the mantle into majesty.

Let the small savage boast his silver fur ;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His own, descending fairly from his sires : 305
 Shall Man be proud to wear his livery,

Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids.

And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales. 310
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in Immortality. 315
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
What station charms thee? I'll instal thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before wast something less than Man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride? 320
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise;
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies. 325
'Tis born of Ignorance, which knows not Man:
An angel's second; nor his second, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul, 330
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Ev'n Vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee; 335
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wear no ribband, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile. 340
Other ambition Nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in Man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk and a swathe, at first, his whole demand;
His whole domain, at last, a turf or stone; 345
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

The world, which cancels Nature's right and wrong.

Souls truly great, dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall; there, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene, 350

Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublines;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray 355
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To Christian pride! which had with horror shock'd
The darkest Pagans, offer'd to their gods.

O thou Most Christian enemy to peace! 360
Again in arms? again provoking fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies. 365

Why this so rare? Because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it; 370
Be leeces ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.
That friend consulted, (flatteries apart,)
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left, 375
Is that ambition? Then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet these are they the world pronounces wise; 380
The world, which cancels Nature's right and wrong,
And casts new wisdom: Ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face to countenance the coin.

Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave 385
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,

At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

The most ambitious, unambitious, mean ;
 In triumph, mean ; and abject, on a throne.
 Nothing can make it less than mad in Man,
 To put forth all his ardour, all his art, 390
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
 But reaching Him, who gave her wings to fly.
 When blind Ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downward pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial happiness, and true renown ; 395
 Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition ! pow'rful source of good and ill !
 Thy strength in Man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease, 401
 And swifter flight, transports us to the skies :
 By toys entangled, or in guilt hemir'd,
 In turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie, 405
 Close-grated by the sordid bars of Sense ;
 All prospect of eternity shut out ;
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in ambition justly charg'd,
 Find we LORENZO wiser in his wealth ? 410
 What if thy rental I reform ? and draw
 An inventory new to set thee right ?
 Where, thy true treasure ? Gold says, " Not in me ;"
 And, " Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor ;
 India's insolvent : Seek it in thyself, 415
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
 In being so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine !
 In senses, which inherit earth, and heav'ns ; 420
 Enjoy the various riches Nature yields ;
 Far nobler ; give the riches they enjoy ;
 Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves ;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire :
 Take in, at once, the landscape of the world, 425
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,

What wealth in intellect, that sov'reign pow'r!

And half create the wond'rous worlds they see.
 Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
 But for the magic organ's pow'ful charm,
 Earth were a rude uncolour'd chaos still. 430
 Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' exploit;
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which Nature's admirable picture draws;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake, 435
 Man makes the matchless image Man admires.
 Say then, shall Man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 (Superior wonders in himself forgot,)
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees? 440
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is Man.

What wealth in senses such as these! what wealth
 In Fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than Sense surveys! In Mem'ry's firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall 445
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in Intellect, that sov'reign pow'r!
 Which Sense, and Fancy, summons to the bar; 450
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
 And from the mass those underlings import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in Truth's balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms Art, and Science, Government, and Laws;
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame, 455
 The vitals and the grace of civil life!
 And manners (sad exception!) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
 Of His idea, whose indulgent thought, 460
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd human bliss.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' Almighty Fiat, and the trumpet's sound: 465
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?

What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in Fancy's field to rise!
 Souls that can grasp whate'er th' ALMIGHTY made,
 And wanders wild through things impossible! 471
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,
 In liberty to choose, in pow'r to reach,
 And in duration (how thy riches rise!) 475
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss! —

Ask you, what pow'r resides in feeble Man
 That bliss to gain? Is Virtue's, then, unknown?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
 Man's unprecious natural estate, 480
 Improveable at will, in Virtue lies;
 Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng. 485
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
 Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes; 490
 New masters court, and call the former, fools
 (How justly!) for dependence on their stay.
 Wide scatter, first, our play-things; then, our dust.

Dost court Abundance for the sake of peace?
 Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme: 495
 Riches enable to be richer still:
 And, richer still, what mortal can resist?
 Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
 And murders Peace, which taught it first to shine. 500
 The poor are half as wretched as the rich;
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
 At once, to bear a double load of woe;
 To feel the stings of Envy, and of Want,
 Outrageous Want! both Indies cannot cure. 505
 A competence is vital to content.

How few can rescue opulence from want !

Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
 Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
 A competence is all we can enjoy.
 O be content, where Heav'n can give no more ! 510
 More, like a flash of water from a lock,
 Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour ;
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
 Above our native temper's common stream.
 Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize, 515
 As bees in flow'rs; and stings us with success.
 The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
 Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
 Much learning shews how little mortals know ;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy : 520
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see ;
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face 525
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
 How few can rescue opulence from want !
 Who lives to Nature, rarely can be poor ; 530
 Who lives to Fancy, never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,
 In debt to Fortune, trembles at her pow'r.
 The Man of Reason smiles at her, and Death.
 O what a patrimony this ! A being 535
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,
 Not worlds possess'd can raise it ; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O Nature ! ends ; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this ! 540
 The Monarch is a beggar to the Man.
 Immortal ! ages past, yet nothing gone !
 Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! life 545
 Beginning still, where computation ends !

Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong, as this the soul?

'Tis the description of a Deity!

'Tis the description of the meanest slave;

The meanest slave dare LORENZO scorn?

The meanest slave thy sov'reign glory shares. 550

Proud youth! fastidious of the lower world!

Man's lawful pride includes humility;

Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find!

Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!

Proprietors eternal of thy love. 555

Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,

As this the soul? It thunders to the thought;

Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate;

Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends, 560

And breathes her native air; an air that feeds

Ambitions high, and faus ethereal fires;

Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;

Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame? 565

Immortal! Were but one immortal, how

Would others envy! how would thrones adore!

Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?

How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n!

O vain, vain, vain, all else!—Eternity! 570

A glorious, and a needful refuge, that,

From vile imprisonment in abject views.

'Tis Immortality, 'tis that alone,

Amid Life's pains, abasements, emptiness,

The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill. 575

That only, and that amply, this performs;

Lifts us above Life's pains, her joys above;

Their terror those; and these their lustre lose;

Eternity depending covers all;

Eternity depending all achieves; 580

Sets Earth at distance; casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs:

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap, 585

The Man beneath; if I may call him Man,

And what a sceptre waits us ! what a throne !

Whom Immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent, 590
Their present province, and their future prize ;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth ? Why labours your belief ?
If Earth's whole orb, by some due-distant eye 595
Were seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus Earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in Eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake, 600
So large of late, so mountainous to Man,
Time's toys subside ; and equal all below.

Enthusiastic, this ? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd ; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all may do what has by Man been done. 606
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd ?
What slave unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn 610
Expects an empire ? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his absent sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us ! what a throne !
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives, 615
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine !
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy :
What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss ?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung, 620
Ne'er to be priz'd enough ! enough revolv'd !
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds ? and dance
On heedless Vanity's fantastic toe,
Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career, 625
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song ?

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen.

Are there, LORENZO? is it possible?
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore; 630
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem?

When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth, 635
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way;
 And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards through th' opposing pow'rs
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them, 640
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless night? night darker than the grave!
 Who fight the proofs of immortality?

With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 Work all their engines, level their black fires, 645
 To blot from Man this attribute divine
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise,)
 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves?

To contradict them, see all Nature rise!
 What object, what event, the moon beneath, 650
 But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
 To Reason proves, or weds it to Desire?
 All things proclaim it needful! some advance
 One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen, 655
 From Heav'n, and Earth, and Man. Indulge a few,
 By Nature, as her common habit, worn;
 So pressing Providence a truth to teach,
 Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys, 660
 Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
 Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
 Eternity's inhabitant august!

Of two eternities amazing Lord!
 One past, ere Man's or Angel's had begun; 665
 Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault

Emblems of Man, who passes, not expires.

Thy glorious immortality in Man :
 A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
 Of moment infinite ! but relish'd most
 By those who love Thee most, who most adore. 670

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
 Of THEE, the great Immutable, to Man
 Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 LORENZO, to this heav'ly Delphos haste? 675

And come back all-immortal ; all-divine :
 Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all ;
 All change, no death. Day follows night ; and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
 Earth takes th' example. See the Summer gay, 680
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter gray,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away :
 Then melts into the Spring : Soft Spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south, 686
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;
 As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend ;
 Emblems of Man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just, 690
 Nature revolves, but Man advances ; both
 Eternal ; that a circle, this a line ;
 That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends ;
 Zeal and humility, her wings to Heav'n. 695
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from Death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.

No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the MOST HIGH. 700

What hence infers LORENZO ? Can it be ?
 Matter immortal ? And shall spirit die ?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise ?
 Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know ? Shall Man alone, 705
 Imperial Man, be sown in barren ground,

Look Nature through, 'tis neat gradation all.

Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of Fate, 710
Severely doom'd Death's single unredeem'd?

If Nature's revolution speaks aloud,
In her gradation, hear her louder still.
Look Nature through, 'tis neat gradation all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends! 715
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.

Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: What love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life; 720
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, Life and Sense;
There, Sense from Reason steals a glimm'ring ray;
Reason shines out in Man. But how preserv'd

The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss, 725
Where Death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part;
And part, ethereal; grant the soul of Man
Eternal; or in Man the series ends.

Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more; 730
Check'd Reason halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, analogy pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, Man's surest guide below.

Thus far, all Nature calls on thy belief. 735
And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
False attestation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with Death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the risk of Heav'n? 740
O what indignity to deathless souls!

What treason to the majesty of Man!
Of Man immortal! Hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend, • 745
And grind us into dust: The soul is safe;

What ties thee to this life, proclaims the next.

The Man emerges ; mounts above the wreck,
As tow'ring flame from Nature's fun'ral pyre ;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles ;
His charter, his inviolable rights, 750
Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, LORENZO !
The glories of the world, thy sev'nfold shield.
Other ambition than of crowns in air, 755
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can ;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to this life, proclaims the next.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure. 760

Come, my ambitious ! let us mount together,
(To mount LORENZO never can refuse ;)
And from the clouds, where Pride delights to dwell,
Look down on Earth.—What seest thou ? Wond'rous
things !

Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. 765
What lengths of labour'd lands ! what loaded seas !
Loaded by men, for pleasure, wealth, or war !
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand ; 770
What levell'd mountains, and what lifted vales !

O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
Some 'mid the wand'ring waves majestic rise ;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms. 775
Far greater still ! (what cannot mortal might ?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep !
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.

Or southward turn, to delicate, and grand ;
The finer arts there ripen in the sun. 780

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies ! the prond triumphal arch
Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, here, streams are taught to flow ;
Whole rivers, there, laid by in basons, sleep. 785

Whose footsteps these?—Immortals have been here.

Here, plains turn oceans ; there vast oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore ;
And chang'd creation takes its face from Man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword ? 790
See fields in blood ; hear naval thunders rise ;
Britannia's voice ! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea furious waves ! their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, " O main ! 795
Thus far, nor farther ; new restraints obey."
Earth's disembowell'd ! measur'd are the skies !
Stars are detected in their deep recess !
Creation widens ! vanquish'd Nature yields !
Her secrets are extorted ! Art prevails ! 800
What monument of genius, spirit, pow'r !

And now, LORENZO, raptur'd at this scene,
Whose glories render Heav'n superfluous ! say,
Whose footsteps these?—Immortals have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done ? 805
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
And proofs of immortality forgot.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are Ambition's works : And these are great :
But this, the least immortal souls can do ; 810
Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend ?
Dost ask me, what ? One sigh for the distrest.
What then for infidels ? A deeper sigh.
'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty Man :
How little they, who think aught great below ! 815
All our ambitions Death defeats, but one ;
And that it crowns.—Here cease we : But, ere long,
More pow'rful proof shall take the field against thee.
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

V. 148. "YE born of earth! on what can you confer
With half the dignity," &c.

"Is all this *rapturous*? Yes, such a rapture, as nothing but gross ignorance, or more fatal infidelity, can forbear. Is not rapture due for felicities inexpressible? And what felicity is so much as second to this? It is the close, frequent, and feeling inspection, of these *interiora* of man's sublime condition, as *immortal*, and *redeemed*, which is the highest cordial of human joy, and richest mine of human thought. A mine deep dug by few! And yet, without it, a man is not more a stranger to the natives of *Saturn*, than to himself. Without it, he must want the true, genuine, vital spirit of a Christian."

V. 213, &c. "The momentary buzz of vain renown!
A name!" &c.

"For what so foolish, as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men, who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time!
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?"

V. 262, &c. "Fame's flight is Glory's fall—
Heart-merit wanting," &c.

"But own we must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve, can't always most engage.
So far is *worth* from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and
No; wretches, whom in secret we despise. [wise?"

V. 277. "Great ill, is an achievement of great power."—Great men, in the wrong, are powerful engines of mischief; and, like bursting bombs, destroy themselves, and all around them.

V. 393, &c. "When blind ambition," &c.—It is difficult to say, which is more to be admired, in these

few lines—the beauty of the composition and imagery, or the utility of the sentiment: Properly regarded, it would make the proudest son of vanity sicken at the thought of his own egregious folly.

V. 573, &c. “’Tis immortality, ’tis that alone,
Amid life’s pains,” &c.

If such be the astonishing inspiration of a becoming sense of its immortality upon the human soul, how very pitiable was the comparative ignorance of the unenlightened heathens, in this respect! and what infinite obligations are we under to Him, “who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel?”

V. 603, &c. “Enthusiastic this? Then all are weak
But rank enthusiasts,” &c.

I cannot forbear this opportunity to observe, that it is a great abuse of language, to call none but religious persons enthusiasts. “Enthusiasm is found in every form and opinion of life. The orator and the poet, the hero and the politician, may all be enthusiasts. Enthusiasm, in the very nature of things, must be of as many kinds as those objects are, which can kindle and inflame the imaginations, desires, and wills, of men. And to appropriate enthusiasm to religion, is the same ignorance, as to appropriate love to religion: For enthusiasm, or a kindled, inflamed, spirit of life, is as common, as universal, as love is. The grammarian, the critic, the connoisseur, the antiquary, the philosopher, and the virtuoso, are all of them enthusiasts, though their heat is only a flame from a straw.

V. 622, &c.

“Are there, who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther,” &c.

Mirth at a funeral is scarce more indecent, and unnatural, than a perpetual flight of gaiety, and burst of exultation, in a world like this: A world, which may seem a paradise to fools, but is an hospital with the wise: A world, in which bare escape is a prime felicity. *Effugere, est triumphus.*

“ Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife,
 Pursue the joys of this fallacious life ;
 Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
 Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play, }
 And into nothing then dissolve away.—
 Are *these* our great pursuits? is this to live?
 These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?”

V. 660, &c. “ Thou, whose all-providential eye sur-
 Whose hand directs,” &c. [veys,

This is that genuine spirit of true devotion, which in all its efforts for the good of mankind, and for personal excellence and felicity, lifts the soul to heaven, for that supernatural assistance, of which its own intellect is weak, and its impotent exertions, always stand in need.

V. 704, &c. “ Shall man alone,” &c.—See this idea most sublimely argued in another view, by an inspired writer, in 1 Cor. xv.

V. 734. “ Analogy! Man’s surest guide below.”

Consult the learned and pious Bishop Butler’s admirable illustration of this truth; which every man of science and inquiry should blush not to have read.

V. 814, &c. “ ’Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty
 How little they,” &c. [man.

“ No man is really great, till he sees that every thing in this world is little. Great is he, and he alone, who makes the whole creation, and its amazing Cause, the *circumference*; and his own *true interest*, the *centre*, of his thoughts: who has strength and steadiness to weigh, in perpetual and in equal balance, right and wrong, body and soul, time and eternity, nature and God; and so weighing, to disdain any very anxious thought, for less than the greatest good his limited nature admits, and his all-powerful God has promised to bestow.”

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

THE PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of Man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion, which is advanced in the preface to the preceding Night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God will not, or can not, punish. Considering the divine attributes,

the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And, since Omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as Holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish, as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their stronger wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner almost incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, throw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new, at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: What pity 'tis they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by those whom they so much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates ('tis well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: Yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved

Heav'n gives the needful, but neglected, call.

acknowledgment; angry, for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was, a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: For his friend asked him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?"—it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal.

This fact, well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: And, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: Which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes. For I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must necessarily receive some advantageous impressions from them.

JULY 7, 1744.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

THE SECOND PART.

HEAUV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
 What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
 To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
 Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in ev'ry way;
 And kindly point us to our journey's end. 5
 POPE, who couldst make immortals; art thou dead?
 I give thee joy: Nor will I take my leave;
 So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;

The world's a prophecy of worlds to come.

Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
 The grave, his subterranean road to bliss. 10
 Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so :
 Through various parts our glorious story runs ;
 Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls
 The volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.

This, earth and skies already have proclaim'd. 15
 The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ;
 And who, what GOD foretells (who speaks in things,
 Still louder than in words) shall dare deny ?
 If Nature's arguments appear too weak,
 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in Man. 20
 If Man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,
 Can he prove infidel to what he feels ?
 He, whose blind thought Futurity denies,
 Unconscious bears, Bellerophon ! like thee,
 His own indictment ; he condemns himself : 25
 Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;
 Or, Nature, there, imposing on her sons,
 Has written fables ; Man was made a lie.

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there ?
 Incurable consumption of our peace ! 30
 Resolve me, why the cottager and king,
 He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
 Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh, 35
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?

Is it, that things terrestrial can't content ?
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain ?
 Not so ; but to their master is deny'd
 To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease, 40
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
 Where Nature foddors him with other food
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
 Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd. 45
 Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee ?
 Not so ; thy pasture richer, but remote ;
 In part, remote ; for that remoter part

And what is right, but means of happiness?

Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in despair. 130

Old Rome consulted birds; LORENZO! thou,
With more success, the flight of Hope survey;
Of restless Hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight; 135

And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If being fails,) more mournful riddles rise, 140
And Virtue vies with Hope in mystery.

Why Virtue? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd:
What true self-interest of quite-mortal Man?
To close with all that makes him happy here. 145

If Vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then Vice is Virtue; 'tis our sov'reign good.
In self-applause is Virtue's golden prize?

No self-applause attends it on thy scheme:
Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happiness? 151

No means of happiness when Virtue yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every virtuous joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart, 155
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable and great?

Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death? 160
Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!

Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
Thy country! what to thee?—the Godhead, what,
(I speak with awe!) though He should bid thee bleed,

I, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt, 165
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow:
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience: Know, LORENZO!

Why is Man suffer'd to be good in vain?

Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's subsequent command,
His first command is this:—"Man, love thyself." 170

In this alone, free-agents are not free.

Existence is the basis, bliss the prize:

If Virtue costs existence, 'tis a crime;

Bold violation of our law supreme,

Black suicide; though nations, which consult 175

Their gain at thy expence, resound applause.

Since Virtue's recompence is doubtful, here,

If Man dies wholly, well may we demand,

Why is Man suffer'd to be good in vain?

Why to be good in vain, is Man enjoin'd? 180

Why to be good in vain, is Man betray'd?

Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,

By sweet complacencies from Virtue felt?

Why whispers Nature lies on Virtue's part?

Or if blind Instinct (which assumes the name 185

Of sacred Conscience) plays the fool in Man,

Why Reason made accomplice in the cheat?

Why are the wisest loudest in her praise?

Can Man by Reason's beam be led astray?

Or, at his peril, imitate his God? 190

Since Virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,

Or both are true; or Man survives the grave.

Or Man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO,

Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.

Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn. 195

Grant Man immortal, and thy scorn is just.

The Man immortal, rationally brave,

Dares rush on Death—because he cannot die.

But if Man loses all when life is lost,

He lives a coward, or a fool expires. 200

A daring infidel, (and such there are,

From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,

Or pure heroical defect of thought,)

Of all Earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd 205

For valour, virtue, science, all we love,

And all we praise; for worth, whose noontide beam,

Enabling us to think in higher style,

"Has Virtue then no joys?"—Yes, joys dear-bought.

Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs ;
 Dream we, that lustre of the moral world 210
 Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
 And strenuous to transcribe in human life,
 The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that Fate,
 Just when the lucaments began to shine, 215
 And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught,
 With night eternal blot it out, and give
 The skies alarm, lest angels too might die?
 If human souls, why not angelic too
 Extinguish'd? and a solitary God, 220
 O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
 Shall we this moment gaze on God in Man?
 The next, lose Man for ever in the dust!
 From dust we disengage, or Man mistakes ;
 And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw. 225
 Wisdom and worth, how boldly he commends !
 Wisdom and worth, are sacred names ; rever'd,
 Where not embrac'd ; applauded ! deify'd !
 Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
 Both are calamities, inflicted both 230
 To make us but more wretched. Wisdom's eye
 Acute, for what? To spy more miseries ;
 And worth so recompens'd new-points their stings.
 Or Man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
 And worth exalted humbles us the more. 235
 Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
 Weakness, and Vice, the refuge of mankind.
 "Has Virtue then no joys?"—Yes, joys dear-bought ;
 Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state
 Virtue and Vice are at eternal war. 240
 Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought?
 Or for precarious, or for small reward?
 Who Virtue's self-reward so loud resound,
 Would take degrees angelic here below,
 And Virtue, while they compliment, betray, 245
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
 The crown, th' unfading crown, her soul inspires :
 'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail

The body's treach'ries, and the world's assaults.
 On Earth's poor pay our famish'd Virtue dies : 250
 Truth incontestable ! in spite of all
 A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
 In Man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heav'n's signet stamping an immortal make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base 255
 Sustaining all ; what find we ? Knowledge, Love.
 As light and heat, essential to the sun,
 These to the soul. And why, if souls expire ?
 How little lovely here ? how little known ?
 Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil ! 260
 And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd on earth, our angel-appetites,
 While brutal are indulg'd their fulsome fill ?
 Were then capacities divine conferr'd
 As a mock-diadem, in savage sport, 265
 Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair ?
 In future age lies no redress ? And shuts
 Eternity the door on our complaint ?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made ! 270
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep ;
 The man who merits most, must most complain.
 Can we conceive a disregard in Heav'n,
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?
 This cannot be. To love, and know, in Man 275
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r ;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all ;
 Nor, Nature through, e'er violates this sweet
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string. 280
 Is man the sole exception from her laws ?
 Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too,)
 Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud 285
 On Nature's beauteous aspect ; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot !) deforms her with her lord.
 If such is Man's allotment, what is Heav'n ?

Account for this prerogative in brutes.

Or own the soul immortal, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert 296

All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, Man!

And bow to thy superiors of the stall;

Through every scene of Sense superior far:

They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream

Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd 295

With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;

Mankind's peculiar! Reason's precious dow'r!

No foreign clime they ransack for their robes;

Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;

Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd; 300

They find a paradise in ev'ry field,

On boughs forbidden where no curses hang:

Their ill, no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd

By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:

When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke

Begins, and ends, their woe: They die but once; 306

Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which

Proud Man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,

Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes. 310

No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,

But what beams on it from Eternity.

O sole and sweet solution! that unties

The difficult, and softens the severe;

The cloud on Nature's beauteous face dispels; 315

Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;

And re-enthrones us in supremacy

Of joy, ev'n here. Admit immortal life,

And Virtue is knight-errantry no more;

Each Virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r, 320

Far richer in reversion: Hope exults;

And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,

Predominates, and gives the taste of Heav'n.

O wherefore is the Derry so kind?

Astonishing beyond astonishment! 325

Heav'n our reward—for Heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart?—For there

The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing

We wish our names eternally to live.

Reason is guiltless; Will alone rebels.
 What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find 330
 New unexpected witnesses against thee?
 Ambition, Pleasure, and the Love of Gain!
 Canst thou suspect that these, which make the soul
 The slave of Earth, should own her heir of Heav'n?
 Canst thou suspect what makes us disbelieve 335
 Our immortality, should prove it sure?

First, then, Ambition summon to the bar.
 Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
 And inextinguishable nature, speak.
 Each much deposes: hear them in their turn. 340

Thy soul how passionately fond of fame!
 How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
 We blush, detected in designs on praise,
 Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
 And why? Because immortal. Art divine 345
 Has made the body tutor to the soul:
 Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
 Which stoops to court a character from Man; 350
 While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
 Far more than Man, with endless praise, and blame.

Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
 The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
 At high presumptions of their own desert, 355
 One age is poor applause: the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living few begun,
 Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
 We wish our names eternally to live:
 Wild dream which ne'er had haunted human thought,
 Had not our natures been eternal too. 360

Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
 But our blind Reason sees not where it lies;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
 Fame is the shade of immortality, 365
 And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.

And can Ambition a fourth proof supply?

“And is this all?” cry’d Cæsar, at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof Ambition brings 370
Of immortality. The first in fame,

Observe him near, your envy will abate :
Sham’d at the disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown. 375
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.

And can Ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three; 380
Yet quite overlook’d by some reputed wise.
Though disappointments in ambition pain,
And though success disgusts; yet still, LORENZO!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
By Nature planted for the noblest ends. 385

Absurd the fam’d advice to Pyrrhus giv’n,
More prais’d than ponder’d; specious, but unsound :
Sooner that hero’s sword the world had quell’d,
Than reason his ambition. Man must soar.
An obstinate activity within, 390
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
In spite of Fortune’s load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too.

No sultan prouder than his fetter’d slave :
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw, 395
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts,
And cry—“Behold the wonders of my might!”
And why? Because immortal as their lord;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold; 400
The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heav’n.

Nor absolutely vain is human praise,
When human is supported by divine.
I’ll introduce LORENZO to himself:
Pleasure and Pride (bad masters!) share our hearts:
As love of pleasure is ordain’d to guard 406
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of praise is planted to protect

Thus far Ambition. What says Avarice?

And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it, but the love of praise, inspires, . 410
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness? From that, the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous, of civil life.
 Want and Convenience, under-workers, lay
 The basis, on which love of glory builds. 415
 Nor is thy life, O Virtue! less in debt
 To Praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
 Were men not proud, what merit should we miss!
 Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons right to man, 420
 And whets his appetite for moral good.
 Thirst of applause is Virtue's second guard;
 Reason, her first; but Reason wants an aid;
 Our private reason is a flatterer;
 Thirst of applause calls public judgment in, 425
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd Virtue fairer play.
 Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still:
 Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
 These delicate moralities of Sense; 430
 This constitutional reserve of aid
 To succour Virtue, when our reason fails;
 If Virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
 And oft the mark of injuries on earth,
 When labour'd to maturity (its bill 435
 Of disciplines, and pain, unpaid) must die?
 Why freighted rich to dash against a rock?
 Were man to perish when most fit to live,
 O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,
 By skill divine inwoven in our frame! 440
 Where are Heav'n's holiness and mercy fled?
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at Virtue and at Man?
 If not, why that discourag'd, this destroy'd?
 Thus far Ambition. What says Avarice?
 This her chief maxim, which has long been thine: 445
 "The wise and wealthy are the same."—I grant it.
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
 This is man's province, this his highest praise.

Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?

To this great end keen Instinct stings him on.
 To guide that Instinct, Reason, is thy charge. 450
 'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
 But, Reason failing to discharge her trust,
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
 A blunder follows; and blind Industry,
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course, 455
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are won,)
 O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,
 Provides for an eternity below:

"Thou shalt not covet," is a wise command; 460
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys.
 Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
 And Av'rice is a virtue most divine.
 Is Faith a refuge for our happiness?
 Most sure: And is it not for Reason too? 465
 Nothing this world unriddles, but the next.
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
 From inextinguishable life in Man:
 Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the skies,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt. 470
 Sour grapes, I grant, Ambition, Avarice:
 Yet still their root is immortality.
 These its wild growths, so bitter, and so base,
 (Pain, and reproach!) Religion can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee, 475
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
 And falsely promises an Eden here:
 Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
 A common cheat, and Pleasure is her name. 480
 To Pleasure never was LORENZO deaf;
 Then hear her now, now first thy real friend.

Since Nature made us not more fond than proud
 Of happiness, (whence hypocrites in joy,
 Makers of mirth, artificers of smiles,) 485
 Why should the joy most poignant Sense affords,
 Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—
 Those heav'n-born blushes tell us Man descends,

The Man that blushes is not quite a brute?

Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliss:
Should Reason take her infidel repose, 490
This honest Instinct speaks our lineage high;
This Instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.

Our glory covers us with noble shame,
And he that's unconfounded, is unmann'd. 495
The Man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Thus far with thee, LORENZO! will I close;
Pleasure is good, and Man for pleasure made;
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleasure, which neither blushes nor expires. 500

The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;
Let Conscience file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey;
Thus, seal'd by Truth, th' authentic record runs:

"Know, all! know, infidels—unapt to know! 505
'Tis Immortality your nature solves;

'Tis Immortality deciphers Man,
And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
Without it, all his virtues are a dream. 510

His very crimes attest his dignity;
His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite:
What less than infinite makes unabsurd
Passions, which all on earth but more inflames? 515

Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to this scene,
Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
For Earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the skies." 520

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings; 525
That is their mistress, not their mother. All
(And justly) reason deem divine: I see,
I feel a grandeur in the passions too,

Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens all.

Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire. 530

In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell; though wiser in their aim.
Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence,
What though our passions are run mad, and stoop,
With low terrestrial appetite, to graze 535

On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?
Yet still, through their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But these (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd,)
When Reason moderates the rein aright, 540

Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails 545
To disappoint one providential end,
For which Heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were Reason silent, boundless Passion speaks
A future scene of boundless objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day. 550

Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens all:
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
Consider Man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A crystalline transparency prevails, 555

And strikes full lustre through the human sphere:
Consider Man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched; Reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd LORENZO cries, "And let her weep;
Weak, modern Reason: Ancient times were wise. 560
Authority, that venerable guide,
Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian Porch
(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)
Deuy'd this immortality to Man."

I grant it; but affirm, they prov'd it too. 565
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring through their romantic wisdom's page,

Pleas'd Pride proclaim'd what Reason disbeliev'd.

Make us, at once, despise them, and admire!
Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires; 570

They leave th' extravagance of song below.
"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy
The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave, 575
Strange doctrine, this!—As doctrine, it was strange;

But not, as prophecy; for such it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.
The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame: 580

The Stoick saw, in double wonder lost,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? those tow'ring
thoughts, that flew 585

Such monstrous heights?—From Instinct, and from
Pride.

The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,
Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
Suggested truths they could not understand.
In Lust's dominion, and in Passion's storm, 590

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
(As light in chaos, glimm'ring through the gloom:)
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleas'd Pride proclaim'd what Reason disbeliev'd.

Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell, 595
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be future sense,

When life immortal in full day should shine;
And Death's dark shadows fly the Gospel sun.

They spoke what nothing but immortal souls
Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd,
prov'd. 600

Can then absurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak Man immortal? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distress,
All unresolvable, if earth is all. 605

Why happiness pursu'd, though never found?

"Why life, a moment? infinite, desire?
 Our wish, eternity? Our home, the grave?
 Heav'n's promise dormant lies in human hope;
 Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
 Why happiness pursu'd, though never found? 610
 Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
 (For Nature never gravitates to nought;)
 That thirst unquench'd declares it is not here.
 My Lucia, thy Clarissa, call to thought:
 Why cordial friendship rivetted so deep, 615
 As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
 If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
 Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
 Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
 Why past, and future, preying on our hearts, 620
 And putting all our present joys to death?
 Why labours Reason? Instinct were as well;
 Instinct, far better; what can choose, can err:
 O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
 'Twere well his Holiness were half as sure. 625
 Reason with inclination why at war?
 Why sense of guilt? Why Conscience up in arms?"
 Conscience of guilt is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom counsel to decline the blow.
 Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd, 630
 If nothing future paid forbearance here.
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
 All promise, some ensure, a second scene;
 Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most certain; were it false, 635
 What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, Hope:
 The future of the present is the soul: |
 How this life groans, when sever'd from the next! 640
 Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,
 In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
 Sad prelude of eternity in pain!
 Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail 645

Why sense of better? It embitters worse.

Our ardent wishes ; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,
Abhorr'd Annihilation, blasts the soul,
And wide-extends the bounds of human woe! 650
Could I believe LORENZO's system true,
In this black channel would my ravings run.

“Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-while,
The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!
Strange import of unprecedented ill! 655
Fall, how profound! like Lucifer's, the fall!
Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
From where fond Hope built her pavilion high,
The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night. 660
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
LORENZO! boastful of the name of friend!
O for delusion! O for error still!

Could vengeance strike much stronger, than to plant
A thinking being in a world like this, 665
Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite ;
More curst than at the fall?—The sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every thought!
Why sense of better? It embitters worse.
Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink 670
To what I was? Twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from Heav'n's bounties! woe, from what was wont
To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs!

“Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy
scheme,
All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once 675
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself, true wisdom?—No, to shun
That shocking science. Parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror: If I see, I die.

“Know my Creator? Climb his blest abode 680
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness!

Duty!—There's none, but to repel the cheat.

From the full rivers that surround his throne, 685
 Not letting fall one drop of joy on Man;
 (Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
 To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!)
 Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
 Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought, 690
 Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!
 Now leagu'd with furies, and with thee, against me.

“ Know his achievements? study his renown?
 Contemplate this amazing universe,
 Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete! 695
 For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name
 To find one miracle of misery?
 To find the being, which alone can know
 And praise his works, a 'blemish on his praise?
 Through Nature's ample range, in thought, to stroll,
 And start at Man, the single mourner there, 701
 Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs and death?

“ Knowing is suff'ring: And shall Virtue share
 The sigh of Knowledge?—Virtue shares the sigh.
 By straining up the steep of excellent, 705
 By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
 What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
 Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
 With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?
 Merit is madness; virtue is a crime; 710
 A crime to Reason, if it costs us pain
 Unpaid: What pain, amidst a thousand more,
 To think the most abandon'd, after days
 Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay! 715

“ Duty! Religion!—These, our duty done,
 Imply reward. Religion is mistake.
 Duty!—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
 Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
 Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies: 720
 Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
 That toss, and struggle, in my lying breast,
 To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
 As I were heir of an eternity;

'Tis Man alone expostulates with Heav'n.

Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more. 725

Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?

As bounded as my being, be my wish.

All is inverted, Wisdom is a fool.

Sense, take the rein; blind Passion, drive us on;

And, Ignorance, befriend us on our way; 730

Ye new, but truest patrons, of our peace!

Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,

Since, as the brute, we die. The sum of Man,

Of godlike Man! to revel, and to rot.

“ But not on equal terms with other brutes: 735

Their revels a more poignant relish yield,

And safer too; they never poisons choose.

Instinct, than Reason, makes more wholesome meals,

And sends all-marring murmur far away.

For sensual life they best philosophize; 740

Theirs that serene the sages sought in vain:

'Tis Man alone expostulates with Heav'n;

His, all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.

Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?

And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts? 745

The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,

Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.

In life so fatally distinguish'd, why

Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd in death?

“ Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt? 750

Why thunder'd this peculiar clause against us?

All-mortal, and all-wretched!—Have the skies

Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,

Nor humbly reason when they sorely sigh?

All-mortal, and all-wretched!—'Tis too much; 755

Unparallel'd in nature: 'Tis too much

On being unrequested at thy hands,

Omnipotent! for I see nought but pow'r.

“ And why see that? Why thought? To toil, and eat,

Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought. 760

What superfluities are reasoning souls!

Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.

But without thought our curse were half-unfelt;

Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;

Wretched preferment to this round of pains!

And, therefore, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, Reason!
For aiding life's too small calamities, 766

And giving being to the dread of death.

Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?

Too much for Heav'n to make one enmet more? 770

Too much for chaos to permit my mass

A longer stay with essences unwrought,

Unfashion'd, intervened into Man?

Wretched preferment to this round of pains!

Wretched capacity of frenzy, Thought! 775

Wretched capacity of dying, Life!

Life, Thought, Worth, Wisdom, all (O foul revolt!)

Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

“Death, then, has chang'd its nature too: O death!

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heav'n! 780

Best friend of Man! since Man is Man no more.

Why in this thorny wilderness so long,

Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bow'r,

To pay me with its honey for my stings?

If needful to the selfish schemes of Heav'n 785

To sting us sore, why mock'd our misery?

Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?

Why this illustrious canopy display'd?

Why so magnificently lodg'd Despair?

At stated periods, sure-returning, roll 790

These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute

Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose

Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with flow'rs,

And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,

That Man may languish in luxurious scenes, 795

And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?

Claim earth and skies Man's admiration, due

For such delights? blest animals! too wise

To wonder; and too happy to complain!

“Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene:

Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd? 801

Why not the dragon's subterraneous den,

For Man to howl in? Why not his abode

Of the same dismal colour with his fate?

Annihilation! how it yawns before me!

A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence 805
 Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 As congruous, as, for Man, this lofty dome,
 Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;
 If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 The poor, worm calls us for her inmates there; 811
 And, round us, Death's inexorable hand
 Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.

“ Undrawn no more!—Behind the cloud of Death,
 Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt 815
 That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 How the grave's alter'd! fathomless, as hell!
 A real hell to those who dreamt of heav'n.
 Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
 Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
 The privilege of angels, and of worms, 821
 An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
 This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 This particle of energy divine,
 Which travels Nature, flies from star to star, 825
 And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
 For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! Death!
 Death of that death I fearless once survey'd!—
 When horror universal shall descend,
 And Heav'n's dark concave urn all human race, 830
 On that enormous unrefunding tomb,
 How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

“ Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass 835
 Of matter, never glignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav'n!
 The lords of earth! the property of worms!
 Beings of yesterday, and not to-morrow!
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd! 840
 All gone to rot in chaos; or, to make
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes;
 Nor longer sully their CREATOR'S name.”

LORENZO! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy.

Just is this history? If such is Man, — 845
 Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
 And dares LORENZO smile?—I know thee proud:
 For once let pride befriend thee: Pride looks pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays, 850
 And art thou then a shadow? less than shade?
 A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,
 And not to be, is lower than unborn.
 Art thou ambitious? Why then make the worm
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of pleasure high? 855
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy?
 Charm riches? Why choose begg'ry in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
 Ambition, Pleasure, Avarice, persuade thee
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth, 860
 They lately prov'd, thy soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
 Great Nature's master-appetite destroy'd!
 Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
 Or both wish'd, here, where neither can be found? 865
 Such Man's perverse eternal war with Heav'n!
 Dar'st thou persist? And is there naught on earth,
 But a long train of transitory forms,
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour!
 Bubbles of a fantastic Deity, blown up 870
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
 Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
 Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee:
 Oh! spare this waste of being half-divine; 875
 And vindicate the æconomy of Heav'n.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy:
 It never had created but to bless:
 And shall it, then, strike off the list of life
 A being blest, or worthy so to be? 880
 Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

Is that all Nature starts at, thy desire?
 Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
 What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan

Nature's first wish is endless happiness.

Of Nature, murder'd by the blackest guilt. 885
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
 To Nature, undebauch'd, no shock so great;
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
 Annihilation is an after-thought,
 A monstrous wish, unborn till Virtue dies. 890
 And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
 For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
 But, first, he wish'd the DEITY destroy'd.

If so; what words are dark enough to draw
 Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair. 895
 Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
 Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
 In what infernal posture of the soul,
 All hell invited, and all hell in joy
 At such a birth, a birth so near of kin, 900
 Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme
 Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
 And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driv'n 905
 Through Time's rough billows into Night's abyss.
 Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
 Is there no rock, on which Man's tossing thought
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
 And boldly think it something to be born? 910
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
 All-realizing, all-connecting Pow'r,
 Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
 And force Destruction to refund her spoil? 915
 Command the grave restore her taken prey?
 Bid Death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of Man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted there?
 Is there no potentate, whose out-stretch'd arm, 920
 When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
 Pluck'd from foul Devastation's famish'd maw,
 Binds present, past, and future, to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious! thus divinely grac'd,

How bright my prospect shines! how gloomy thine!

By germinating beings clust'ring round! 925

A garland worthy the Divinity!

A throne, by Heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,

Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)

Amidst immense effusions of his love!

An ocean of communicated bliss! 930

An all-prolific, all-preserving God!

This were a God indeed.—And such is Man,

As here presum'd: He rises from his fall.

Think'st thou omnipotence a naked root,

Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd? 935

Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,

That ever animated human clay,

Now wakes; is on the wing: And where, O where,

Will the swarm settle?—When the trumpet's call,

As sounding brass, collects us, round Heav'n's throne

Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day, 941

(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.

Had not the soul this outlet to the skies,

In this vast vessel of the universe

How should we gasp, as in an empty void! 945

How in the pangs of famish'd hope expire!

How bright my prospect shines! how gloomy thine!

A trembling world! and a devouring God!

Earth but the shambles of Omnipotence!

Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres 950

Of countless millions, born to feel the pang

Of being lost. LORENZO! can it be?

This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.

Who would be born to such a phantom world,

Where nought substantial, but our misery? 955

Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,

So soon to perish, and revive no more?

The greater such a joy, the more it pains.

A world, so far from great, (and yet how great

It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it; 960

Being, a shadow! Consciousness, a dream!

A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank

Before it, and behind! Poor Man, a spark

From non-existence struck by wrath divine,

Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?

Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure, 965
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

LORENZO! dost thou feel these arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone? 970
How dar'd indict him of a world like this?

If such the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime, but cause of misery?
Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle this,
Of endless arguments, above, below, 975
Without us, and within, the short result—

“If Man's immortal, there's a God in Heav'n.”

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets my soul at rest;
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart. 980
So just the skies, PHILANDER's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure, that or succeeding scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

“What an old tale is this!” LORENZO cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth 985
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable
As fleeting as thy joys. Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance: O be wise! 990
Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know'st thou what it is? or what thou art?
Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: Worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze; 995
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all,
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

For this, believe not me; no man believe; 1000
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME; nor his, a few;
Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance. Tremble at thyself;

The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd.

For whom Omnipotence has wak'd so long : 1005
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages ; from the birth
Of Nature to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
(All Nature bow, while I pronounce his name !)
What has God done, and not for this sole end, 1010
To rescue souls from death ? The soul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.

The soul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine : 1015

That is the chain of ages, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design :
That is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard 1020

The nat'ral, civil, or religious, world ;
The former two, but servants to the third :
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their mass new-cast, forgot their deeds renown'd ;
And angels ask, " Where once they shone so fair ?"

To lift us from this abject, to sublime ; 1026
This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;
This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;

This mean, to mighty !—for this glorious end
Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long sabbath broke ; 1030
The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd ;

Laws from the skies were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;
On earth, kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms, fell ;
Fam'd sages lighted up the Pagan world ;

Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance 1035
Through distant age ; saints travell'd ; martyrs bled ;
By wonders sacred Nature stood controll'd ;

The living were translated ; dead were rais'd ;
Angels, and more than angels, came from Heav'n ;
And, oh ! for this, descended lower still ; 1040

Gilt was hell's gloom ; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd ;

LORENZO ! and wilt thou do less ?—For this,
That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,

Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!

Of all these truths, thrice-venerable code! 1045

Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent infernal pow'rs
To mar, than those of light this end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—LORENZO! wake, 1050

Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
To take the vast idea: It denies

All else the name of great. Two warring worlds,
Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds,
Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing! 1055

On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!
This sublunary ball.—But strife, for what?

In their own cause conflicting? No; in thine,
In Man's. His single int'rest blows the flame; 1060

His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!

Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest Nature's universal sphere. 1065

Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,
Such foes implacable, are Good and Ill;
Yet Man, vain Man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction. "There was war in heav'n."
From heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
Th' ALMIGHTY'S out-stretcht arm took down his bow,
And shot his indignation at the deep: 1072

Re-thunder'd Hell, and darted all her fires.—

And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers Man, who singly caus'd the storm? 1075
He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at mysteries?

The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel, mortals cause
In breasts divine! How little in their own!

Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me!
How happily this wond'rous view supports 1081

My former argument! How strongly strikes
Immortal life's full demonstration, here!

Why this exertion? why this strange regard

Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard.

From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to Man? 1085
 Because, in Man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
 Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever.
 Duration gives importance; swells the price.
 An angel, if a creature of a day,
 What would he be? A trifle of no weight; 1090
 Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
 Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
 This strange regard of deities to dust.
 Hence, Heav'n looks down on Earth with all her eyes:
 Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight: 1095
 Hence, ev'ry soul has partizans above,
 And ev'ry thought a critic in the skies:
 Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
 And ev'ry guard a passion for his charge:
 Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine 1100
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of Man.)

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid.
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind:
 In various modes of emphasis and awe, 1105
 He spoke his will, and trembling Nature heard;
 He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.
 Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God:
 Witness, ye billows! whose returning tide, 1110
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
 Witness, ye flames th' Assyrian tyrant blew
 To sev'n-fold rage, as impotent as strong:
 And thou, Earth! witness, whose expanding jaws 1115
 Clos'd o'er Presumption's sacrilegious sons:
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wise?
 Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, strove
 To strike 'this truth through adamant Man? 1120
 If not all-adamant, LORENZO! hear;
 All is delusion, Nature is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from Reason's keenest eye;
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end.

In all beneath the sun, in all above, 1125
 (As far as Man can penetrate,) or heav'n
 Is an immense, inestimable prize;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
 And shall each toy be still a match for heav'n?
 And full equivalent for groans below? 1130
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent
 What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

LORENZO! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
 All Nature, and her God, (by Nature's course,
 And Nature's course controll'd,) declare for me: 1135
 The skies above proclaim "Immortal Man!"
 And "Man immortal!" all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,
 Read, by the greatest strangers to the schools;
 If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough. 1140
 Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on thee
 This hard alternative; or, to renounce
 Thy reason and thy sense; or, to believe?
 What then is unbelief? 'Tis an exploit;
 A strenuous enterprize: To gain it, Man 1145
 Must burst through ev'ry bar of common sense,
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong.
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
 His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

But wherefore infamy?—For want of faith, 1150
 Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides;
 There's nothing to support him in the right.
 Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
 In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt;
 And strong temptation ripens it to birth. 1155

If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
 Why not his country sold, his father slain?
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
 And his supreme, his only good, is here.
 Ambition, Av'rice, by the wise disdain'd, 1160
 Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,
 And think a turf, or tombstone, covers all:
 These find employment, and provide for sense
 A richer pasture, and a larger range;

Rewards and punishments make God ador'd.

And sense, by right divine, ascends the throne, 1165
When Virtue's prize and prospect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heav'n:
Would Heav'n quite beggar Virtue, if belov'd?

"Has Virtue charms?"—I grant her heav'nly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will Int'rest wed; 1170
Though that our admiration, this our choice.

The Virtues grow on Immortality;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A DERTY believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and punishments make God ador'd; 1175
And hopes and fears give Conscience all her pow'r.

As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with Immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave. 1180
His duty 'tis, to love himself alone;
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere-long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already; nought but brute survives.

And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For more than death; for utter loss of being. 1186
Being, the basis of the DERTY!

Ask you the cause? The cause they will not tell:
Nor need they: Oh the sorceries of sense!
They work this transformation on the soul, 1190
Dismount her like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights,) and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and crawl, in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n! 1195
Fall'n from the wings of Reason, and of Hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains! 1200
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn!
More base than those you rule! than those you pity.
Far more undone! O ye most infamous

Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.

Of beings, from superior dignity! 1205
 Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
 Ye curst by blessings infinite! because
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
 Ye motley mass of contradiction strong!
 And are you, too, convinc'd your souls fly off 1210.
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence against you?
 In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n,
 By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own: 1215
 But though you can deform, you can't destroy;
 To curse, not uncreate, is all your pow'r.

LORENZO! this black brotherhood renounce;
 Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
 Ere rapt by miracle, by reason wing'd, 1220
 His mounting mind made long abode in heav'n.
 This is free-thinkings, unconfin'd to parts,
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
 Through all the provinces of human thought;
 To dart her flight through the whole sphere of Man;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour; 1226
 In each recess of space, and time, at home;
 Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
 And like a prince of boundless int'rests there,
 Still most ambitious of the most remote; 1230
 To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
 Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An arch-like strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete 1235
 Conviction: here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm; who most examine, most believe.
 Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole
 Conveys the sense, and GOD is understood;
 Who not in fragments writes to human race: . 1240
 Read his whole volume, sceptic! then reply.

This, this, is thinking free, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd Man.

What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundless orbs,
 Of human souls one day the destin'd range? 1246
 And what yon boundless orbs to godlike Man?
 Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in heav'n, can roll at large
 In Man's capacious thought, and still leave room 1250
 For ampler orbs; for new creations, there.
 Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
 A point of no dimension, of no weight?
 It can; it does: The world is such a point:
 And of that point, how small a part enslaves! 1255
 How small a part!—of nothing, shall I say?
 Why not?—Friends, our chief treasure, how they drop!
 LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!
 The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
 A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice, 1260
 Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
 How the world falls to pieces round about us!
 And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
 What says this transportation of my friends!
 It bids me love the place where now they dwell, 1265
 And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.
 Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
 There, there, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA sails.
 Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
 That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord; 1270
 Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
 Eye thy great Pole-star; make the land of life.
 Two kinds of life has double-natur'd Man,
 And two of death; the last far more severe.
 Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun; 1275
 Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
 Life rational subsists on higher food,
 Triumphant in his beams, who made the day.
 When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
 (The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt,) 1280
 'Tis utter darkness; strictly double death.
 We sink by no judicial stroke of Heav'n,
 But Nature's course; as sure as plummetts fall.
 Since GOD, or MAN, must alter, ere they meet,

Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom.

(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere,) 1286
 'Tis manifest, LORENZO! who must change.

If, then, that double death should prove thy lot,
 Blame not the bowels of the DEITY;

Man shall be blest, as far as Man permits.
 Not MAN alone, all rationals, Heav'n arms 1290

With an illustrious, but tremendous pow'r,
 To counteract its own most gracious ends;

And this, of strict necessity, not choice:
 That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more,
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame. 1295

A nature rational implies the pow'r
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
 Else idle Reason would have nought to do;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. 1300

Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;
 Invites us ardently, but not compels;
 Heav'n but persuades, almighty Man decrees;
 Man is the maker of immortal fates.

Man falls by Man, if finally he falls; 1305
 And fall he must, who learns from Death alone
 The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee?—thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
 Of second life! But wherefore doubtful still?
 Eternal life is Nature's ardent wish: 1310

What ardently we wish, we soon believe;
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:
 What has destroyed it?—Shall I tell thee what?
 When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd;
 And, when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve. 1315
 "Thus Infidelity our guilt betrays."

Nor that the sole detection! Blush, LORENZO!
 Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The future fear'd?—An infidel! and fear?
 Fear what? a dream? a fable?—How thy dread, 1320

Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong,
 Affords my cause an undesign'd support!

How disbelief affirms what it denies!
 "It, unawares, asserts immortal life."

Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.

Surprising! Infidelity turns out 1325

A creed and a confession of our sins:

Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.

LORENZO! with LORENZO clash no more:

Nor longer a transparent vizor wear.

Think'st thou, Religion only has the mask? 1330

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, fail.

When visited by thought (thought will intrude,)

Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this? 1335

So fatal to the welfare of the world?

What detestation, what contempt, their due!

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.

If not for that asylum, they might find 1340

A hell on earth; nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,

Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result? 1345

Can thy proud Reason brook so black a brand?

From purer manners, to sublimer faith,

Is Nature's unavoidable assent;

An honest Deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends. 1350

When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside

This song superfluous; life immortal strikes

Conviction, in a flood of light divine.

A Christian dwells, like Uriel, in the sun.

Meridian evidence puts Doubt to flight; 1355

And ardent Hope anticipates the skies.

Of that bright sun, LORENZO! scale the sphere:

'Tis easy; it invites thee; it descends

From heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence it came:

Read and revere the sacred page; a page 1360

Where triumphs immortality; a page

Which not the whole creation could produce;

Which not the conflagration shall destroy;

In Nature's ruins not one letter lost:

How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!

'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever. 1365

In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and Men, assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my midnight dream.

How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain! 1370

Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;

Pert Infidelity is Wit's cockade,

To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,

By loss of being, dreadfully secure.

LORENZO! if thy doctrine wins the day, 1375

And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;

If this is all, if earth's the final scene,

Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a knave;

A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right:

Shouldst thou be good—how infinite thy loss! 1380

Guilt only makes annihilation gain.

Blest scheme! which life deprives of comfort, death

Of hope; and which Vice only recommends.

If so; where, infidels! your bait thrown out

To catch weak converts? Where your lofty boast 1385

Of zeal for Virtue, and of love to Man?

Annihilation! I confess, in these.

What can reclaim you? Dare I hope profound

Philosophers the converts of a song?

Yet know, its title flatters you, not me; 1390

Yours be the praise to make my title good;

Mine, to bless Heav'n, and triumph in your praise.

But since so pestilential your disease,

Though sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,

As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair; 1395

But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake

Your hearts, and teach your wisdom—to be wise:

For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,

E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?

What ne'er can die, oh! grant to live; and crown

The wish, and aim, and labour, of the skies; 1401

Increase, and enter on the joys of heav'n:

Thus shall my title pass a sacred seal,

Receive an imprimatur from above,

Deny thou art ; then doubt if thou shalt be.

While angels shout—An Infidel reclaim'd! 1405

To close, LORENZO!—Spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?

This is a miracle; and that no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. 1410

Deny thou art; then doubt if thou shalt be..

A miracle with miracles inclos'd,

Is Man: And starts his faith at what is strange?

What less than wonders from the Wonderful?

What less than miracles from 'God can flow? 1415

Admit a God—that mystery supreme!

That Cause uncans'd! all other wonders cease;

Nothing is marvellous for him to do:

Deny him—all is mystery besides;

Millions of mysteries! each darker far 1420

Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.

If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?

We nothing know but what is marvellous;

Yet what is marvellous we can't believe.

So weak our reason, and so great our God, 1425

What most surprises in the sacred page,

Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.

Faith is not Reason's labour, but repose.

To Faith, and Virtue, why so backward Man?

From hence: the present strongly strikes us all; 1430

The future, faintly: Can we, then, be Men?

If Men, LORENZO! the reverse is right.

Reason is Man's peculiar; Sense, the brute's.

The present is the scanty realm of Sense;

The future, Reason's empire unconfin'd: 1435

On that expending all her godlike pow'r,

She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there;

There builds her blessings; there expects her praise;

And nothing asks of Fortune, or of Man.

And what is Reason? Be she thus defin'd: 1440

Reason is upright stature in the soul.

Oh! be a Man!—and strive to be a God.

“For what? (thou say'st:) To damp the joys of life?”

No; to give heart and substance to thy joys.

Joy has her tears ; and Transport has her death.

That tyrant, Hope, mark how she domineers : 1445

She bids us quit realities, for dreams ;

Safety and peace, for hazard and alarm ;

That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,

She bids Ambition quit its taken prize,

Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits, 1450

Though bearing crowns, to spring at distant game ;

And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.

If hope precarious, and if things, when gain'd,

Of little moment, and as little stay,

Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys ; 1455

What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,

Our leave unask'd? rich hope of boundless bliss!

Bliss, past Man's pow'r to paint it; time's, to close!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:

This is Man's portion, while no more than Man:

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here ; 1461

Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her tears ; and Transport has her death ; +

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,

Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes ; 1465

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys:

'Tis all our present state can safely bear,

Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!

A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!

Like the fair summer-ev'ning, mild, and sweet! 1470

'Tis Man's full cup ; his paradise below!

A blest hereafter, then, or hop'd, or gain'd,

Is all ; our whole of happiness: Full proof,

I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.

And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning Men, 1475

Though quite forgotten half your Bible's praise!)

Important truths, in spite of verse, may please:

Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much:

If there is weight in an eternity,

Let the grave listen ; and be graver still. 1480

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

V. 109. "Is scarce a milder tyrant than Despair."—

"The ample proposition that Hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of action, highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth."

Shakespeare.

V. 121. "And makes his hope his sublunary joy."

"The old story of *Pandora's* box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shews us, how deplorable a state they thought this present life, without *hope*. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora. Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till then, they had been exempt. *Hope*, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her."

V. 131, &c.

—"Then

With more success the flight of hope survey,
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing."

"Rise, heavenly visions! rise,
And every vain delusive hope control;
Let real glory charm thine eyes,
And real happiness enchant thy soul!
Hail glorious dawn of everlasting day,
Though faintly seen!"—

V. 205, &c. "When to the grave," &c.—How admirably is this appeal introduced! and how much is it

calculated to strike the finest feelings of the human soul! But infidels are as much hardened to every amiable sensibility, as they are lost to the sublime of piety and virtue.

V. 290, &c. "Or own the soul immortal," &c.—Nothing to be found in human composition, ever exceeded the spirit of these lines, either for pointed energy, or for manly satire. If Infidelity could be shamed out of its brutish affectation and vanity, this alone were sufficient for that benevolent purpose.

V. 329. "Reason is guiltless; Will alone rebels."

Or, as a poet of less gravity has differently expressed the same thing, it will be found universally true, that

"He, that's *convinc'd*, against his *will*,
Is of the same opinion still."

V. 430. "These delicate moralities of sense."—Is not this perfectly original, and exquisitely imagined?

V. 464, &c. "Is faith a refuge," &c.—If *Faith* be a refuge from the labyrinths in which our reason is involved, and from the miseries with which our existence is unavoidably embittered, can it be recommended with too much zeal, and enforced with too much ardour?

V. 993, &c. "Know'st thou th' importance of a soul
Behold," &c. [immortal?

"The devastations of one dreadful hour
Shall the Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence."

"Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze and wonder there a ravish'd guest;

Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind."

And if you wish for still more exalting views of the worth and importance of the human soul, go, study it in the whole economy of grace—in the grand scheme of redemption—in the sacrifice on mount Calvary; and then ask thyself, "What shall it profit a man, though he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

V. 1195, &c. "Is it in words to paint you?" &c.—With such a portrait of *Infidelity* before his eyes—and the features, so strictly just and true—who does not start back with horror at the sight?

V. 1223, &c. "This is free-thinking," &c.—A more ennobling idea of *freedom of thought*, was never yet conveyed through the medium of language. It is nervous—comprehensive—grand.

V. 1269, &c. "Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
Give thy mind sea-room," &c.

Such is the advice all heaven would give, were they permitted to address us on this most interesting of all subjects.

V. 1349, &c. "An honest Deist," &c.—It is impossible for one, who is aiming at the favour of God above all things, to reject an offered revelation, without inquiring into its title to the high character it assumes; and it is as impossible for a reasonable man to reject the Christian revelation, if he does inquire. He, therefore, who continues a Deist, in a land enlightened by the Gospel, must be wanting, either in goodness, or in reason; must either be criminal, or dull. None, therefore, can be more mistaken than they, who profess Deism for the credit of superior understanding, or for the sake of exercising a more pure and perfect virtue. Yet these are the only pretences, which they do, or dare, avow, for their fatal choice.

V. 1360, &c. "Read, and revere the sacred page," &c.—Study the sacred Scriptures, said a celebrated

philosopher of our own country : They have God for their Author ; salvation for their end ; and truth, without any mixture of error, for their matter.

V. 1441. “ *Reason* is upright stature in the soul.”

A more elegant and judicious definition of Reason has never yet been proposed to the human understanding. Were it universally admitted, till a better can be found, we should no more be disgusted and tortured with such monstrous enormities as are continually obtruded upon us, under the insinuating and prostituted sanction of Reason—falsely so called.

V. 1464, &c. “ Hope, like a cordial, innocent,” &c. —No kind of life is so *happy*, as that which is full of hope ; especially when the hope is well-grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it : and a life of true religion is that, which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy.



NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR, *THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.*

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,
THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE; THE AMBITION AND PLEASURE,
WITH THE WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

AND has all Nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead against thee?
And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, LORENZO!—make immortal blest.
Unblest immortals! what can shock us more? 5
And yet LORENZO still affects the world;
There, stows his treasure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the World! (for such wouldst thou be call'd;)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was, 10
In ancient days; and Christian—in an age,
When men were men, and not asham'd of heav'n—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer 15
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
To thee, the world how fair! how strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay Pleasure stronger still! 20
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lays
Thy virtue dead! be these my triple theme;
Nor shall thy wit or wisdom be forgot.

Common the theme; not so the song; if she



W. M. Conway del.

J. G. Thompson sculp.

*'Tis some angel guide my pen and white I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed
 A man on earth devoted to the skies.*

Night 8th

And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

My song invokes, Urania, deigus to smile. 25
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
 If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes :
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars, shall
 shine

Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they are, 30
 The blest behold ;) and, in one glory, pour
 Their blended blaze on Man's astonish'd sight ;
 A blaze—the least illustrious object there.

LORENZO! since eternal is at hand,
 To swallow time's ambitions ; as the vast 35
 Leviathan the bubbles vain that ride
 High on the foaming billow ; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,
 If unattain'd our highest? O LORENZO!

What lofty thoughts, these elements above, 40
 What tow'ring hopes, what sallies from the sun,
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,
 And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
 Bound for eternity! in bosoms read 45

By Him, who foibles in archangels sees!
 On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,
 And marks, and in heav'n's register enrolls,
 The rise, and progress, of each option there ;
 Sacred to doomsday! That the page unfolds, 50
 And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O LORENZO! thine?
 This world! and this, unrivall'd by the skies!
 A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
 Three dæmons that divide its realms between them, 55
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
 Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball ;
 Till, with the giddy circle sick and tir'd,
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
 Such is the world LORENZO sets above 60
 That glorious promise angels were esteem'd
 Too mean to bring ; a promise their Ador'd
 Descended to communicate, and press,

What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy.

By counsel, miracle, life, death, on Man.
 Such is the world LORENZO's wisdom woos, 65
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
 Intoxicates; but not composes; fills
 The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
 All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest; 70
 What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!
 How frail, men, things! how momentary both!
 Fantastic chase, of shadows hunting shades!
 The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike;
 Equal in wisdom, differently wise! 75
 Through flow'ry meadows, and through dreary wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more. 80
 The scenes of business tell us—"what are men;"
 The scenes of pleasure—"what is all beside:"
 There, others we despise; and here, ourselves.
 Amid disgust eternal dwells delight?
 'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy. 85
 What wond'rous prize has kindled this career,
 Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
 The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
 The sensual, in pursuit of something worse; 90
 The grave, of gold; the politic, of pow'r;
 And all, of other butterflies as vain!
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
 How is Man's heart by vanity drawn in!
 On the swift circle of returning toys 95
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
 gulph'd,
 Where gay delusion darkens to despair!
 "This is a beaten track."—Is this a track
 Should not be beaten? Never beat enough,
 Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire. 100
 Shall Truth be silent, because Folly frowns?
 Turn the world's history; what find we there,

Man is the tale of narrative old Time.

But Fortune's sports, or Nature's cruel claims,
Or Woman's artifice, or Man's revenge,
And endless inhumanities on Man? 105

Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings! How it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!

Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
Sad tale! which high as Paradise begins; 110

As if the toil of travel to delude,

From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The Days, his daughters, as they spin our hours

On Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought,
Oft in a moment snaps life's strongest thread, 115

Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now and then, a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us:
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind: 120

While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,

They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,

Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still-confiding, still-confounded Man; 125

Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,

Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,

And ever looking for the never-seen.

Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;

Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires. 130

Its little joys go out by one and one,

And leave poor Man, at length, in perfect night;

Night, darker than what, now, involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall, 134

For gracious ends, and wouldst that Man should mourn!

O THOU, whose hand this goodly fabric fram'd,

Whoknow'st it best, and wouldst that Man should know!

What is this sublunary world? a vapour!

A vapour all it holds; itself a vapour,

From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam 140

Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour

In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.

A wilderness of joys, perplex'd with doubts.

Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom ;
 As mortal, though less transient, than her sons ;
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they 145
 Were both eternal, solid ; Thou ! a dream.

They doat, on what ? Immortal views apart,
 A region of outsides ! a land of shadows !
 A fruitful field of flow'ry promises !
 A wilderness of joys, perplex'd with doubts, 150
 And sharp with thorns ! a troubled ocean, spread
 With bold adventurers, their all on board ;
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns ;
 Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
 Of ensigns various ; all alike in this, 155
 All restless, anxious ; tost with hopes and fears,
 In calmest skies ; obnoxious all to storm !
 And stormy the most general blast of life :
 All bound for Happiness ; yet few provide
 The chart of Knowledge, pointing where it lies ; 160
 Or Virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd :
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
 And farther from their wishes than before :
 All, more or less, against each other dash, 165
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driv'n,
 And suff'ring more from folly than from fate.

Ocean ! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with Man !
 Death's capital, where most he domineers, 170
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round
 (Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost,)
 Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more !
 Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life ! 175
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still :
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope, 180
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
 All, in some darling enterprise embark'd :
 But where is he can fathom its event ? 185
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
 Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize,
 Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope : With hearts of proof,
 Full against wind and tide, some win their way ; 190
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
 Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph, they expire.
 In stress of weather most, some sink outright ; 195
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
 Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd ;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more : 200
 One Caesar lives ; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond Fate's elect !)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet ev'n these, 205
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are Men ; and when is Man secure ?
 As fatal time as storm ! the rush of years
 Beats down their strength ; their numberless escapes 210
 In ruin end. And, now, their proud success
 But plants new terrors on the Victor's brow :
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars. 215
 Woe then apart, (if woe apart can be
 From mortal Man,) and fortune at our nod,
 The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august,
 What are they ?—The most happy (strange to say !)
 Convince me most of human misery ! 220
 What are they ? smiling wretches of to-morrow !
 More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be ;

O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!

Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting :
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth! 225
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, then, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal Hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage, 230
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires?
" But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news." 235
Look on life's stages : They speak plainer still ;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
Look on thy lovely boy ; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on earth ;
The boy has virtue by his mother's side ; 240
Yes, on Florello look : A father's heart
Is tender, though the man's is made of stone :
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello, lately cast on this rude coast 245
A helpless infant ; now a heedless child ;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds ;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !
Needful austerities his will restrain ; 250
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his reason cannot go alone ;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd ;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale ; 255
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye ;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
Enjoin'd must discipline his early pow'rs ;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ; 260
Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?

Our nature such, with necessary pains
We purchase prospects of precarious peace :
Though not a father, this might steal a sigh. • 265

Suppose him disciplin'd aright, (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still;)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world ;
The world is taken, after ten years toil, 270
Like ancient Troy, and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe ;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains ;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair Virtue's advocates) inspir'd. 275

For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terre-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight,)
And in their hospitable arms inclose : 280
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend :
Men, that act up to Reason's golden rule,
All weakness of affection quite subdu'd :
Men, that would blush at being thought sincere, 285
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want ;
'That love a lie, where truth would pay as well ;
As if, to them, Vice shone her own reward.

LORENZO! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear : 290
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
'Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright ;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace ;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd! 295
His friends eternal—during interest ;
His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own ;
As wise as Lucifer ; and half as good ;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain— 300
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains,)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,

The world's all title-page, there's no contents.

Stung out of all most amiable in life,
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
 Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd; 305
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
 Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
 Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
 From the slow mistress of this school, Experience, 310
 And her assistant, pausing pale Distrust,
 Purchase a dear-bought clue, to lead his youth
 Through serpentine obliquities of life,
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.

And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap; 315
 For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
 Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
 If less than heav'nly Virtue is our guard.

Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
 Brings down the sterling temper of his soul, 320
 By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
 Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
 And brands him into credit with the world;
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
 And Nature's injuries are arts of life; 325

Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes,
 And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts,
 That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!

Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
 Forgot, that Genius need not go to school; 330
 Forgot, that Man, without a tutor wise,
 His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.

The world's all title-page, there's no contents;
 The world's all face: the man who shews his heart,
 Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd. 335

A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
 And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
 While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.

LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill: :
 Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive; 340
 And, dying, curst the friend on whom he liv'd.

To such pronicians thou art half a saint.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise.

In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
 How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
 Studious their nests to feather in a trice, 345
 With all the necromancies of their art,
 Playing the game of faces on each other,
 Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
 In foolish hope to steal each other's trust;
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd; 350
 And, sometimes, both (let Earth rejoice) undone!
 Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
 Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
 Steep to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool!
 And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
 For who can thank the man he cannot see? 356

Why so much cover? it defeats itself.
 Ye that know all things! know ye not men's hearts
 Are therefore known because they are conceal'd?
 For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell. 360
 I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;
 Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe;
 His incapacity is his renown.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
 It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength. 365
 Thou say'st, 'tis needful: Is it therefore right?
 Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
 To strain at an excuse: And wouldst thou then
 Escape that cruel need? Thou may'st, with ease;
 Think no post needful that demands a knave. 370
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
 So P---- thought: Think better if you can.

But this, how rare! the public path of life
 Is dirty:—Yet, allow that dirt its due,
 It makes the noble mind more noble still: 375
 The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
 Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
 You say, the world, well-known, will make a man:—
 The world, well-known, will give our hearts to Heav'n,
 Or make us dæmious, long before we die. 380

To shew how fair the world (thy mistress) shines,
 Take either part, sure ills attend the choice;

Ambition, Pleasure! let us talk of these.

Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
 Not Virtue's self is deify'd on earth ;
 Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ; 385
 Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
 True ; friends to Virtue, last, and least, complain ;
 But if they sigh, can others hope to smile ?
 If Wisdom has her miseries to mourn, 390
 How can poor Folly lead a happy life?
 And if both suffer, what has Earth to boast,
 Where he's most happy who the least laments?
 Where much, much patience, the most envy'd state,
 And some forgiveness, needs the best of friends ? 395
 For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
 Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
 LORENZO smartly, with a smile, replies :
 " Thus far thy song is right ; and all must own, 400
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—
 And joys peculiar who to Vice denies?
 If vice it is, with Nature to comply :
 If pride, and sense, are so predominant,
 To check, not overcome them, makes a saint ; 405
 Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
 Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of Man?"

Can Pride, and Sensuality, rejoice?
 From purity of thought all pleasure springs ;
 And from an humble spirit all our peace. 410
 Ambition, Pleasure! let us talk of these :
 Of these, the Porch and Academy talk'd ;
 Of these, each following age had much to say ;
 Yet unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
 Who talks of these, to mankind all at once 415
 He talks ; for where's the saint from either free?
 Are these thy refuge?—No ; these rush upon thee,
 Thy vitals seize, and, vulture-like, devour :
 I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
 Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth ; 420
 If Reason can unchain thee, thou art free.
 And, first, thy Caucasus, Ambition calls ;

Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?

Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through mistake!
'Tis not Ambition charms thee: 'tis a cheat • 425
Will make thee start, as I --- at his Moor.

Dost grasp at greatness? first, know what it is:
'Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By Fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng, 430
Is glory lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals all,
The monarch, and his slave;—"a deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A father God, and brothers in the skies;" 435

Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by Man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?

If still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;
And, with thy full-blown brothers of the world, 440
Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves, and equals: How scorn cast on them
Rebounds on thee! If Man is mean, as Man,
Art thou a God? If Fortune makes him so,
Beware the consequence: A maxim that, 445
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the Man is lost;
Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
Boast that aloud in which thy servants share. 450

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?
It naught avails thee where, but what, thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man. 455
When, through Death's streights, Earth's subtle ser-
pents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree;
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft • 460
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.

Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men.

Of Fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
And let what then remains impose their name, 465
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory Fortune lights,
And Death puts out! Dost thou demand a test
(A test, at once infallible and short,)
Of real greatness? That man greatly lives, 470
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' ALMIGHTY, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest humble heart; 476
A humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives! 480
How far above LORENZO's glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name unknown;
Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And Peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles! 485
As thou, (now dark) before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.
LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen;
And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lies:
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice, 490
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind, the gazers; the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can? 495
Knows he, that faithless Fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
~~Or~~ from an itch more sordid, when he shines, 500
Taking his country by five hundred ears,

And well it is for Man, that Pleasure charms.

Senates at once admire him, and despise,
 With modest laughter living loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
 His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar) crown'd
 With laurels, in full senate greatly falls, 506
 By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins;
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake, 510
 The blind Lorenzo's proud of being proud;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.
 An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain;
 All vice wants belletore; but of all vice,
 Pride loudest cries, and for the largest bowl; 515
 Because, all other vice unlike, it flies,
 In fact, the point in fancy most pursu'd.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in this;
 They gratify Man's passion to refuse.
 Superior honour, when assum'd, is lost; 520
 As good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
 Like Koadi-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
 Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
 Lorenzo cries -- "Lo, then, Ambition cast; 525
 Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
 Gay Pleasure! Proud Ambition is her slave;
 For her, he scorns at great, and hazards ill;
 For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes; 529
 And paves his way, with crowns to reach her smiles:
 Who can resist her charms?"---Or should? LORENZO.
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below; 535
 And well it is for Man, that Pleasure charms:
 How would all stagnate, but for Pleasure's ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of Pleasure: That, through every vein, 540
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.

Hatred her brothel has, as well as Love.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
 Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains :
 Some most affect the black ; and some the fair ;
 Some honest pleasures court ; and some, obscene. 545
 Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
 Of passions that can err in human hearts ;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom ? Whoredom, all,
 But when our Reason licenses delight. 550
 Dost doubt, LORENZO ? Thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries ; yet hugs
 An ugly common harlot in the dark ;
 A rank adulterer with others' gold ;
 And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner, charms. 555
 Hatred her brothel has, as well as Love,
 Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
 Whate'er the motive, Pleasure is the mark :
 For her, the black assassin draws his sword ;
 For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no single sacrifice may fall ; 561
 For her, the saint abstains ; the miser starves ;
 The stoick proud, for Pleasure, pleasure scorn'd ;
 For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ; 565
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,
 And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotic pow'r.

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of Pleasure ! dote on Delight ! 570
 I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;
 Pleasure's the purpose of my gloomy song.
 Pleasure is nought but Virtue's gayer name ;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low :
 Virtue the root, and Pleasure is the flow'r ; 575
 And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence ;
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.
 How knits Austerity her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the praise 580
 Of Pleasure, to Mankind, unprais'd, too dear !

The Love of Pleasure is Man's eldest-born.

Ye modern Stoicks! hear my soft reply:—
 Their senses men will trust: We can't impose:
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own honey sweet; but, owning, add this sting; 585
 "When mix'd with poison, it is deadly too."
 Truth never was indebted to a lie. +
 Is nought but Virtue to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health prefer'd before disease?
 What Nature loves is good, without our leave; 590
 And where no future drawback cries, "Beware,"
 Pleasure, though not from Virtue, should prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 The Love of Pleasure is Man's eldest-born, 595
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
 Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
 Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
 Imperial Pleasure, queen of human hearts.
 LORENZO! thou, her majesty's renown'd, 600
 Though uncoift, counsel, learned in the world!
 Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
 Canst thou plead Pleasure's cause as well as I?
 Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage? 605
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know thyself; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not Calista! she will laugh thee dead;
 Or send thee to her hermitage with L——. 610
 Absurd presumption! thou, who never knew'st
 A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
 No man e'er found a happy life by chance, +
 Or yaw'd it into being, with a wish;
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling Appetite, 615
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
 With unremitting effort, or be lost;
 And leave us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates; 620
 Wealth may seek us; but Wisdom must be sought;

Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.

Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, Pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur,
see :

Brought forth by Wisdom, nurst by Discipline, 625
By Patience taught, by Perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,

Each Virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.
For what are Virtues? (formidable name!) 630

What, but the fountain or defence of joy?
Why then commanded? Need mankind commands,
At once to merit, and to make their bliss?

Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind! 635
If men are rational, and love delight,

Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of Pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end. 640

Not to turn human, brutal, but to build
Divine on human, Pleasure came from Heav'n.

In aid to Reason was the goddess sent;
To call up all its strength by such a charm.

Pleasure, first, succours Virtue; in return, 645
Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.

What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?

'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;

'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray; — 650
(All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize:)

It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of Man.

Glide then, for ever, Pleasure's sacred stream! 655
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,

And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows,—but such

As must be lost, LORENZO! by thy fall.

“What mean I by thy fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,

'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

While Pleasure's nature is at large display'd : 661
 Already sung her origin and ends.
 Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree, •
 When Pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
 And vengeance too ; it hastens into pain. 665
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy ;
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death ;
 Heav'n's justice this proclaims ; and that, her love.
 What greater evil can I wish my foe,
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask 670
 Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaug'd
 By Temperance, by Reason unrefin'd ?
 A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves ! uninjur'd these,
 Drink deep ; the deeper, then the more divine : 675
 Angels are angels from indulgence there ;
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.
 Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?
 A victim rather ! shortly sure to bleed. [fail?
 The wrong must mourn : can Heav'n's appointments
 Can Man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out 681
 A self-wrought happiness unmeant by Him
 Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?
 Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
 Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise. 685
 Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire ;
 Bid Virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
 With unprecarious flows of vital joy ;
 And, without breathing, Man as well might hope
 For life, as, without piety, for peace. 690
 " Is Virtue, then, and Piety, the same ?"—
 No : Piety is more ; 'tis Virtue's source ;
 Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
 Men of the world this doctrine ill digest ;
 They smile at Piety ; yet boast aloud 695
 Good-will to men ; nor know they strive to part
 What Nature joins ; and thus confute themselves.
 With Piety begins all good on earth ;
 'Tis the first born of Rationality.
 Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ; 700

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.

Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good ;
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.
 Some we can't love, but for th' ALMIGHTY's sake :
 A foe to God was ne'er true friend to Man :
 Some sinister intent taints all he does, 705
 And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.
 On Piety, humanity is built ;
 And, on humanity, much happiness ;
 And yet still more on Piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heav'n ; 710
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd. 715
 Each branch of Piety delight inspires :
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er Death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides :
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of her joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still : 720
 Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of Man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the great God, that instant joins
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell. 725
 LORENZO! when wast thou at church before?
 Thou think'st the service long : But is it just?
 Though just, unwelcome. Thou hadst rather tread
 Unhallow'd ground : the muse, to win thine ear,
 Must take an air less solemn. She complies. 730
 Good Conscience! at the sound the world retires ;
 Verse disaffects it, and LORENZO smiles ;
 Yet has she her seraglio full of charms ;
 And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
 Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast? 735
 Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
 To chase thy gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty truth ;
 Chain down some passion ; do some gen'rous good ;
 Teach Ignorance to see, or Grief to smile ;
 Correct thy friend ; befriend thy greatest foe ; 740

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.

Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee."
—Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance, 745
Lord! mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!

Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe,
Is half-immoral: Is it much indulg'd? 750

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a scorner, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse; 755

Of grief approaching the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A Man triumphant is a monstrous sight;
A Man dejected is a sight as mean.
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?

What for dejection, where presides a Pow'r, 761
Who call'd us into being to be blest?

So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad; 765
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray:

Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.
Yet wouldst thou laugh, (but at thy own expence,)
This counsel strange should I presume to give— 770
"Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay."

There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood, 775
Time's treasure, and the wonder of the wise!

Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake;
Alas!-- should men mistake thee for a fool,—
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpose? 780

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

Believe me, Sense, here, acts a double part,
And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these thou think'st are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first;
They first themselves offer'd who greatly please;
And travel only gives us sound repose. 786
Heav'n sells all pleasure; effort is the price:
The joys of conquest, are the joys of Man;
And Glory the victorious laurel spreads
O'er Pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream. 790

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thought's full bent, and energy, the true; 796
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire. 800
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd?
Or ope the door to honest Poverty? 805
Or talk with threatening Death, and not turn pale?

In such a world, and such a nature, these
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
These fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable; 810
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
A constant and a sound, but serious, joy.

Is Joy the daughter of Severity?
It is:—Yet far my doctrine from severe.
"Rejoice for ever:" It becomes a Man; 815
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever," Nature cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to Man in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry sense;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast, 820

Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid.

Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;
 And he that will not pledge her is a churl.
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity :
 Yet sparing pledge : Her bowl is not the best 825
 Mankind can boast.—“ A rational repast ;
 Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 A military discipline of thought,
 To foil temptation in the doubtful field ;
 And ever-waking ardour for the right ;” 830
 ’Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
 Nought that is right think little ; well aware,
 What Reason bids, God bids ; by his command
 How aggrandiz’d the smallest thing we do !
 Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise ; 835
 To thee, insipid all, but what is mad,
 Joys season’d high, and tasting strong of guilt.
 “ Mad ! (thou reply’st, with indignation fir’d ;)
 Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
 I follow Nature.”—Follow Nature still, 840
 But look it be thine own. Is Conscience, then,
 No part of nature ? Is she not supreme ?
 Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !
 Then, follow Nature ; and resemble God.
 When, spite of Conscience, Pleasure is pursu’d,
 Man’s nature is unnaturally pleas’d : 846
 And what’s unnatural, is painful too
 At intervals, and must disgust ev’n thee !
 The fact thou know’st ; but not, perhaps, the cause.
 Virtue’s foundations with the world’s were laid ; 850
 Heav’n mix’d her with our make, and twisted close
 Her sacred int’rests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self : And is it greater pain,
 Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine ? 855
 And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.
 If one must suffer, which should least be spar’d ?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense.
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
 The joys of sense to mental joys are mean : 860

For what is Vice? Self-love in a mistake.

Sense on the present only feeds ; the soul
On past and future forages for joy.
'Tis her's by retrospect, through time to range ; —
And forward time's great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind, 865
Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall :
Guard then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a Man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives ;
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list 870
With every lust, that wars against his peace,
And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself, first know ; then love : A self there is
Of Virtue fond, that kindles at her charms :
A self there is, as fond of ev'ry vice, 875
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart ;
Humility degrades it, Justice robs,
Blest Bounty beggars it, fair Truth betrays,
And godlike Magnanimity destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn ; 880
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it :—But when Virtue bids,
Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of Pleasure bids thee bleed ;
Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind. 885

For what is Vice? Self-love in a mistake ;
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And Virtue, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread pow'r, 890
From whom she springs, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate ;
More mortal than the malice of our foes ;
A self-hate, now, scarce felt ; then felt full sore,
When being curst, extinction loud implor'd ; 895
And ev'ry thing prefer'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love LORENZO makes his choice ;
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd,
By disaffection to the present hour ! 900

The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.

Imagination wanders far a-field :

The future pleases : Why ? The present pains.—

“ But that's a secret.”—Yes, which all men know ;
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.

Thy ceaseless agitation restless rolls 905

From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause ;

What is it ?—’Tis the cradle of the soul,

From Instinct sent, to rock her in disease,

Which her physician, Reason, will not cure.

A poor expedient ! yet thy best ; and while 910

It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are LORENZO's wretched remedies !

The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.

Superior wisdom is superior bliss.

And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ? 915

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same ;

Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.

Sick of herself, is Folly's character ;

As Wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.

A change of evils is thy good supreme ; 920

Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.

Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health, }

Is rest at heart, and pleasure felt at home. }

False pleasure from abroad her joys imports ; 925

Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.

The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock ;

Slipp'ry the false, and tossing as the wave.

This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain ;

That, like the fabled self-enamour'd boy, 930

Home-contemplation her supreme delight ;

She dreads an interruption from without,

Smit with her own condition ; and the more

Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth 935

There breathes not a more happy than himself :

Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;

And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.

Such angels all, entitled to repose

On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns, 940

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight.

Though Nature shakes, how soft to lean on heav'n!
 To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight; 945
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to heav'n:
 Hence, are they studious of sequester'd scenes;
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease, 950
 That opiate for inquietude within.

LORENZO! never man was truly blest,
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
 As Folly might mistake for want of joy:
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud; 955
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.

O for a joy from thy PHILANDER's spring!
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
 And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
 Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high; 960
 Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
 Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.

What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
 What, but prefers the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight; 965
 Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.

Joy's a fix'd state; a tenure, not a start.
 Bliss there is none, but unprecious bliss:
 That is the gem: Sell all, and purchase that.
 Why go a-begging to contingencies, 970

Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
 At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
 Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
 And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
 Reason perpetuates joy that Reason gives, 975
 And makes it as immortal as herself:

To mortals, nought immortal but their worth.
 Worth, conscious worth! should absolutely reign;
 And other joys ask leave for their approach;
 Nor, unexamind, ever leave obtain. 980

In this is seen Imagination's guilt.

Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
 Not the least promise of internal peace !
 No bosom-comfort ! or unborrow'd bliss ! 984
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds : All outward-bound,
 'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure ;

If gain'd, dear bought ; and better miss'd than gain'd.
 Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
 Fancy, and Sense, from an infected shore,
 Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize. 990
 Then such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst !
 By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more !)
 Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tir'd.

Imagination is the Paphian shop,
 Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame, 995
 Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,
 And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)
 With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
 Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
 Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
 On angel-wing, descending from above, 1001
 Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,
 And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen Imagination's guilt ;
 But who can count her follies ? She betrays thee, 1005
 To think in grandeur there is something great.
 For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd ;
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
 Hence, what disaster !—though the price was paid, 1010
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
 Whose foot (ye gods !) though cloven, must be kiss'd,
 Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore ;
 (Such is the fate of honest Protestants !)
 And poor Magnificence is starv'd to death. 1015
 Hence just resentment, indignation, ire !—
 Be pacify'd ; if outward things are great,
 'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn ;
 Pompous expences, and parades august,

The good man has his clouds that intervene.

And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace. 1020
 True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye ;
 True happiness resides in things unseen. —
 No smiles of Fortune ever blest the bad,
 Nor can her frowns rob Innocence of joys ;
 That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor : 1025
 So tell his Holiness, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is Man's chief good ;
 Our only contest, what deserves the name.
 Give Pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
 Th' authentic seal of Reason (which, like YORKE,
 Demurs on what it passes,) and defies 1031
 The tooth of Time ; when past, a pleasure still ;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy. 1035
 Some joys the future overcast ; and some
 Throw all their beaus that way, and gild the tomb.
 Some joys endear eternity ; some give
 Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice ? 1040
 Consult thy whole existence, and be safe ;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.

Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
 Be good—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.
 Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant, 1045
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene ;
 Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
 But never conquer: Ev'n the best must own,
 Patience, and Resignation, are the pillars 1050
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these :
 But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
 Till this heroic lesson thou hast learnt ;
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss, 1055
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world ;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

" This (says LORENZO) is a fair harangue : 1060
 But can harangues blow back strong Nature's stream ?
 Or stem the tide Heav'n pushes through our veins ;
 Which sweeps away Man's impotent resolves,
 And lays his labour level with the world ?" 1064

Themselves men make their comment on mankind ;
 And think nought is, but what they find at home :
 Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth.
 Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.
 Above, LORENZO saw the Man of earth,
 The mortal Man ; and wretched was the sight. 1070
 To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
 Now see the Man immortal : Him, I mean,
 Who lives as such ; whose heart, full bent on Heav'n,
 Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.
 The World's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
 His lustre more ; though bright without a foil : 1075
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;
 Nor stop at wonder ; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed, 1080
 A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
 Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of Sense, and Passion's storm ; 1085
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life
 (Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,)
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
 A mingled mob ! a wand'ring herd ! he sees, 1090
 Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !

His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all their care ; the future, his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want, 1095
 They give to Fame ; his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish Nature ; his, exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;

Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace

His, the compos'd possession of the true. 1100
 Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
 All of one colour, and an even thread:
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows 1105
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
 He sees with other eyes than theirs: Where they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees; 1110
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound. 1115
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity;
 No dignity they find in aught besides.
 They triumph in externals, (which conceal
 Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse: 1120
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in Man, as Man.
 Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade:
 Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey. 1125
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong:
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on Heav'n,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
 A cover'd heart their character defends: 1130
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees;
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall:
 Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins:
 His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss. 1135
 To triumph in existence, his alone;
 And his alone, triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;

From what root rises this immortal Man?

Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet. 1140

But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm
Undaunted breast.—And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn; 1145
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.

A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail:
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts,
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls; 1150
And when he falls, writes *vici* on his shield.
From magnanimity, all fear above;
From nobler recompence, above applause;
Which owes to Man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt, 1155
LORENZO cries—"Where shines this miracle?
From what root rises this immortal Man?"
A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground.
The root dissect, nor wonder at the flower.

He follows Nature, (not like thee!) and shews us
An uninverted system of a Man. 1161
His appetite wears Reason's golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His passion, like an eagle well-reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought but infinite. 1165
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why?—Because affliction, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heav'n. 1170
Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His understanding 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast. 1175
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,

Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.

An eye impartial, and an even scale; 1180

Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.

Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;

On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.

What then, the world? it must be doubly weak:

Strange truth! as soon would they believe the Creed.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise can be; 1186

So far from aught romantic what I sing.

Bliss has no being, Virtue has no strength,

But from the prospect of immortal life.

Who thinks earth all, or (what weighs just the same)

Who cares no further, must prize what it yields; 1191

Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.

Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire;

He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,

Because that hate would prove his greater foe. 1195

'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast

Good-will to Men?) to love their dearest friend;

For may not he invade their good supreme,

Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?

All shines to them, that for a season shines. 1200

Each act, each thought, he questions, "What its weight,

Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"—

And, what it there appears, he deems it now.

Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.

The god-like Man has nothing to conceal. 1205

His virtue, constitutionally deep,

Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame;

Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;

And Death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, LORENZO! bigot of this world! 1210

Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by Heav'n!

Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to nought:

For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,

Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,

Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most; 1215

And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand;

His merit, like a mountain, on approach,

Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,

By promise now, and by possession, soon

Wit makes an enterpriser ; Sense a Man.

(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own. 1220

From this thy just annihilation rise,

LORENZO! rise to something, by reply.

The world, thy client, listens, and expects;

And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.

Canst thou be silent? No; for Wit is thine; 1225

And Wit talks most, when least she has to say,

And Reason interrupts not her career.

She'll say—That mists above the mountains rise;

And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse:

She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust, 1230

And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to Man's dainty taste!

'Tis precious, as the vehicle of Sense;

But, as its substitute, a dire disease.

Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world, 1235

By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.

Wisdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;

Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires

The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails.

Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs, 1240

Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.

For thy renown, 'twere well was this the worst;

Chance often hits it, and, to pique thee more,

See Dulness, blund'ring on vivacities,

Shakes her sage head at the calamity, 1245

Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.

But Wisdom, awful Wisdom! which inspects,

Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,

Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;

How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain; 1250

Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few;

While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,

Frequent, as fatal, Wit: In civil life,

Wit makes an enterpriser; Sense a Man.

Wit hates authority; commotion loves, 1255

And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.

In states, 'tis dangerous; in religion, death:

Shall Wit turn Christian, when the dull believe?

Sense is our helmet, Wit is but the plume;

Wit, widow'd of Good Sense, is worse than nought.

The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves. 1260

Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound ;

When cut by Wit, it casts a brighter beam ;

Yet, Wit apart, it is a di'mond still.

Wit, widow'd of Good Sense, is worse than nought ;

It hoists more sail to run against a rock. 1265

Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;

Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,

Where sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !

A joy, in which our reason bears no part, 1270

Is but a sorrow, tickling ere it stings.

Let not the cooings of the world allure thee :

Which of her lovers ever found her true ?

Happy ! of this bad world who little know !—

And yet, we much must know her, to be safe. 1275

To know the world, not love her, is thy point :

She gives but little, nor that little long.

There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;

A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,

Our thoughtless agitation's idle child, 1280

That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,

Leaving the soul more vapid than before.

An animal ovation ! such as holds

No commerce with our reason, but subsists

On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes well-strain'd ;

A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ; 1286

And when it jars—thy sirens sing no more ;

Thy dance is done ; the Demi-god is thrown

(Short apotheosis !) beneath the Man,

In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair. 1290

Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,

And startle at destruction ? If thou art,

Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;

(A field of battle is this mortal life !)

When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ; 1295

A single sentence proof against the world.

“ Soul, body, fortune ! ev'ry good pertains

To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;

The goods of fortune to thy body's health,

To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.

Body to soul, and soul submit to God." 1300

Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? do this:
Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? it outshines the sun;
Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
The single lesson of Mankind on earth. 1305

And yet—yet, what? no news! Mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve?)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: As Athens' fool 1310
Grim'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half-ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! The most abandon'd own, 1315
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:

Then, for themselves, the moment Reason wakes
(And Providence denies it long repose)
O how laborious is their gaiety!

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen, 1320
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And shew us what their joy, by their despair. 1325

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!—
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heav'n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should Man.

Look round, LORENZO! see the reeking blade, 1330
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot, (slower suicides!)

And pride in these, more execrable still!— 1335
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.

From Vice, Sense, Fancy, no man can be blest;
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour:

A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!

When an immortal being aims at bliss, 1340
Duration is essential to the name.

O for a joy from Reason! joy from that,
Which makes Man, Man; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him more: A bounteous joy! that gives,
And promises; that weaves, with art divine, 1345
The richest prospect into present peace:

A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which death shall double! judgment crown!
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage, 1351
Through blest eternity's long day; yet still,
Not more remote from sorrow, than from HIM,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust. 1355

There, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the sages of the world?

Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour, 1360
Makes serious thought Man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on Heav'n:
Sole point! where over-bashful is your blame.
Are you not wise?—You know you are: yet hear 1365
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;

“Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,
Is the sole difference between wise and fool.”
All worthy men will weigh you in this scale; 1370
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care?

Accept my simple scheme of common sense:
Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not;—but the world persists; 1375
And puts the cause off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,
They then turn witnesses against themselves.

Devoted page! go forth among thy foes.

Hear that, LORENZO! nor be wise to-morrow. 1380
Haste, haste! a Man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend:
And that thou canst not do this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor willing to be more!) 1385
Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in
prose,)

Has ventur'd into light; well pleas'd the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain; 1390
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But praise she need not fear: I see my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Must die, and die unwept; O thou minute, 1395
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: Mankind incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: Nor shalt thou rest,
When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd 1400
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne,
And bold blasphemer of his friend—the World;
The World, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And volunteers around his banner swarm;
Prudent as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul. 1405

"Are all, then, fools?" LORENZO cries:—Yes, all,
But such as hold this doctrine, (new to thee,)
"The mother of true wisdom is the will;"
The noblest intellect, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do, 1410
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the most indulgence can afford;—
"Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise."
Nor think this censure is severe on thee; 1416
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

WHEN the celebrated author of this immortal work wrote his *True Estimate of Human Life*, the professed design of which was, to put this world in the balance, and to examine the value of *things on earth*, he promised a second discourse: to vindicate divine Providence from prevailing imputations, and teach us how to think and judge of *things above*, and give them that preference they so justly deserve.

That promise, in its original idea, was never performed. The omission, however, is abundantly supplied by the contents of the Eighth Night: In which, the true and false, of every thing that bears the name or semblance of *ambition, pleasure, wisdom, and riches*, are most admirably discriminated, and compared, for the noblest purposes.

“To VIRTUE only, and her friends, a friend;
The world beside may censure, or commend.”

V. 8, &c. “Man of the world!” &c.—Who will dare say, that he who declines, or falls from the noble and elevating object above mentioned, and the glorious hopes it inspires, into the barren field of amusement and trifle; or into the bestial abyss of voluptuous gratifications, for his portion; who will dare affirm, that such a character differs not as much from the right reason, the true dignity, and real happiness, of a man, as a quadruped differs from him in form? It is not the *form*, but the *manners*, which make humanity. The mould, in which we are cast, only shews what we *should be*: nothing but our conduct can ascertain what we *are*.

V. 14. —“The Castalian font.”—A fountain, sacred to the Muses.

V. 24, &c. —“If she,
My song invokes, Urania,” &c.

Urania is the muse, which extended her care to all divine or celestial subjects; such as, the hymns in

praise of the Gods, the motions of the heavenly bodies, and whatever regarded philosophy and astronomy.

V. 97. "Where gay delusion darkens to despair."

Almost the whole book of *Ecclesiastes* might be transcribed as a scriptural support of what is here said; and its Author, it is well known, received wisdom as an immediate gift from God, in superiority to all mankind.

V. 118. "And fills his chronicle with human woes."

For what, in *fact*, is human happiness? A word! A notion! A day-dream! A wish! A sigh! A theme to be talked of! A mark to be shot at, but never hit! A picture in the head, and a pang in the heart, of Man! Wisdom recommends it gravely; learning talks of it pompously; our understanding listens to it eagerly; our affections pursue it warmly; and our experience despairs of it irretrievably.

V. 420. "Prometheus!"—Who is fabulously reported to have stolen fire from heaven; for which he was chained on mount Caucasus, where a vulture was commissioned to prey upon his liver; which, that his torment might be endless, was constantly renewed at night, in proportion to its decrease by day. The application of this allusion to the present subject has peculiar spirit and aptness.

V. 427, &c. "Dost grasp at *greatness*?" &c.—Nothing, says *Longinus*, can be great, the contempt of which is great. The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and be above the desire of them. There are far greater men, who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind.

V. 477, &c. "An humble heart his residence," &c.—It is absolutely impossible for imagination to conceive, or eloquence to express, any thing more sublime than that passage in the prophetic writings, referred to in this place. Isa. lvii.

V. 516, &c. — "Unlike all other vice, it flies,

In fact, the point in fancy most pursu'd."

"The proud man, (says a brilliant writer,) see!—he is sore all over: Touch him, you put him to pain; and though, of all others, he acts as if every mortal were void of sense and feeling, yet is possessed of so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft-times piercing him to the very heart."

V. 655. "Glide then forever *Pleasure's* sacred stream."

Only such pleasures, as have the Divine Being for their immediate object, and eternity for their end, can always satisfy. Such pleasures are approved by reason, ripened by age, and are satisfactory in every period of life.

V. 691, &c. "Is Virtue then, and Piety the same?

No; Piety is more; 'tis Virtue's source."

See this very important idea pursued, with equal elegance of style, and ability of argument, by Dr. Blair, in vol. 1. ser. 1.

V. 710, &c. "A soul, in commerce with her God, is
Heav'n; Feels not," &c.

"To thee, O Devotion! we are indebted to the highest improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue, and the rest of our souls, in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts. Thou calmest the passions. Thou exaltest the heart. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy sanctuary is ever open to the miserable. Thou beginnest on earth the very temper of Heaven; and in thee the blessed inhabitants thereof eternally rejoice."

V. 768. "Too happy to be sportive, he's serene."

Where there is the least happiness, there is often the most laughter. The former arises from thought, the latter from the want of it. *Tiinit, inane est*, is true to a proverb. Laughter is from the pulse; serenity from the heart. That may give a momentary flash of pleasure; this alone makes a happy man.

And happy men there may be, who scarcely ever laugh: and in a situation, where reason calls for the reverse, there is not in nature a more melancholy thing than mirth.

V. 812. "A constant and a sound, but serious, joy."

In the boundless field of licentiousness; some bartered joys may rise, that look gay, more especially at a distance; but they soon wither. No joys are always sweet and flourish long, but those, which have self-approbation for their root, and the divine favour for their shelter.

V. 1072. "Now see the man immortal," &c.—Whatever may be the beauties of sentiment, expression, or fancy, which the art of criticism may be able to select from any admired author, whether ancient or modern, nothing can be produced either equal or similar to the portrait in this, and the following hundred and fifty lines. Let the impartial reader study it accurately, and then see, whether a Christian is not the highest style of Man; him, I mean, who lives as such.

V. 1235, &c. "Pernicious talent!" &c.—Infidels and free-thinkers, as they have presumed to call themselves, have laboured much to sanctify the use of wit, by laying it down as a maxim, that, *Ridicule is the test of truth*. To determine this point, about which so much has been said, we need ask only a single question: Which is sooner *laughed* out of countenance, a man of integrity and virtue, or a villain and a fool? The fact is, "you may as well attempt to silence an echo by strength of voice, as a wit by the force of reason. They will both have the last word. How often hear we men with great ingenuity supporting folly! that is, by wit destroying wisdom: as the same sort of men, by pleasure destroy happiness; prone to draw evil out of good, and set things at variance, which by nature are allies. Pleasure *then* calls for our compassion, and wit for our contempt."

V. 1360, &c. "Eternity depending on an hour,
Makes serious thought," &c.

"Ah! my friends! while we *laugh*, all things are

And chants his sonnet to deceive the time.

serious round about us. God is serious, who exerciseth patience towards us; Christ is serious, who shed his blood for us; the Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the obstinacy of our hearts; the holy Scriptures represent the most serious and awful matters; the whole creation is serious in serving God, and us; all that are in heaven or hell are serious: how then can we be gay?"—To give these excellent words in their full force, it should be known, that they came from a courtier, as eminent as England ever boasted.

NIGHT THE NINTH.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.

II. A NIGHT ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

—Fatis contraria fata rependens.

VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:

Young's Night & Thoughts.

Vol. 1.



*How unlike the man
That groans on Calvary: yet he it is.*

Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?

Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
 Where Disappointment smiles at Hope's career; 10
 Warn'd by the languor of Life's ev'ning ray,
 At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
 Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
 And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
 I chase the moments with a serious song. 15
 Song sooths our pains; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
 Torn from my bleeding breast, and Death's dark shade,
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
 Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more? 20
 One labour more indulge! Then sleep, my strain!
 Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease,
 To bear a part in everlasting lays;
 Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust, 25
 Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,
 Like those above; exploding other joys?
 Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO! fairly weigh;
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still? 30
 I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.

But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
 Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
 LORENZO's smile, than my compassion for him.
 The sick in body call for aid; the sick 35
 In mind are covetous of more disease;
 And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
 To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.

When Nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,
 And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes, 40
 Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes;
 The curse of curses is our curse to love;
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
 (As Indians glory in the deepest jet,)
 And throw aside our senses with our peace. 45

But, grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
 Grant joy, and glory quite unsully'd, shone;

Life's gayest scenes speak Man's mortality.

Yet, still, it ill deserves LORENZO's heart.
 No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
 But, through the thin partition of an hour, 50
 I see its sables wove by Destiny ; -

And that in sorrow bury'd, this in shame ;
 While howling furies ring the doleful knell ;
 And Conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
 Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal. 55

Where, the prime actors of the last year's scene ?
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake
 With lustre, and with noise ! Has Death proclaim'd
 A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ? 60
 'Tis brandish'd still, nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread, of feeble life, a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought ;
 Life's gayest scenes speak Man's mortality ; 65
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ? 70
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

" Profest diversions ! cannot these escape ? " —
 Far from it : These present us with a shroud ;
 And talk of Death, like garlands o'er a grave. 75
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,
 We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : How like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality, 80
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own !

What, all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
 But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities, 85
 From friends interr'd beneath ; a rich manure !
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;

O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!

Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

LORENZO! such the glories of the world! 90
What is the world itself? thy world?—A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?

The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors.
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes, 95
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.

O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry; 100
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As Nature, wide, our ruins spread. Man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of Man. 105

Nor Man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph. 110
When down thy vale unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight! 115
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!

The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause: 120
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O LORENZO! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size, 125
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of one departed world

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on Man?

I see the mighty shadow : Oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her ; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms, 130
 And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophesies
 Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
 But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain ;
 In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loth to know, 135
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?
 Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs !
 Prime ministers of vengeance ! chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;
 Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin, 140
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage :
 When Heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
 War, Famine, Pestilence, are found too weak 145
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
 These are let loose, alternate : Down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,
 The world, in vain corrected, to destroy, 150
 And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on Man?
 The fate of Nature ; as for Man, her birth.
 Earth's actors change Earth's transitory scenes,
 And make creation groan with human guilt. 155
 How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
 But not of waters ! At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play 160
 Their various engines ; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines ; and takè, by storm,
 This poor terrestrial citadel of Man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height
 Out-burns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour 165
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;
 Stars rush ; and final Ruin fiercely drives

That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! What pomp!

Her ploughshare o'er creation!—While aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen, 170
Than e'er was thought by Man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—a sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the Man
That groan'd on Calvary! Yet HE it is; 175
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace 180
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames;
While, (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas, 185
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this scene; the last
In Nature's course; the first in Wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; this awakes 190
The most supine; this snatches Man from death.
Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous Man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme; 195
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At midnight (when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,)
To give more dread to Man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst 200
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all! 205
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!

Great day ! for which all other days were made.

All Nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan? 210
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
 On which we stood, LORENZO! While thou may'st,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
 Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly, 215
 When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
 For which earth rose from chaos, Man from earth;
 And an eternity, the date of gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created Man! 220
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
 At thought of thee!—And art thou absent then? 225
 LORENZO! no; 'tis here;—it is begun;—
 Already is begun the grand assize,
 In thee, in all: Deputed Conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestals our doom;
 Forestals! and, by forestalling, proves it sure. 230
 Why on himself should Man void judgment pass?
 Is idle Nature laughing at her sons?
 Who Conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that god in Man.

Thrice happy they! that enter now the court; 235
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms: But, how rare!
 Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
 What hero, like the man who stands himself,
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone,
 Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings, 240
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there!
 The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
 (Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
 Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to know;
 Asks, "What is truth?" with Pilate; and retires;
 Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng: 246
 Asylum sad! from Reason, Hope, and Heav'n!

I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!

Shall all, but Man, look out with ardent eye,
 For that great day which was ordain'd for Man?
 O day of consummation! mark supreme .250
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene, .255
 Intent on Man, and anxious for his fate.
 Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
 Creation universal calls aloud,
 To dis-involve the moral world, and give .260
 To Nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall Man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
 All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round! .265
 All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing!
 All basking in the full meridian blaze!
 I see the JUDGE enthron'd! the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought! .270
 No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable all! and all extreme!

Nor Man alone; the foe of God and Man, .275
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
 Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.
 All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace.
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll .280
 His baleful eyes! He curses whom he dreads;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought!--And yet where is it?
 Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess
 The period; from created beings lock'd .285
 In darkness. But the process, and the place,
 Are less obscure; for these may Man inquire.

Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone !

Say, thou great Close of human hopes and fears !
Great Key of Hearts ! great Finisher of Fates !
Great End ! and great Beginning ! say, where art thou ?
Art thou in time, or in eternity ? 291

Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all claps'd, or unarriv'd !)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd 295
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head ;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath 300
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber ! from earth's heaving womb,
To second birth ! contemporary throng !
Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,
Prest in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze, 305
He turns them o'er, Eternity ! to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls alone ;
His greatest foe falls with him ; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Times offspring, Death, expire. 310

Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone !
Awful Eternity ! offended queen !
And her resentment to Mankind, how just !
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts ! 315
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome there !
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her smile. 320

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners, streaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow, 325
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !

Wide as creation ! populous as wide !
 A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes 330
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a leagth
 Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of Virtue, and his own renown. 335
 Eternity, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
 Sulphureous or ambrosial : What ensues ?
 The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n. 340
 The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamantyne key's enormous size
 Through Destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n, 345
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar. 350
 O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole ethereal ! How the concave rings !
 Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
 And louder far, than when creation rose, 355
 To see creation's godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !
 To see the mighty Dramatist's last act
 (As meet,) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No fancy'd god ; a God, indeed, descends, 360
 To solve all knots ; to strike the moral home ;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of time ;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ; 365
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

What then am I ?----

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene.

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains? 370
 Censure on thee, LORENZO! I suspend,
 And turn it on myself; how greatly due!
 All, all is right, by GOD ordain'd or done;
 And who, but GOD, resum'd the friends he gave?
 And have I been complaining, then, so long? 375
 Complaining of his favours; pain and death?
 Who, without Pain's advice, would e'er be good?
 Who, without Death, but would be good in vain?
 Pain is to save from pain; all punishment,
 To make for peace; and Death, to save from death; 380
 And second death, to guard immortal life;
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
 And turn the tide of souls another way;
 By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
 That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for Man, 385
 A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene;
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
 All evils natural are moral goods;
 All discipline indulgence, on the whole. 390
 None are unhappy; all have cause to smile,
 But such as to themselves that cause deny.
 Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;
 Error in act, or judgment, is the source
 Of endless sighs: We sin, or we mistake, 395
 And Nature tax, when false Opinion stings.
 Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd,
 But chiefly then, when Grief puts in her claim.
 Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
 Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe. 400
 Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;
 'Tis joy, and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
 A noble fortitude in ills delights
 Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
 Affliction is the good man's shining scene; 405
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;

The triumph of my soul is—That I am.

As night to stars, woe lustre gives to Man.
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire.
 The crown of manhood is a winter-joy; 410
 An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

"Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
 How much unhappiness must prove our lot;
 A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax, 415
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a Man;
 Who thinks it is, shall never be a god.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

Whatspoke proud Passion?—"Wish my being lost!"
 Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false! 421
 The triumph of my soul is—That I am;
 And therefore that I may be—What? LORENZO!
 Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs 425
 In golden veins, through all eternity!
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
 New ages, where the phantom of an hour,
 Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise, 430
 And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
 And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,
 Made half-adorable itself, adore;
 And find, in adoration, endless joy!
 Where thou, not master of a moment here, 435
 Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
 May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd
 With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
 Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall, 440
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is Man.
 No Man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
 If what is hop'd he labours to secure.

Ills?—There are none: All Gracious! none from thee;
 From Man full many! Num'rous is the race . 445
 Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,

Great Source of good alone! How kind in all!

Begot by Madness on fair Liberty;
 Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
 Fast barr'd by thine; high-wall'd with adamant, 450
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
 Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions, guides,
 Assisting, not restraining, Reason's choice;
 Whose sanctions, unavoidable results 455
 From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
 If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor less sure.

Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 "Do this; fly that;"—nor always tells the cause;
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will, 460
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders! (if, thy love survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains,)
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust!
 Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find; 465
 Or this alone—"That none is to be found."
 Not one, to soften Censure's hardy crime;
 Not one to palliate peevish Grief's COMPLAINT,
 Who, like a demon, morn'ring, from the dust,
 Dares into judgment call her judge.—SUPREME! 470
 For all I bless thee; most, for the severe;
 Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
 It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
 It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread 475
 Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
 Join Heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
 Great Source of good alone! How kind in all!
 In vengeance kind! Pain, Death, Gehenna, save.

Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind! 480
 Not that alone which solaces, and shines,
 The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
 The winter is as needful as the spring;
 The thunder as the sun: a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air: 485
 Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze

Comets good omens are, when duly scan'd.

To Nature's health, than purifying storms.
 The dread volcano ministers to good ;
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to Man ; 490
 Comets good omens are, when duly scan'd ;
 And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd ;
 Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
 Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace. 495
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stand this the foremost, " That my heart has bled."
 'Tis Heav'n's last effort of good-will to Man :
 When Pain can't bless, Heav'n quits us in despair.
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls. 500
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;
 Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart :
 Reason absolves the grief, which Reason ends.
 May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well, 505
 By previous pain ; and made it safe to smile !
 Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain ;
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
 My change of heart a change of style demands ;
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT, 510
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
 A panting traveller, some rising ground,
 Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
 And measures with his eye the various vales, 515
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past ;
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home.
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil :
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
 The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ; 520
 Various, extensive, beaten but by few ;
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.
 Through many a field of moral, and divine, 525
 The muse has stray'd ; and much of sorrow seen

Immortal Silence! Where shall I begin?

In human ways; and much of false and vain;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily she wept;
Of love divine the wonders she display'd; 530
Prov'd Man immortal; shew'd the source of joy;
The grand tribunal rais'd; assign'd the bounds
Of human grief: In few, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke, 535
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travail, and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains?—Much! much! a mighty debt
To be discharg'd: These thoughts, O Night! are thine:
From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs, 541
While others slept. So Cynthia, (poets feign,)
In shadows vail'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheer'd: of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee. —And art thou still unsung, 545
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal Silence! Where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,
To sooth their goddess?

O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born! 550
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns.
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in Heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade, 555
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, Heav'n throughout.
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse; 560
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O Man! so worthy to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of Heav'n?
Creation of archangels is the theme! 565

Heav'n's King! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss.

What, to be sung, so needful? what so well
 Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
 The soul of Man, His face design'd to see,
 Who gave these wonders to be seen by Man,
 Has here a previous scene of objects great, 570
 On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
 Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
 Of admiration, to contract that awe,
 And give her whole capacities that strength,
 Which best may qualify for final joy. 575
 The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,
 The deeper draught shall they receive of Heav'n.

Heav'n's KING! whose face unveil'd consummates
 bliss;

Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,
 The whole creation leaves in human hearts! 580
 Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
 Rapt in sweet contemplation of those fires,
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres!
 While of thy works material the supreme
 I dare attempt, assist my daring song. 585
 Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's
 Contracted circle set my heart at large;
 Eliminate my spirit, give it range
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
 Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding, 590
 Creation's golden steps, to climb to THEE.
 Teach we with Art great Nature to control,
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of Night.
 Feel I thy kind assent? And shall the sun
 Be seen at midnight, rising in my song? 595

LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou whose heart,
 Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh:
 Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale; 600
 Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
 And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;
 And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.

And Man how purblind, if unknown the whole !

Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms? 605
Thou stranger to the world ! thy tour begin ;
Thy tour through Nature's universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres ;
And Man how purblind, if unknown the whole ! 610
Who circles spacious Earth, then travels here,
Shall own, he never was from home before !
Come, my Prometheus, from thy pointed rock,
Of false ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount ;
We'll innocently steal celestial fire, 615
And kindle our devotion at the stars ;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail ;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows, 620
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning ; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world ; 625
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze,
E lance thy thought, and think of more than Man.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of Earth's unwholesome air, 630
Will blossom here ; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours ; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as shine. At Nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran—" Be kind to man." 635
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?
The stars will light thee, though the moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted ! more astray !
In ways immortal ? The stars call thee back ;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right. 640

This prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand ;

What read we here?—Th' existence of a God?

Scripture authentic, uncorrupt by Man. 645
 Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
 Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
 Its various lessons; some that may surprise
 An un-adept in mysteries of Night;
 Little, perhaps, expected in her school, 650
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
 Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters, here we feign;
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here,
 Exists indeed,—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—Th' existence of a God? 655
 —Yes; and of other beings, Man above;
 Natives of ether! sons of higher climes!
 And, what may move LORENZO's wonder more,
 Eternity is written in the skies.
 And whose eternity?—LORENZO! thine; 660
 Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone,
 Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure
 Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine;
 Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

LORENZO! thou caust wake at midnight too, 665
 Though not on morals bent: Ambition, Pleasure!
 Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought,
 Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
 Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime, 671
 Commencing one of our antipodes!
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
 Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
 And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift, 675
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n.)
 To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
 Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
 And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space, 680
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
 Of wonderful, on Man's astonish'd sight,

Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd.

Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride; 685
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up Man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.

Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth, 690
And welcom'd on Heav'n's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
Are here inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir. 695

The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like, 700
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself: 705

Thus Man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found 710

As rightly set, as are the starry spheres:
'Tis Nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,
Breeds all that uncelestial discord there.

Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies, 715
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what?—a clod?
An inch of earth? The planets cry, "Forbear."
They chase our double darkness, Nature's gloom,
And (kinder still!) our intellectual night.

And see, Day's amiable sister sends 720
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye; 725
 With gain, and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
 And deep reception, in th' entender'd heart;
 While light peeps through the darkness like a spy, 730
 And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
 Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel! 735
 With pleasing stupor first the soul it struck;
 (Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!)
 Then into transport starting from her trance,
 With love and admiration how she glows!
 This gorgeous apparatus! this display! 740
 This ostentation of creative pow'r!

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
 By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculation, and adore? 745

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
 And light us deep into the DERRY;
 How boundless in magnificence and might!
 O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of Heav'n,
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight! 751

Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
 My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
 Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd? 755

Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
 Material offspring of Omnipotence!
 Inanimate, all-animating birth!
 Work worthy Him who made it! worthy praise!
 All praise! praise more than human! nor deny'd 760
 Thy praise divine!—But though Man, drown'd in sleep,
 Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
 By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,

Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!

In this his universal temple hung 765

With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once,
The temple, and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!

Devotion! daughter of Astronomy! 770

An undevout astronomer is mad.

True; all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out Him; in great, He seizes Man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new. 775

Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! what is it?
What are these sons of wonder! Say, proud arch!
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)

Built with divine ambition! in disdain 780

Of limit built! built in the taste of Heav'n!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY?—

Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound, 785
And straitens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on Man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O Nature! wide flies off th' expanding round. 790

As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds;
Shock'd æther's billows dash the distant skies;
'Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off, 795

And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,

Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp, 800

Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense:
For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine,
And half absolv'd idolatry from guilt;

Could we conceive him, God he could not be.

Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was 805
In those, who put forth all they had of Man
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and thought
What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount !
And are there, then, LORENZO ! those to whom 811
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same ?

And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness to believe ?
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside 815

All measure in his work ? stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)

Deep in the bosom of his universe,
Dropt down that reasoning mite, that insect Man, 820
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene ?—

That Man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in himself.

Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd ? Shall mysteries descend 825
From un-mysterious ? Things more elevate,
Be more familiar ? Uncreated lie

More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought ? The more of wonderful
Is heard in Him, the more we should assent. 830

Could we conceive him, God he could not be ;
Or he not God, or we could not be men.

A God alone can comprehend a God :
Man's distance how immense ! on such a theme,
Know this, LORENZO ! (seem it ne'er so strange,) 835
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds ;
Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.

The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And every star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this cost of Heav'n, 840

If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd ;
But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In Reason's court, to silence Unbelief.

Mankind was sent into the world to see.

How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes 845
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires !
 Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
 To tell us, He resides above them all,
 In glory's unapproachable recess? 850
 And dare Earth's beld inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous, the magnific embassy,
 A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
 From whom they come, or what they would impart
 For Man's emolument; sole cause that stoops 855
 Their grandeur to Man's eye? LORENZO! rouse.
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
 Renounces Reason, or a God adores? 860
 Mankind was sent into the world to see :
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace ;
 That obvious science asks small learning's aid.
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
 Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns? 865
 Or travel history's enormous round?
 Nature no such hard task enjoins: She gave
 A make to Man directive of his thought;
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who should say, " Read thy chief lesson there." 870
 Too late to read this manuscript of Heav'n,
 When like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
 It folds LORENZO's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! Not the God alone,
 I see his ministers; I see, diffus'd 875
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,
 Of various offices, of various plume,
 In heav'nly liveries distinctly clad,
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
 Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
 List'ning to catch the Master's least command, 881
 And fly through nature, ere the moment ends ;
 Numbers innumerable!--Well conceiv'd
 By Pagan, and by Christian! O'er each sphere

These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us.

Presides an angel, to direct its course, 885
 And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine mind,
 For which alone inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son, 890
 Far liker the great SIRE!—'Tis thus the skies
 Inform us of superiors numberless,
 As much, in excellence, above mankind,
 As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
 These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us; 895
 In a throng'd theatre are all our tleeds.
 Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
 On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.
 Awful reflection! strong restraint from ill!
 Yet, here, our virtue finds still stronger aid 900
 From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault:
 With just attention is it view'd? We feel
 A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
 Nature herself does half the work of Man. 905
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean excavated grotts,
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide,
 From Nature's structure, or the scoop of Time;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size, 911
 Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
 Ev'n these infuse.—But what of vast in these?
 Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot. 915
 Much less in Art.—Vain Art! thou pigmy pow'r!
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness! What childish toys,
 Thy wat'ry columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas! 920
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated capitals! or those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride;
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,

A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives.

Arches triumphal, theatres immense, 925

Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air!

Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!

Yet these affect us in no common kind.

What then the force of such superior scenes?

Enter a temple, it will strike an awe: 930

What awe from this the DEITY has built?

A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives:

The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:

In a bright mirror his own hands have made,

Here we see something like the face of GOD. 935

Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO,

To Man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the skies?"

And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design

By daring Man, he mak's her sacred awe

(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation 940

To more than common guilt, and quite inverts

Celestial Art's intent. The trembling stars

See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom

With front erect, that hide their head by day,

And making night still darker by their deeds. 945

Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,

Rapine and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.

The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,

Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.

Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake; 950

And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,

Havock and devastation they prepare,

And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood,

Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.

What shall I do? suppress it? or proclaim?— 955

Why sleeps the thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,

His best friend's couch the rank adulterer

Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.

Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,

Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n;

Yet shrink and shudder at a mortal's sight. 961

Were moon, and stars, for villains only made,

To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light?

No; they were made to fashion the sublime

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!

Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise. 965

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent,

In theory sublime. O how unlike

Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed! 970

Those ancient sages, human stars! They met
Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.

The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum, 975

With him of Corduba, (immortal names!)

In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for gods, and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths,
By seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly thus, 980

To tread in their bright footsteps here below;

To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.

There, they contracted their contempt of Earth;

Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire;

There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God, 986

More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.

Through various virtues, they, with ardour, ran

The zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal! 990

A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! As much

Our ardour less, as greater is our light.

How monstrous this in morals! Scarce more strange

Would this phenomenou in nature strike,

A sun that froze us, or a star that warm'd. 995

What taught these heroes of the moral world?

To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too;

These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;

And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery: 1000

That, wise it is to comprehend the whole:

That, Virtue rose from Nature, ponder'd well,

The single base of Virtue built to Heav'n:

That, God, and Nature, our attention claim:

The soul of Man was made to walk the skies.

That, Nature is the glass reflecting God, 1005
 As by the sea reflected is the sun,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :
 That, mind immortal loves immortal aims :
 That, boundless mind affects a boundless space :
 That, vast surveys, and the sublime of things, 1010
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :
 That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to Man.
 Such are their doctrines ; such the night inspir'd.

And what more true ? What truth of greater weight ?
 The soul of Man was made to walk the skies ; 1016
 Delightful outlet of her prison here !
 There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;
 There, freely can respire, dilate, extend, 1020
 In full proportion let loose all her powers,
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;
 But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays ;
 Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own ; 1025
 Dives deep in their economy divine,
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
 And, like a master, judges not amiss.
 Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes 1030
 More life, more vigour, in her native air ;
 And feels herself at home among the stars ;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO ?—
 As earth the body, since, the skies sustain 1035
 The soul with food that gives immortal life,
 Call it, the noble pasture of the mind ;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.
 Call it, the garden of the DEITY, 1040
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial ; moral fruit to man.
 Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-Priest,
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,

O that I could but reach the tree of life!

In points of highest moment, right response; 1045
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus have we found a true astrology; . . .
Thus have we found a new and noble sense,
In which alone stars govern human fates.

O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall 1050

Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,

And rescu'd monarchs from so black a guilt!

Bourbon! this wish how gen'rous in a foe!

Woulist thou be great, woulist thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars, 1055

For mighty conquests on a needle's point?

Instead of forging chains for foreigners,

Bastile thy tutor: Grandeur all thy aim?

As yet thou know'st not what it is: How great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man, 1060

When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!

And what it seems, it is: Great objects make

Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;

Those still more godlike, as these more divine. 1064

And more divine than these thou canst not see.

Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught

Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel

From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!

An Eden this! a Paradise unlost!

I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view, 1070

And tremble at my nakedness before him!

O that I could but reach the tree of life!

For here it grows, unguarded from our taste:

No flaming sword denies our entrance here;

Would man but gather, he might live for ever. 1075

LORENZO! much of moral hast thou seen.

Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark

The mathematic glories of the skies,

In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.

LORENZO's boasted builders, Chance and Fate, 1080

Are left to finish his aërial tow'rs;

Wisdom and Choice, their well-known characters

Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.

Though splendid all, no splendour void of use;

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here.

Use rivals Beauty: Art contends with Pow'r; 1085
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
 The great ECONOMIST adjusting all
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
 How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
 And newest to the man that views it most; 1090
 For newer still in infinite succeeds.
 Then, these aerial racers, O how swift!
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
 Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end! 1095
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
 Wheel within wheel; Ez. kiol! like to thine!
 Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
 Though seen, we labour to believe it true!
 What involution! what extent! what swarms 1100
 Of worlds, that laugh at Earth! immensely great!
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
 What, then, the wond'rous space thro' which they roll?
 At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
 'Tis Comprehension's absolute defeat. 1105
 Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
 Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind. 1110
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
 What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,
 And set the seeming married planets free!
 They rove for ever, without error rove;
 Confusion unconfus'd! Nor less admire 1115
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD;
 Or hush'd, by his command, in love to Man, 1120
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On you cerulean plain,
 In exultation to their God, and thine,
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,

Where are the pillars that support the skies?

Eternal celebration of His praise. 1125

But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair hieroglyphic of His peerless pow'r.

Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze, 1130

Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence;
To gods, how great! how legible to Man!

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props 1135

Th' incumbent load? What magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains?

Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And so they are; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air, 1140

Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea; 1145

And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite; while all

The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft, 1150

The concert swell, and animate the ball:
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,

And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends? 1155

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of Heav'n,
At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,
Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love; 1160
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?

Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,

Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell.

Is due from Man, indulg'd in such a sight! 1165
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops new truths at ev'ry new survey!
Feels not LORENZO something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire 1170
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless space, through which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless time. Thus, by kind Nature's skill,
To Man unlabour'd, that important guest, 1175
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight:
And an eternity for Man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The stars, had never whisper'd it to Man.
Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons. 1180
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous, as th' existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought; 1185
And thou may'st read thy soul immortal, here.
Here, then, LORENZO! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt illuminated roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright; 1190
Here, unendanger'd health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.
He, wise as thou, no crescent holds so fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him. 1195
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of pow'r,
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder moon turn Ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow, 1200
And purify from stench his watry realms?
And fails her moral influence? Wants she pow'r
To turn LORENZO's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on Earth's infected shore,

Now, go, Ambition! boast thy boundless might.

And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart? 1205

Fails her attraction when it draws to Heav'n?

Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, Earth's joy?

Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,

And defecate from sense, alone obtain

Full relish of existence undeflower'd, 1210

The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss.

All else on earth amounts—to what? To this:

“Bad to be suffer'd; blessings to be left:”

Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd. 1215

O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.

O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd here;

In mid-way flight Imagination tires;

Yet soon re-prunes her wings to soar anew,

Her point unable to forbear, or gain; 1220

So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!

A banquet this, where men, and angels, meet,

Eat the same manna, mingle earth and heav'n.

How distant some of these nocturnal suns!

No distant, (says the sage,) 'twere not absurd 1225

To doubt, if beams, set out at Nature's birth,

Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;

Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.

An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,

And roll for ever: Who can satiate sight 1230

In such a scene? in such an ocean wide

Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,

Are lost in their extremes; and where to count

The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,

Perhaps a seraph's computation fails. 1235

Now, go, Ambition! boast thy boundless might

In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet LORENZO calls for miracles,

To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.

Why call for less than is already thine? 1240

Thou art no novice in theology;

What is a miracle?—'Tis a reproach,

'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;

And while it satisfies, it censures too.

The course of Nature is the art of God.

To common-sense, great Nature's course proclaims
 A DEITY: When mankind falls asleep, 1246
 A miracle is sent, as an alarm,
 To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again,
 By recent argument, but not more strong.
 Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r 1250
 Or Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
 To make a sun, or stop his mid-career?
 To countermand his orders, and send back
 The flaming courier to the frightened East,
 Warn'd and astonish'd, at his ev'ning ray? 1255
 Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
 In Ajalon's soft flow'ry vale repose?
 Great things are these; still greater, to create.
 From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
 Of miracles;—resistless is their pow'r: 1260
 They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
 Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey,
 If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,
 If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
 Sees nought but spangles here; the fool, no more. 1265
 Say'st thou, "The course of Nature governs all?"
 The course of Nature is the art God.
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;
 For say, could Nature Nature's course control?
 But, miracles apart, who sees Him not 1270
 Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End?
 Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,
 But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
 What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
 In motion, and wound up the vast machine? 1275
 Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
 Who bow'd them flaming through the dark profound,
 Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning dew,
 Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 And set the bosom of old Night on fire? 1280
 Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
 Or, if the military style delights thee,
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with Man.)
 "Who marshals this bright host? enrols their names?"

And one eternal curtain cover all!

Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,
 Punctual, at stated periods? Who disbands 1286
 These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
 If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word,
 Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their pow'rs
 In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept 1290
 In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames,
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
 And call'd them out of Chaos to the field,
 Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.
 O let us join this army! Joining these, 1295
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
 When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;
 When these strong demonstrations of a God
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one eternal curtain cover all! 1300

Struck at that thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars,
 To Man still more propitious; and their aid
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name. 1305
 O ye dividers of my time! ye bright
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!
 Since that authentic radiant register,
 Tho' Man inspects it not, stands good against him; 1310
 Since you, and years, roll on, though Man stands still,
 Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond
 All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
 Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside 1315
 The snares, keen appetite, and passion, spread
 To catch stray fools; and woe to that grey head,
 Whose folly would undo what age has done!
 Aid, then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, Thou,
 Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright 1320
 This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
 Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
 Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
 With such an index fair, as none can miss,

What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!

Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd : 1325

Open mine eye, dread DEITY! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. Time, Eternity!

(Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind,) 1330

Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.

Let Time appear a moment, as it is;

And let Eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n. 1335

When shall I see far more than charms me now?

Gaze on creation's model in thy breast

Unvail'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?

When, this vile foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel Earth's deep vale, shall I shake off? 1340

When shall my soul her incarnation quit,

And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,

Obtain her apotheosis in Thee!

Dost think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?

No, 'tis directly striking at the mark; 1345

To wake thy dead devotion was my point:

And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,

Which to a temple turn an universe;

Fill us with great ideas full of Heav'n,

And antidote the pestilential earth! 1350

In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,

What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!

And what a faue is this, in which to pray!

And what a GOD must dwell in such a faue!

O what a Genius must inform the skies! 1355

And is LORENZO's salamander-heart

Cold, and untouch'd amid these sacred fires?

O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,

On Heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,

Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath 1360

Or blows you, or forbears; assist my song;

Pour your whole influence; exercise this heart,

So long possess; and bring him back to Man.

And is LORENZO a demurrer still?

Take God from Nature, nothing great is left.

Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest 1365
 Truths, which, contested, put thy parts to shame.
 Nor shame they more LORENZO's head than heart;
 A faithless heart, how despicably small!
 Too strait aught great or gen'rous to receive!
 Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with self! 1370
 And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
 Instincts and passions, of the nobler kind,
 Lie suffocated there; or they alone,
 Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
 To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere, 1375
 Where Order, Wisdom, Goodness, Providence,
 Their endless miracles of love display,
 And promise all the truly great desire.
 The mind that would be happy, must be great;
 Great in its wishes; great in its surveys. 1380
 Extended views a narrow mind extend;
 Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
 Which, ere-long, more than planets shall embrace.
 A man of compass makes a man of worth;
 Divine contemplate, and become divine. 1385
 As Man was made for glory, and for bliss,
 All littleness is in approach to woe:
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
 And let in manhood; let in happiness;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought 1390
 From nothing, up to GOD; which makes a Man.
 Take GOD from Nature, nothing great is left;
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
 Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye; 1395
 See thy distress! How close art thou besieg'd!
 Besieg'd by Nature, the proud sceptic's foe!
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
 As in a golden net of Providence, 1400
 How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,
 What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!
 This scene is Heav'n's indulgent violence:

Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home.

Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory? 1405

What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on Man?

Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate cause,
Spite of these num'rous, awful witnesses,
And doubt the deposition of the skies? 1410

O how laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious? 'Tis impracticable quite;
To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom, and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool. 1415

Some wish they did; but no man disbelieves.

God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike
These gross material organs: God by Man
As much is seen, as Man a God can see
In these astonishing exploits of pow'r. 1420

What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Conception of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police!

Apt means! great ends! consent to gen'ral good!—
Each attribute of these material gods, 1425

So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of Man.

LORENZO! this may seem harangue to thee;
Such all is apt to seem that thwarts our will. 1430

And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof
Of this great master-moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it there?

Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain. 1435

Such proof insists on an attentive ear;

'Twill net make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;

Imagination's airy wing repress;— 1440

Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—

Wake all to Reason; let her reign alone;—

Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,

I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.

As I have done; and shall inquire no more. 1445
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run:
 "What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
 But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal: Had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been: Eternal there must be. — 1450
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceiv'd, since ev'ry link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
 Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole? 1455
 Yet grant it true: new difficulties rise;
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 Would want some other father:—Much design 1460
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
 Design implies intelligence, and art:
 That can't be from themselves—or Man; that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could Man bestow?
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than Man.— 1465
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter mute motion? Then each atom, 1470
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust:
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights from shapeless, and repos'd?
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought, 1475
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man! 1480
 If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
 Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind;

And, if a God there is, that God how great !

That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
 Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud? 1486
 Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
 A Being without origin, or end!
 Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
 Yet, why? On either scheme that knot subsists; 1490
 Subsist it must, in God, or human race;
 If in the last, how many knots beside,
 Indissoluble all?—Why choose it there,
 Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
 Reject it, where, that chosen, 'all the rest 1495
 Dispers'd, leave Reason's whole horizon clear?
 This is not Reason's dictate: Reason says,
 Close with the side where one grain turns the scale.
 What vast preponderance is here! Can Reason
 With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God! 1500
 And Reason heard, is the sole mark of Man.
 What things impossible must Man think true,
 On any other system! and how strange
 To disbelieve, through mere credulity!"

If in this chain LORENZO finds no flaw, 1505
 Let it for ever bind him to belief.
 And where's the link, in which a flaw he finds?
 And, if a God there is, that God how great!
 How great that Pow'r, whose providential care
 Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
 Of Nature universal threads the whole! 1511
 And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
 Though little, on the footstool of his throne! —

That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
 From a fixt star, in ages can it reach 1515
 This distant earth? Say then, LORENZO! where,
 Where ends this mighty building? Where begin
 The suburbs of creation? Where the wall
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 Of non-existence, Nothing's strange abode? 1520
 Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp'd
 His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
 Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more?
 Where, rears his terminating pillar high

Speaks He the word? a thousand worlds are born!—

Its extra-mundane head? and says to gods, 1525
 In characters illustrious as the sun,
 "I stand the plan's proud period; I pronounce,
 The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd;
 Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods, alone;
 Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life, 1530
 That rests, or rolls, ye heights and depths, resound!
 Resound! resound! ye depths and heights, resound!"

Hard are those questions?—Answer harder still,
 Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
 The solitary son of Pow'r divine? 1535
 Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
 Impregnated the womb of distant space?
 Has he not bid, in various provinces,
 Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
 Of night primeval; barren, now, no more? 1540
 And He the central sun, transpiercing all
 Those giant generations, which disport,
 And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray;
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung; 1545
 While Chaos triumphs, repossess of all
 Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?
 Chaos! of Nature both the womb and grave!

Think'st thou my scheme, LORENZO, spreads too wide?
 Is this extravagant?—No; this is just; 1550
 Just in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.

If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the Most-High.
 But wherefore error? Who can prove it such?
 He that can set Omnipotence a bound. 1555

Can Man conceive beyond what God can do?
 Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard.
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole creation, and a single grain. 1559
 Speaks He the word? a thousand worlds are born!—
 A thousand worlds? There's space for millions more!
 And in what space can his great fiat fall?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
 The warm imagination: Why condemn? 1564

Still seems my thought enormous?—Think again—

Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of that Pow'r,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
 Why not indulge in his augmented praise?
 Darts not his glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to Chaos, and the realms 1570
 Of hideous Night, where Fancy strays aghast;
 And, though most talkative, makes no report?

Still seems my thought enormous?—Think again—
 Experience' self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses (that revelation to the sight!) 1575

Have they not led us deep in the disclose
 Of fine-spun Nature, exquisitely small,
 And, though demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?

If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In magnitude, what mind can mount too far, 1580

To keep the balance, and creation poise;

Defect alone can err on such a theme;

What is too great, if we the Cause survey?

Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!

My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee, 1585

And finds herself but at the centre still!

I AM, thy name! Existence, all thine own!

Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd

"The thin, the fleeting, atmosphere of God."

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—what voice

Can answer to my wants, in such ascent

As dares to deem one universe too small?

Tell me, LORENZO! (for now fancy glows,

Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty Pow'r.)

Is not this home-creation, in the map 1595

Of universal Nature, as a speck,

Like fair Britannia in our little ball;

Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,

But, elsewhere, far outmeasur'd, far outshone?

In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies) 1600

Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost

Too small for notice, in the vast of being;

Sever'd, by mighty seas of unbuilt space,

From other realms; from ample continents

O what voluminous instruction here!

Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ; 1605
 Less northern, less remote from DEITY,
 Glowing beneath the line of the SUPREME ;
 Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
 Luxuriant growths ; nor the late autumn wait
 Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods ? 1610

Yet why drown Fancy in such depths as these ?
 Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
 The bounds of Man ; nor blame them as too small.
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?
 Full ample the dominions of the sun ! 1615
 Full glorious to behold ! How far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires ! 1620
 This Heliopolis, by greater far
 Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built ;
 And He alone, who built it, can destroy.
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought ?
 One wonderful, enough for Man to know ! 1625

One infinite, enough for Man to range !
 One firmament, enough for Man to read !
 O what voluminous instruction here !
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him ? None ;
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise. 1630
 Nor is instruction, here, our only gain ;
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts,
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge, 1635
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent, loud ; heard earth around ; above
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell :
 Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
 Is earth, then, more infernal ? Has she those ; 1640
 Who neither praise (LORENZO !) nor admire ?

LORENZO's admiration, pre-engag'd,
 Ne'er ask'd the moon one question ; never held
 Least correspondence with a single star ;

Divine Instructor ! Thy first volume this !

Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heav'n 1645
 Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
 Their sublunary rivals have long since
 Engross'd his whole devotion; stars malign,
 Which made the fond astronomer run mad,
 Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart; 1650
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
 The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
 The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs 1655
 All sacrifice! O Thou great Jove unfeign'd!
 Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this,
 For Man's perusal; all in capitals!
 In moon and stars (Heav'n's golden alphabet!)
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read; 1660
 Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfm'd
 To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ,
 In language universal to Mankind:
 A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough, 1665
 Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
 A language, worthy the great MIND, that speaks!
 Preface and comment to the sacred page!
 Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
 As pre-supposing his first lesson there, 1670
 And scripture 'self a fragment, that unread,
 Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
 Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
 By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
 Yet more I wish; but how shall I prevail? 1675
 Say, gentle Night! whose modest maiden beams
 Give us a new creation, and present
 The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
 Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
 Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key 1680
 Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
 Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
 Behind the proud and envious star of noon!
 Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew

O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!

The mighty Potentate, to whom belong 1685

These rich regalia, pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,

I gaze around; I search on every side---

O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!

As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste, 1690

Pants for the living stream; for Him who made her,

So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank

Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where,

Where blazes his bright court? where burns his throne?

Thou know'st; for thou'art near him; by thee, round

His grand pavilion, sacred Fame reports 1696

The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none

Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,

Who travel far, discover where He dwells?

A star his dwelling pointed out below. 1700

Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!

And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!

Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,

And bring them out of tempest into port!

On which hand must I bend my course to find Him?

These courtiers keep the secret of their King; 1706

I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake; and, waking, climb Night's radiant scale,

From sphere to sphere; the steps by Nature set

For Man's ascent; at once to tempt and aid: 1710

To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought;

Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,

From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.

How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes; 1715

I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,

Pierce Heav'n's blue curtain; strike into remote;

Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage

His artificial airy journey takes,

And to celestial lengthens human sight. 1720

I pause at ev'ry planet on my road,

And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,

Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,

In which, of earths an army might be lost,

A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!

With the bold comet, take my bolder flight, 1725
 Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,
 Of independent, native lustre, proud;
 The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
 Through their wide empires!—What behold I now?
 A wilderness of wonders burning round; 1730
 Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
 Perhaps the villas of descending gods!
 Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
 'Tis but the threshold of the DEITY;
 Or, far beneath it, I am grov'ling still. 1735
 Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
 The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought
 For aid, to reason sets his glory higher;
 Who built thus high for worms, (mere worms to Him,)
 O where, LORENZO! must the Builder dwell? 1740
 Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
 If human thought can keep its station here.
 Where am I?—Where is earth?—Nay, where art thou,
 O Sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—and are
 His boasted expeditions short to mine? 1745
 To mine, how short! On Nature's Alps I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
 A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
 So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,
 How can Man's curious spirit not inquire, 1750
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd?
 "O ye, as distant from my little home,
 As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly! 1755
 Far from my native element I roam,
 In quest of new, and wonderful, to Man.
 What province this, of his immense domain,
 Whom all obey? or mortals here, or gods?
 Ye bord'ers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
 A colony from Heav'n? or only rais'd, 1760
 By frequent visit from Heav'n's neighb'ring realms,
 To secondary gods, and half-divine?
 Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,

With you, can rage for plunder make a god?

Far other life you live, far other tongue 1765
 You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 Than Man. How various are the works of God!
 But say, What thought? Is reason here enthron'd,
 And absolute? or sense in arms against her?
 Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd? 1770
 Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
 And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
 Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 And ask their Adams—'Who would not be wise?'
 Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd? 1775
 And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd?
 Is this your final residence? If not,
 Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
 And if by death; what death?—Know you disease?
 Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour, 1780
 Europa groans (so call we a small field,
 Where kings run mad.) In our world, Death deposes
 Intemperance to do the work of Age!
 And, hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
 As slow of execution, for dispatch 1785
 Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay
 Their sheep, (the silly sheep they fleec'd before,)
 And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
 Sit all your executioners on thrones?
 With you, can rage for plunder make a god? 1790
 And bloodshed wash out ev'ry other stain?—
 But you, perhaps, can't bleed: From matter gross
 Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
 In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
 Unloaded, uninfected: How unlike 1795
 The lot of Man! How few of human race
 By their own mud unmurder'd! How we wage
 Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
 Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
 Raw candidates at school? And have you those 1800
 Who disaffect reversions, as with us?—
 But what are we? You never heard of Man,
 Or Earth, the bedlam of the universe!
 Where Reason (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,

Where's your great Master's orb? His planets, where?

And nurses Folly's children as her own ; 1805
 Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
 Of holiness, where Reason is pronounc'd
 Infalible, and thunders like a god ;
 Ev'n there, by saints the demons are outdone ;
 What these think wrong, our saints refine to right,
 And kindly teach dull Hell her own black arts ; 1810
 Satan, instructed, o'er their morals smiles.--
 But this, how strange to you, who know not Man !
 Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd ?
 Call'd here Elijah, in his flaming car ? 1815
 Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
 To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd ;
 Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent,
 Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
 A short eclipse from his portentous shade ? 1820
 O ! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 Athwart his way ; nor reach'd his present home,
 Then blacken'd Earth with footsteps foul'd in Hell,
 Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he past
 To Britain's isle ; too, too, conspicuous there !"
 But this is all digression: Where is He, 1825
 That o'er Heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is He,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 He whom, while Man is Man, he can't but seek ; 1830
 And if he finds, commences more than Man ?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach !
 Tell me, ye learn'd on earth ! or blest above !
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels ! tell,
 Where's your great Master's orb? His planets, where?
 Those conscious satellites, those morning-stars, 1836
 First-born of Derry ! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off ;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn ;
 Aw'd, and yet raptur'd ; raptur'd, yet serene ; 1840
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams ;
 In still approaching circles, still remote,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire ?
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies

Each of these stars is a religious house.

To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond 1845
Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
High errands sent?—Here human effort ends,
And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
Born in an age more curious than devout; 1850
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.

'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: LORENZO! know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide, 1855
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reason, keeps the door of Heav'n;
Love finds admission, where proud Science fails.

Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths 1860
Of Nature, or the more profound of God.

Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom Nature (ill-attempted here!)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above; 1865
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.

For, what a thunder of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak!) is seen in all!
In Man! in earth! in more amazing skies! 1870
Teaching this lesson, Pride is loth to learn—
“Not deeply to discern, not much to know;
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.”

And is there cause for higher wonder still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys? 1875
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.

From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, LORENZO! this;
Each of these stars is a religious house;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise, 1880
And heard Hosannas ring through ev'ry sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.

Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?

The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand 1885
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise
 Beneath his genial ray; and, if escap'd
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies. 1890
 And is devotion thought too much on earth,
 When beings, so superior, homage boast,
 And triumph in prostrations to the throne?
 But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
 Ethereal journies, and, discover'd there, 1895
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
 All Nature sending incense to the throne,
 Except the bold LORENZOS of our sphere?
 Op'ning the solemn sources of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus, 1900
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
 Nor see, of fancy, or of fact, what more
 Invites the muse—Here turn we, and review
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide:—Then say,
 Say, then, LORENZO! with what burst of heart, 1905
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must Man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
 "O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
 O what a father! what a family!
 Worlds! systems! and creations!—And creations,
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung, 1911
 Great Vine, on Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;
 The filial cluster! infinitely spread
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
 And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
 Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?) 1916
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
 Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand
 Of Majesty Divine! The blazing seal, 1920
 That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
 Indelible, his sov'reign attributes,
 Omnipotence and Love! That, passing bound;
 And this, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,

How low must Man descend, when Gods adore!

For want of pow'r in God, but thought in Man.
 Ev'n this acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt; 1925
 If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
 Dread SIRE!—Accept this miniature of Thee;
 And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
 In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How such ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r, 1930
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's plan,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
 Of feeble mortals! Nor of them alone!
 The fulness of the DEITY breaks forth
 In inconceivables to men, and gods. 1935
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
 How low must Man descend, when Gods adore!
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
 Did I not tell thee, "We would mount, LORENZO!
 And kindle our devotion at the stars?" 1940

And have I fail'd? And did I flatter thee?
 And art all adamant? And dost confute
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable smile?
 LORENZO! mirth how miserable here!
 Swear by the stars, by Him who made them, swear,
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they: 1946
 Then thou, like them, shalt shine; like them, shalt rise
 From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
 By due gradation, Nature's sacred law.
 The stars, from whence?—Ask Chaos—he can tell.
 These bright temptations to idolatry, 1951
 From darkness, and confusion, took their birth;
 Sons of Deformity! From fluid dregs
 Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
 And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone; 1955
 Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day.
 Nature delights in progress; in advance
 From worse to better: But, when minds ascend,
 Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
 Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great; 1960
 The voluntary little lessens more.

O be a man! and thou shalt be a god!
 And half self-made!—Ambition how divine!

Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heav'n?

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
 Still undevout? unkindled?—'Tho' high-taught, 1965
 School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars,
 Rank coward to the fashionable world!
 Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heav'n?
 Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
 Pride in religion is Man's highest praise. 1970
 Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
 Were half so sad as one benighted mind,
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night, 1975
 Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits!
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
 Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene!
 A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul,
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive. 1980
 Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
 Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
 To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
 "Though that immensely great, still greater he, 1985
 Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
 Unburden'd, Nature's universal scheme;
 Can grasp creation with a single thought;
 Creation grasp: and not exclude its SIRE."—
 To tell him farther—"It behoves him much 1990
 To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
 Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
 One single ray of thought outshines them all."—
 And if Man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing, 1995
 His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where thought is now deny'd to rise,
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.
 Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd
 But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true!)
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain; 2001
 Vain, and far worse!—Think thou, with dying men;
 O condescend to think as angels think!

Man, turning from his God, brings endless night.

O tolerate a chance for happiness!
 Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ; 2005
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know, my new astronomer !
 Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to Man ?
 Man, turning from his God, brings endless night ;
 Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend, 2010
 Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
 How deep the darkness ! and the groan, how loud !
 And far, how far, from lambent are the flames !
 Such is LORENZO'S purchase ! such his praise !
 The proud, the politic, LORENZO'S praise ! 2015
 Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me ;
 My song but echoes what great Nature speaks.
 What has she spoken ?—Thus the goddess spoke, 2020
 Thus speaks for ever—"Place, at Nature's head,
 A sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
 Extends his wings, promulgates his commands,
 But, above all, diffuses endless good ; 2024
 To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly ;
 The vile, for mercy ; and the pain'd, for peace :
 By whom the various tenants of these spheres,
 Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,
 Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 Arrive at length (if worthy such approach) 2030
 At that blest Fountain-head, from which they stream ;
 Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;
 And present joy looks forward on increase ;
 And that, on more ! no period ! ev'ry step
 A double boon ! a promise, and a bliss." 2035
 How easy sits this scheme on human hearts !
 It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ;
 Passion is pleas'd, and Reason asks no more ;
 'Tis rational, 'tis great !—But what is thine ?
 It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds ! 2040
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help and hope,
 Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport
 Of fortune ; then the morsel of despair.

Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool?

Say, then, LORENZO! (for thou knows't it well)
 What's Vice?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
 Religion, what?—The proof of common sense. 2046
 How art thou hooted where the least prevails!
 Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool?
 And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
 Can neither shame nor terror stand thy friend? 2050
 And art thou still an insect in the mire?
 How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
 Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee through all
 Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a God,
 Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd 2055
 On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
 Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God;
 And almost introduc'd thee to the Throne!
 And art thou still carousing, for delight,
 Rank poison? first, fermenting to mere froth, 2060
 And then subsiding into final gall?
 To beings of sublime, immortal make,
 How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
 Such joy more shocking still, the more it charms!
 And dost thou choose what ends ere well begun, 2065
 And infamous, as short? And dost thou choose
 (Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet,
 To wade into perdition, through contempt,
 Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart, 2070
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow:
 For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
 Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.
 O thou most awful being, and most vain!
 Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy pow'r! 2075
 Though dread Eternity has sown her seeds
 Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;
 Though Heav'n, and Hell, depend upon thy choice!
 A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
 Is this the picture of a rational? 2080
 This horrid image, shall it be most just?
 LORENZO! No: It cannot,—shall not, be,
 If there is force in reason; or, in sounds,

Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust.

Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour, 2085
When slumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
Through senseless mazes hunt souls uninspir'd.
Attend—The sacred mysteries begin—
My solemn night-born adjuration hear:
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust; 2090
While the stars gaze on this enchantment new;
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
“ By Silence, Death's peculiar attribute;
By Darkness, Guilt's inevitable doom;
By Darkness, and by Silence, sisters dread! 2095
That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene!
By Night, and all of awful Night presents
To thought, or sense; (of awful much, to both,
The goddess brings!) By these her trembling fires,
Like Vesta's, ever burning; and, like her's, 2101
Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,
And press thee to revere the DEITY;
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile, 2105
To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,
Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height,
And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere!
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world! 2110
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's zenith set for ever,
Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom!
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this ev'ning knell, 2115
Which midnight waves in Fancy's startled eye;
And shocks her with an hundred centuries,
Round Death's black banner throng'd, in human
thought!
By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
By tombs o'er tombs arising! human earth 2121
Ejected, to make room for—human earth;

Is this the blessing of so fond a father?

The monarch's terror! and the sexton's trade!
 By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
 The torch, funereal, and the nodding plume, 2125
 Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
 Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
 By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
 And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,
 More ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom!
 By visits (if there are) from darker scenes, 2131
 The gliding spectre! and the groaning grave!
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
 By guilt's last audit! By yon moon in blood, 2136
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 And thunder's last discharge, great Nature's knell!
 By second Chaos; and eternal Night."—
 Be wise—Nor let PHILANDER blame my charm; 2140
 But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
 Love to the living, duty to the dead.
 For know, I'm but executor; he left
 This moral legacy! I make it o'er
 By his command; PHILANDER hear in me; 2145
 And heav'n in both.—If deaf to these, Oh! hear
 FLORELLO's tender voice; his weal depends
 On thy resolve; it trembles at thy choice:
 For his sake—love thyself: Example strikes
 All human hearts; a bad example more; 2150
 More still a father's; that ensures his ruin.
 As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
 Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,
 And make him curse the being which thou gav'st?
 Is this the blessing of so fond a father? 2155
 If careless of LORENZO, spare, Oh! spare,
 FLORELLO's father, and PHILANDER's friend!
 FLORELLO's father ruin'd, ruins him;
 And from PHILANDER's friend the world expects
 A conduct, no dishonour to the dead. 2160
 Let passion do, what nobler motive should;
 Let love, and emulation, rise in aid

Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn.

To reason; and persuade thee to be—blest.

This seems not a request to be deny'd;
Yet (such th' infatnation of mankind!) 2165

'Tis the most hopeless Man can make to Man.

Shall I, then, rise in argument, and warmth;

And urge PAILANDER's posthumous advice,

From topics yet unbroach'd?—

But Oh! I faint! My spirits fail!—Nor strange! 2170

So long on wing, and in no middle clime;

To which my great Creator's glory call'd;

And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand

Has strok'd my drooping lids, and promises

My long arrear of rest: the downy god 2175

(Wont to return with our returning peace)

Will pay, ere long, and bless me with repose.

Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,

The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,

Whence sorrow never chas'd thee; with thee bring,

Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts 2181

Delicious of well-tasted cordial rest;

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,

That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play,

The various movements of this nice machine, 2185

Which asks such frequent periods of repair.

When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,

Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;

Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,

Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

When will it end with me?

——“ THOU only know'st! 2191

Thou! whose broad eye, the future and the past,

Joins to the present! making one of three

To moral thought! Thou know'st, and Thou alone,

All-knowing!—all unknown!—and yet well known!

Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!

And, though invisible, for ever seen!

And seen in all! the great, and the minute; 2198

Each globe above, with its gigantic race,

Him I see burning in these countless suns.

Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
(Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
To the first thought, that asks, 'From whence?' declare
Their common Source. Thou Fountain, running o'er
In rivers of communicated joy!

Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
Say, by what name shall I presume to call 2206

Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses in the bush? Illustrious Mind!
The whole creation less, far less, to Thee,
Than that to the creation's ample round. 2210

How shall I name Thee?—How my labouring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

"Great System of perfections! Mighty Cause
Of causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! sole Root
Of Nature, that luxuriant growth of God! 2215

First Father of effects! that progeny
Of endless series; where the golden chain's
Last link admits a period, who can tell?
Father of all that is or heard or hears!
Father of all that is or seen or sees! 2220

Father of all that is, or shall arise!
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;
Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
Minute, or passing bound! In each extreme 2225
Of like amaze, and mystery, to Man.

Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
Is appellation higher still thy choice? 2230

Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams 2235

More pale, or bright from day divine, to break
The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware
Of all created spirit;) beams, that rise
Each over other in superior light,

Till the last ripens into lustre strong, 2240
 Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
 (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 Of intellectual beings! beings blest
 With pow'rs to please Thee; not of passive ply
 To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats 2245
 Of well-adapted joys, in diff'rent domes
 Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
 Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee;
 Whose several clans th'ir several climates suit; 2250
 And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
 A title, less august indeed, but more
 Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
 Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts! 2255
 Father of immortality to Man!
 A theme that lately set my soul on fire.—
 And Thou the next! yet equal! Thou, by whom
 That blessing was convey'd; far more, was bought;
 Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds 2260
 Were made; and one, redeem'd! Illustrious Light
 From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal power,
 Finite in time, but infinite in space,
 On more than adamantin basis fix'd,
 O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
 Inviolably reigns; the dread of gods! 2266
 And Oh! the Friend of Man! beneath whose foot,
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll 2270
 Through the short channels of expiring time,
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 Calm, or tempestuous, (as Thy Spirit breathes,)
 In absolute subjection!—And, O Thou!
 The glorious Third! distinct, not separate! 2275
 Beaming from both! with both incorporate!
 And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
 By condescension, as thy glory great,
 Enshrin'd in Man! of human hearts, if pure,

Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!

Divine inhabitant! the tie divine 2280
 Of heav'n with distant earth! by whom, I trust,
 (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
 To Thee; to them—To whom? **Mysterious Power!**
 Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! **Darkness in light!**
 Number in unity! Our joy! Our dread! 2285
 The triple bolt that lays all wrong in suin!
 That animates all right, the triple sun!
 Sun of the soul! her never-setting run!
 Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
 Absconding, yet demonstrable. **Great God!** 2290
 Greater than greatest! better than the best!
 Kinder than kindest! with soft **Pity's eye,**
 Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own,
 From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
 Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt; 2295
 Beyond archangels' unassisted ken;
 From far above what mortals highest call;
 From elevation's pinnacle; look down
 Through—What? **Confounding interval!** Through all,
 And more than lab'ring **Fancy** can conceive; 2300
 Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
 Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 Round various banners of **Onnipotence,**
 With endless change of rapt'rous duties fir'd;
 Through wondrous beings' interposing swarms, 2305
 All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in Thee;
 Through this wide waste of worlds! this vista vast,
 All sanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to night
 Before thy feeblest beam—**Look down—down—down,**
 On a poor breathing particle in dust, 2310
 Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes.
 His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
 Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 May see the sun (though **Night's** descending scale
 Now weighs-up **Morn,**) unpity'd, and unblest! 2316
 In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain:
 Pain; our aversion; pain, which strikes me now;
 And, since all pain is terrible to Man.

Though transient, terrible; at thy good hour, 2320
 Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
 My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near;
 By nature, near; still nearer, by disease!
 Till then, be this, an emblem of my grave:
 Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night 2325
 Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
 That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
 O sink this truth still deeper in my soul, 2330
 Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by Fate,
 First, in Fate's volume, at the page of Man—
 'Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
 'From side to side, can rest on nought but THEE;
 'Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;' 2335
 On THEE, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
 Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
 Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond;
 For—Love Almighty! Love Almighty! (sing,
 Exult, Creation!) Love Almighty, reigns! 2340
 That death of death! that cordial of despair!
 And loud Eternity's triumphant song!
 "Of whom no more:—For, O Thou Patron-God!
 Thou God and Mortal! thence more God to Man!
 Man's theme eternal! Man's eternal theme! 2345
 Thou can'st not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.
 Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
 Who, disembosom'd from the FATHER, bows
 The heaven of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth!
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul! 2350
 Against the cross, Death's iron sceptre breaks!
 From famish'd Ruin plucks her human prey!
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suff'ring brothers to receive! 2355
 And, if deep human guilt in payment fails,
 As deeper guilt prohibits our despair!
 Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,

Then farewell Night ! Of darkness, now, no more.

Takes his delight among the sons of men?" 2360

What words are these!—And did they come from
Heav'n?

And were they spoke to Man? to guilty Man?

What are all mysteries to love like this!

The song of angels, all the melodies

Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound; 2365

Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,

Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:

Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral muse, 2370

How justly titled! Not for me alone;

For all that read. What spirit of support,

What heights of CONSOLATION, crown my song!

Then farewell NIGHT! Of darkness, now, no more:

Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day. 2375

Shall that which rises out of nought complain

Of a few evils, paid with endless joys? †

My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join

The two supports of human happiness,

Which some, erroneous, think can never meet; 2380

True taste of life, and constant thought of death;

The thought of death, sole victor of its dread!

Hope be thy joy; and probity thy skill;

Thy patron He, whose diadem has dropp'd

Yon gems of heaven; Eternity, thy prize: 2385

And leave the racers of the world their own,

Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:

They part with all for that which is not bread;

They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power,

And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more. 2390

How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,

Suppose PHILANDER'S, LUCIA'S, or NARCISSA'S,

The truth of things new blazing in its eye,

Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,

Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!

And when our present privilege is past, 2396

To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,

The same astonishment will seize us all.

Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour.

What then must pain us, would preserve us now.

LORENZO! 'tis not yet too late: LORENZO! 2400

Seize Wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;

That is, seize Wisdom, ere she seizes thee.

For what, my small philosopher! is hell?

'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,

When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe; 2405

And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,

And sacred silence whisp'ring truths divine,

And truths divine converting pain to peace,

My song the midnight raven has outwing'd, 2410

And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,

Beyond the flaming limits of the world,

Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight

Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?

Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes; 2415

'Tis pride, to praise her; penance, to perform.

To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,

LORENZO! rise, at this auspicious hour;

An hour, when Heav'n's most intimate with Man;

When, like a falling star, the ray divine 2420

Glides swift into the bosom of the just;

And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;

Which sets that title high, within thy reach.

Awake then, thy PHILANDER calls: Awake!

Thou, who shalt wake when the creation sleeps; 2425

When, like a taper, all these suns expire;

When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,

Plucking the pillars that support the world,

In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;

And Midnight, universal Midnight! reigns. 2430



NIGHT THE NINTH.

"It has been observed, that a good taste and a good heart commonly go together. But that sort of taste, which is constantly prying into blemishes and deformity, can have no good effect, either on the temper or the heart. The mind naturally takes a taint from those objects and pursuits, in which it is constantly employed. Disgust, often recurring—as it necessarily must, on the fastidious critic—spoils the temper; and a habit of discriminating too nicely, contracts the heart; and by holding up to view the faults or weaknesses of a character, not only checks all the benevolent and generous affections, but stifles all the pleasing emotions of love and admiration.

"What ought chiefly to be regarded in the culture of taste, is, to discover the *beauties* in the works of nature and art, which might otherwise escape our notice. This is the most pleasing and useful effect of *criticism*; to display new sources of pleasure and utility, which may be unknown to the bulk of mankind. And, it is only so far as it discovers these, that taste can with reason be accounted a blessing."

V. 8, &c. "Thus I, long travell'd," &c.

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, the mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do obtain
To something like prophetic strain." *Milton.*

V. 22, "Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre."

That Raphael, whom our unrivalled Milton has represented holding parley with our first parent in paradise, before his fall from a state of original innocence and bliss. See *Paradise Lost*, Book 7

V. 39. "When Nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,
And conscience," &c.

In this degeneracy of character, no object beneath the canopy of heaven can be so pitiable, as a human being. Yet such there are! And who can forbear exclaiming at the sight—

"Sin! what a monster hast thou made
Of th' human form divine!"

V. 49, &c. "No joy, no glory, glitters in my sight,
But through the thin partition," &c.

What, but the richest imagination, could have grouped such an assemblage of imagery, so expressive, in such perfect harmony, in point of composition, and yet so admirably calculated to touch the soul. Its analogy in nature, is something like that dark cloud, tinged indeed with a golden border, but from whence are ready to burst the forked lightning, the thunder's roar, and the rattling hail.

V. 106. "Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal: Empires die," &c.

"*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due to Nature: Tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memoirs, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon. Kingdoms and provinces, towns and cities, have they not their periods? And when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several revolutions, they fall back, and come to an end."

V. 127, &c. ——"Of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow," &c.

This striking representation of the antediluvian world, in the attitude of weeping at the approaching dissolution of another, is not only an original beauty, but an admirable illustration of the descriptive powers of language—as far exceeding what can be expressed in any other mode.

V. 133. "But like Cassandra, prophesies in vain!"

Fabulous history records, that Apollo granted her the gift of prophecy: But, she was looked upon by the Trojans as insane—and was even confined—and her predictions totally disregarded.

V. 135, &c. "For know'st thou not," &c.—In these seventeen lines, the moral government of God, in his providential dispensations, is illustrated and enforced, in a manner equally calculated to instruct, and to alarm.

V. 157, &c. ——"At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd," &c.

The astonishing beauties of sublimity, sentiment, and expression, will rush upon us so fast, from this part, to the end, that it will be impossible, upon our plan, to point them out with any minute particularity. They form together a constellation of the descriptive, picturesque, and grand. The reader of taste and morals will survey them accordingly.

V. 173, &c. ——"O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlehem," &c.

"Triumphant King of glory! Soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O whither art thou rais'd, above the scorn
And indigence of *Him* in Bethlehem born!
How chang'd from *Him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet, Himself had made!
From *Him*, who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, & died!
Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!

"Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of the GODHEAD grac'd;
Stars on his robes in bounteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet."

Young's Last Day.

V. 196, &c. "At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd
And worldly fancy feeds," &c. [in peace,
Consult St. Matthew's Gospel, chap. xxv.

V. 235. "Thrice happy they, that enter now the court,
Heav'n opens in their bosoms," &c.

Some men, says St. Augustine, admire the heights of the mountains, the huge waves of the sea, the steep falls of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuit of the stars, and pass by *Themselves*.—*Nemo in sese tentat descendere*, says the Roman satirist.

V. 341, &c. "The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size," &c.

I know not whether this passage does not exceed, in the *terribly sublime*, those memorable lines in Milton. *Par. Lost*, Book ii. l. 871, 883.

V. 374. "All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done."

"Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*"

V. 390, &c. "All evils natural, are moral goods;
All discipline, indulgence," &c.

In these few lines is contain'd, and *sublimed*, if the expression may be permitted, all that Mr. Pope has laboured, with so much poetic elegance and philosophical ingenuity, through his whole Essay on Man.

V. 445, &c. "Ills! there are none," &c.—To teach us the two great lessons of *humility* and *resignation*, we should never forget, that, our moral depravity is the real source of all our natural misery.

V. 448. "Begot by madness, on fair liberty."

Liberty enjoyed, is indisputably one of the most inestimable privileges of man; but, let it ever be remembered, that the greatest evil that can befall individuals, or nations, is liberty perverted and abused.

V. 526, &c. "Thro' many a field of moral and divine
The muse has stray'd, &c.

Notes to Night the Ninth.

And never, in the history of human nature, were poetical abilities applied with greater reputation to the author, or with more benevolent and noble purposes towards mankind, than in the present instance.

V. 541. —“ These thoughts, O Night! are thine.”

“ Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer:
Let me shake off th’ intrusive cares of Day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

“ Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.” *Thomson.*

V. 543, &c. —“ So, Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows vail’d,” &c.

The fable of Endymion’s amours with Diana, or the Moon, arises from his knowledge of astronomy; and, as he passed the night on some high mountain, to observe the celestial bodies, it was reported that he was courted by the Moon.

V. 565. “ And what, O Man! so worthy to be sung?”
See Hervey’s *Contemplations on the Starry Heavens.*

V. 583, &c. “ Thou! who didst touch the lip,” &c.

See sublime and beautiful specimens of this, in *Psalms* viii. and xix.

V. 644. “ ’Tis Nature’s system of divinity.”
And so it is treated by an inspired penman, in *Rom. i.*

V. 697, &c. “ The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours,” &c.

What, but a mind most amiably benevolent, could have conceived so charming an idea, as this! And, what a comparative paradise would this earthly scene afford, were this political and social attraction to pervade all ranks of people!

V. 789, &c. “ Night opes the noblest scenes,” &c.

———“ At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, or brook, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom.” *Thomson.*

V. 835, &c. “ A God alone can comprehend a God;
 . Man's distance how immense!” &c.

Stretch thine imagination, frail but haughty creature;
 try the efforts of thy genius; elevate thy meditations;
 collect thy thoughts; see whether thou canst attain to
 comprehend an existencè without beginning, a dura-
 tion without succession, a presence without circum-
 ference, an immobility without place, an agility with-
 out motion, and many other attributes, which the
 mind can conceive, but which language is too imper-
 fect to express. See—weigh—calculate. “ Canst
 thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out
 the Almighty to perfection? It is as high as heaven,
 what canst thou do? Deeper than hell, what canst
 thou know?”

V. 989, &c. “ Perhaps a thousand demigods descend
 On every beam we see,” &c.

———“ Nor think, though men were none,
 That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
 All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold,
 Both day and night.” *Milton.*

V. 1045, &c. “ Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-
 Ardent with gems oracular,” &c. [priest,

The allusion here, is to one of the most remarkable
 ornaments in the dress of the Jewish high-priest, under
 the Mosaic economy. The reader will meet with it
 in *Exod. xxviii.*; and will employ his time to the most
 beneficial purpose, by studying the whole history in
 its evangelical application to the official character of
 our great High-priest, who is passed into the heavens,
 Jesus, the Son of God; the sole Original, and Author,

of all the light and perfection of nature, of grace, and of glory.

V. 1323, &c. "Open mine eyes, dread Deity! to read
"The tacit doctrine of thy works!" &c.

How sublime and comprehensive is this invocation to the Divine Being! Nor does the dignity of Man ever appear in so noble a point of view, as when the human mind is thus engaged in religious intercourse with its God; its Creator, Preserver, and End.

V. 1353. "In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in *pray'r*!"

Admitting this—and who, that has ever made the experiment, will deny it?—what a cool, determined enemy to his species, must the infidel and philosopher be, who would reason away the use and excellency of this support and cordial under all the countless ills, which flesh and blood is heir to!

V. 1387. "Divine contemplate, and become divine."

So reasoned, and so thought, the great apostle of the Gentiles, when he said, in the language of inspired writ, "We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord—in the person of Jesus Christ—are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord!"

V. 1394. "Take *God* from nature, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit," &c.

Nothing can be more beautiful, than the history of nature, when it is united to that of religion. Nature is nothing, without God. Without being any part of what composes the universe, he is the movement, the sap, and the life, of it. Let his activity cease, eternal darkness must take place of light, and the universe become its own grave. Certainly, human reason only digs frightful precipices for itself, when it hearkens to nothing, but to the passions and senses; and reason, without faith, can do no more for us, than render us the objects of pity or contempt.

V. 1461, &c. "Grant matter was eternal," &c.—

An eternal world offers a thousand greater difficulties, than an eternal intelligence. Then, why prefer the former? Is this reason? Is it not rather, *Cum ratione insanire?*

V. 1715, &c. "In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From earth," &c.

A more sublime and instructive flight of imagination than this, is no where to be found within the compass of human science. The attentive admirer of this work, will follow the author in his celestial travels with increasing pleasure and astonishment through one hundred and forty lines: Nor let that occasional stroke of satire and reproof to a world called Christian, pass unnoticed—"Is your Redeemer scorn'd?"

V. 2074. "For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen," &c.

Never, to be sure, were infidels and infidelity exhibited in colours more lively, more disgraceful, or more just, by any writer who has taken pains to expose their folly, to correct their mistakes, or to confound their vain pretences to superior discernment, and expansion of mind.

V. 2096, &c. "By Silence, Death's peculiar attribute;
By Darkness," &c.

The solemn moral grandeur of this address, may be classed among the author's inimitable peculiarities, and merits especial regard.

V. 2176, &c. ——"Sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lids," &c.

There is not a more common topic with the poets than sleep; and, notwithstanding the celebrity of our Shakespeare, he has not touched it himself, in his Second Part of Henry the Fourth, with a more masterly pen, than this Author, in these lines. And how does he leave him far, far indeed, behind, in that improving transition, which immediately accompanies it! that devout address to the eternal Giver and Source of all good—THE TRIUNE GOD! The sublime, the

Notes to Night the Ninth.

grand, and the useful, of this whole address, is superior to all critical education, or praise. Unwilling to divert the reader's thoughts from so great an object, upon which, it 'is equally his wisdom, his virtue, and his bliss, for ever to dwell, we close our remarks, with,

“ O thou supremely good !
Great self-existent! all-creating Power! ·
Whom jarring elements unite t' obey ;
Whom earth and heav'n revere, adore, and serve ;
O grant us understanding to descry,
Through error's mists, th' unvarying steady way,
That leads to *Truth*, to *Glory*, and to *THEE* !”



THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,
With Briton's hero* set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire,
I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields 5
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom. 10
"Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring. I look down 15
On all the splendors of the British crown.
This globe is for my verse, a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind, 20
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our eternal KING I strive to praise.
But chiefly thou, great Ruler! LORD of all!
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall,

* The Duke of Marlborough.

View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd.

If at thy nod, from discord, and from night, 25
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt ev'n me; all inward tumults quell;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel:
 To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire. 30

Man! bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face;
 See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store;
 See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail, 35
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
 Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
 Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
 There vallies, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds: 40
 There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride;
 View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd, 45
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
 How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry: 50
 Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
 And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
 Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year control:
 They shine through time with an unalter'd ray, 55
 See this grand period rise, and that decay:
 So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
 With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
 So bright with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
 'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd. 60

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!
 How worthy an immortal round of years!
 Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be sought in vain;

A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread.

The track forgot where constellations shone, 65
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!) 70

This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands, 75
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run;
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun; 80

(Ye sublunary worlds! awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend, 85
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade; 90
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call 95
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake;
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound, 100
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though GOD's whole engin'ry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

This is the scene of combat, not of rest,

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware? 105
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
 Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind,
 None are supinely good; through care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain. 110
 This is the scene of combat, not of rest;
 Man's is laborious happiness at best;
 On this side death his dangers never cease;
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If, then, obsequious to the will of fate, 115
 And bending to the terms of human state,
 When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
 When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
 The conscious soul would this great scene display,
 Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array, 120
 The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
 And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
 Such deep impression would the picture make,
 No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake:
 Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand, 125
 And look regardless down on sea and land;
 Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
 And danger serve but to exalt delight. 130

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
 The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest, 136
 All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
 The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes; 140
 We view with joy what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

Say, then, my Muse! whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;

No sun in radiant glory shines on high.

Say, melancholy maid! if bold to dare 145
 The last extremes of terror and despair,
 Oh say what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state, 150
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest:
 A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;
 Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel, 155
 And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell:
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day:
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God, 160
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.

No sun in radiant glory shines on high,
 No light but from the terrors of the sky:
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost, 165
 And all into a second chaos tost;
 One universal ruin spreads abroad:
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, Earth! thy fate: what then canst thou afford
 To comfort and support thy guilty lord? 170
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
 Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form, 175
 That speaks distinction from his sister-worm?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand? 180
 It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
 Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stoed,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;

Heav'ns! how the good man trembles?

Thou, who for me, through ev'ry throbbing vein, 185
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;
 Whom Death led captive through the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe!
 Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour! 190

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep :
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom, 195
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
 While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown.
 His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land : 200
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
 The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day? 205
 This time elaborately thrown away?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less.
 Heav'ns! how the good man trembles?—

And is there a Last Day? and must there come 210
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
 Ambition! swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that vanity can blow!
 Wealth! on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand ; 215
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine!
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty, shine ;
 Shine all, in all your charms together rise,
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong desire,
 Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
 To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!

Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease.

From our decays a pleasure to receive!
 And kindle into transport at a grave! 225

What equals this? And shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
 Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
 Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
 Thou, thou art all! nor find I in the whole 230
 Creation aught but God and my own soul.

For ever, then, my Soul, thy God adore,
 Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
 Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
 And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
 They all for him pursue, or quit, their end; 236
 The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
 In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood, 240
 By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
 His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
 Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main, 245
 When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
 And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
 When now the foaming surges toss'd on high, 250
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
 When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
 Look back with terror on their actions past;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away:
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease; 256
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
 Unload their shatter'd bark, though richly freight,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
 With gems and gold; but, oh, the storm so high! 260
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave;

Leviathan attends in all his state.

Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
 The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
 (Hear, O ye just! attend ye virtuous few!
 And the bright paths of piety pursue.) 266

Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand, 270
 And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
 He bridles in the monsters of the deep;
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep; 275
 Forget their hunger while they view their prey,
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; Nature's Lord
 Sends forth into the deep his pow'ful word,
 And calls the great Leviathan: the great 280
 Leviathan attends in all his state,
 Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
 Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound,
 Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
 And drives vast billows to the distant land. 285

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
 Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
 The whale expands his jaws enormous size,
 The prophet views the cavern with surprise,
 Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descri'd, 290
 And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side;
 Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear; 295
 Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
 Where the dead silent waters never flow;
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade;
 Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,
 And glides serenely through the paths of death. 301

Two wond'rous days and nights through coral groves,
 Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves;

Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years.

When the third morning, with its level rays,
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays ; 305
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore :
A type of that great blessing which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues. 309

BOOK II.

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head ;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whatever the bold, the rash, adventure cost, 5
In wide eternity I dare be lost.
The Muse is wout in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
I grasp the whole ; no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human kind : 10
I sing to men and angels ; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare, 15
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air :
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drives cities, forests, mountains, to the deep ;
To smoooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race. 20
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance ; the neck perhaps to meet 25
The distant head ; the distant legs, the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,

And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

To distant regions journeying there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame. 30

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.

Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.

His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made, 35
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.

No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell:

Obscure his fall! all weltring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore! 40

While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who bought the world in his great rival's head;

This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar:

The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear, 45
Or fix'd in earth, or, if afloat in air,

Obeys the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day,
In airy rings, and wild meanders play, 50

Charm'd with the brazen sound, their waud'ring end,
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole;

Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd, 55
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;

Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate;

This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame. 60

Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus, a frail model of the work design'd,
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,

Before the structure firm, with lasting oak, 65
And marble bowels of the solid rock,

Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies:



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a numerous race

Of rising lumps fill all the extended space.

No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave.

The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
 With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass. 70

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome,*
 Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
 From camps, and courts, though great, or wise, or just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead, 75
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
 Of rising kings fill all th' extended space.

A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord. 80

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones 85
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
 The most magnificent and costly dome
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.

No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave. 90
 All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
 The swarms shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light, 95
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
 Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood;
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown; 100
 Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
 To face the thunders with a godlike mien!
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move;
 An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide; 105
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side;

* Westminster Abbey.

Here greatness prostrate falls; there strength gives place.

Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.) [place;

Here greatness prostrate falls; there strength gives.
Here lazars smile; there beauty hides her face. 110
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans, stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.

Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break, 115
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind. 120

In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chirchley!* hail, illustrious names!
Who to far distant times dispense your beams; 126
Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.

All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown; 130
And now you rise eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind, 135
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry star shall languish and expire? 140
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand;

* Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

Behold the God of gods indeed descend!

Where our adventures shall, perhaps, be taught, 145
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine! •

But, oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar, 150
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw;
Attend great Anna with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts 155
To win attention, and command our hearts.
Fiction, be far away; let no machine,
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen;
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd His approach attend! 160

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heav'n's all pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow 165
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin. 170

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent?
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise, 175
To see the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands. 180

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore;
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove;
The lamps that gild the splangled vaults above:

For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!

Those overwhelming armies, whose command 185
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night; while breaking dawn,
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms; proud Cambræ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield: 190
(Another blow had broke the fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy:)
Immortal Blenheim; fam'd Ramillia's host;
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be disgru'd in vain, 195
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!"
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound. 200

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord,
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine 205
The skies, Jehovah; all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas, my Muse!
How art thou lost? What numbers canst thou choose?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly; 210
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light;
Whence Nature He informs, and with one ray,
Shot from His eye, does all her works survey;
Creates, supports, confounds! where time, and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace, 216
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at His awful nod;
Whence He beholds us vagrant creatures crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball; 220
(Speck of creation) if He pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)

I see, on an empyreal flying throne, 225
 Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son,
 Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
 Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant Prince. 230
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around Him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of His brows,
 And in His cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where'er, serene, He turns propitious eyes; 235
 Or we expect, or find, a paradise;
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
 On one hand knowledge shines in purest light;
 On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright. 240
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends His course;
 Loud thunders round Him roll, and lightnings play;
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array: 246
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
 Voices seraphic: bless'd with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again. 250

Triumphant King of glory! Soul of bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
 O! whither art Thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;
 A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest, 255
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from him who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, & dy'd!
 Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, 261
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!

And was't enough to bid the sun retire!
 Why did not Nature at Thy groan expire?

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies.

I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine ; 265
The world is vanish'd, I am wholly thine.

Mistaken, Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? Which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim ;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame ! 270
But God is good ! 'Tis wondrous all ! ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height ;
There all the clouds, condens'd, two columns raise,
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze : 276
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court : 280
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky, [fly.
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd, 285
With all the grandeur of His Godhead grac'd ;
Stars on His robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath His awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height, 290
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main ;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood, 295
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell. 300
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream ;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of His eternal sway:

O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold 305
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah, how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r? 310

Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne;
In this great temple, which the skies surround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

" O'Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey, 316

" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;

" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of Thy goodness calls. 320

" Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep;

" Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to 'Thee:

" Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow 325
" At Thy command, nor human motive know!

" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise:

" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd. 330

" Oh may my understanding ever read
" This glorious volume which Thy wisdom made!

" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?

" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown? 335
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?

" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.

" May sea, and land, and earth, and heav'n, be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind! . 340

" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul;

" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
" Adore, my heart! the Majesty Divine.

Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies.

“Through ev’ry scene of life, or peace, or war, 345
“Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
“Shine we in arms? Or sing beneath our vine?
“Thine is the viintage, and the conquest Thine:
“Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,
“The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow: 350
“’Tis Thou that leadst our pow’rful armies forth,
“And gives great Anne Thy sceptre o’er the north.
“Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
“Open with pray’r the consecrated day;
“Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise, 355
“And with the morning sun ascend the skies:
“As that advances, let my zeal improve,
“And glow with ardour of consummate love;
“Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
“My endless worship shall be still begun. 360
“And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
“To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
“When this world’s shut, and awful planets rise,
“Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
“Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight, 365
“And shew all Nature in a milder light;
“How ev’ry boist’rous thought in calm subsides!
“Hew the smooth spirit into goodness glides!
“O how divine! to tread the milky way,
“To the bright palace of the Lord of day; 370
“His court admire, or for his favour sue,
“Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
“Pleas’d to look down, and see the world asleep;
“While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
“Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh, control,
“Subdue by force the rebel in my soul. 375
“Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,
“Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
“Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
“Alluring pleasure, and assailing pain.
“O may I pant for thee in each desire! 380
“And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
“Stretch out, my soul, in hope, and grasp the prize
“Which in eternity’s deep bosom lies!

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance.

" At the great day of recompence behold, 385
 " Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
 " Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 " From age to age my grateful song repeat;
 " My light, my life, my GOD, my Saviour, see,
 " And rival angels in the praise of Thee." 390

BOOK III.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
 And all the horrors of the world below,
 I next presume to sing. What yet remains 5
 Demands my last, but most exalted, strains;
 And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles; she's inflam'd, so near the goal;
 She mounts; she gains upon the starry pole; 10
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around! 15
 And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!
 Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
 Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last. 20
 Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting scraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd, 25
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 And thou, my soul! (oh, fall to sudden pray'r,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

What more than death in ev'ry face and mien?

See on the left (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand) 30
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more, than death in ev'ry face and mien?
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye balls roll, 35
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is loaded with despair.
 Reader! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind. 40
 Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended int'rests level'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
 Divided far, thy wretched self alone 45
 Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,
 How would it wound? What millions wouldst thou give
 For one more trial, one day more to live?
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace, 50
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Arrest the sun, but still of this despair.
 Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace! 55
 Their Marker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
 What purple bloom thy ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in bless'd angels kindle love! 60
 To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust? 65
 Oh the transcending glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute

That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, [nigh,
Feels doubtful passions throb in ev'ry vein, 71
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain;
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late, 75
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,
Look round, vain-glorious Muse! and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair, 80
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace!
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd;
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low, 85
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main;
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound? 90

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high,
From all eternity, has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd, 95
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display, 100
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day:
Less glorious when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Through heav'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the victor God. 105
Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;

Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write.

A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey, 110
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey:
The sons 'of light, scarce unappall'd, look down,
And nearer press Heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race. 115
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis distant; I behold it now:
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow, 120
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
In these, or words like these, shall be express:

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?

“ Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer save, 125

“ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,

“ And cast me out into the wrath of God;

“ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,

“ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,

“ Our only song; black fire's malignant light, 130

“ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those pow'rs Heav'n gave me to supply

“ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,

“ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,

“ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe? 135

“ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,

“ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?

“ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,

“ And, with existence, only measure pain?

“ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n, 140

“ No beam of hope, from any point of Heav'n!

“ Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?

“ Is Love extinguish'd in the source of love?

“ Bold that I am, did Heav'n stoop down to hell?

“ Th' expiring LORD of life my ransom seal? 145

“ Hate I not been industrious to provoke?

“ From his embraces obstinately broke?

Pain is for man ; and, oh ! how vast a pain.

- " Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate ;
 " Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate ?
 " And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim ? 150
 " Take, take full veng'ance, rouse the slack'ning flame ;
 " Just is my lot—but, oh ! must it transcend
 " The reach of time, despair a distant end ?
 " With dreadful growth, shoot forward, and arise,
 " Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies. 155
 " Never ! Where falls the soul at that dread sound ?
 " Down an abyss how dark, and how profound !
 " Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain !)
 " Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
 " My plunge but still begun—and this for sin ? 160
 " Could I offend if I had never been,
 " But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
 " Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass ?
 " Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
 " Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth ? 165
 " Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 " And make a thankless present of thy light ?
 " Push into being a reverse of thee,
 " And animate a clod with misery ? 169
 " The beasts are happy ! they come forth, and keep
 " Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep :
 " Pain is for man ; and, oh ! how vast a pain
 " For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
 " Annul'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
 " And flung his agonies and death away ? 175
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 " Our constitution too, for ever young.
 " Curst with returns of vigour, still the same,
 " Pow'ful to bear, and satisfy the flame ;
 " Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd ! 180
 " To perish still, and still to be renew'd !
 " And this, my help ! my God ! at thy decree ?
 " Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me.
 " And canst thou, then, look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss ? 185
 " Calling thee Father in a sea of fire ?
 " Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?

Rolling in veng'ance, struggling with his chain.

" With mortals' anguish, wilt thou raise thy name,
 " And, by my pangs, Omnipotence proclaim?
 " Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro, 190
 " Contract not thy great veng'ance to my woe:
 " Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
 " On me almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back thy thunders, Lord! hold in thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage: 195
 " Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
 " But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
 " Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence, 200
 " And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
 " Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God! at least
 " This one, this slender, almost no request;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey, 205
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."

Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns 210
 He's justly doom'd, to pour eternal groans;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in veng'ance, struggling with his chain;
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er; 215
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
 To take possession of their thrones above;
 Satan's accurst desertion to supply, 220
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
 Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain head of sacred truth; 225
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty King;

To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
What boldly I begin let others end ;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And choose a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame. 235

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom :
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball ;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conspire, 240
And darted downward, set the world on fire :
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light! 245
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky :
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend, 250
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend ;
Here blazing volumes, wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm ;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills. 255

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook? [broke
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell ;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand, 260
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand ;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all 265
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress ;
That land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away.

Once call'd Britannia: can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas! 270
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say, Where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Lybia? Where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore? 275
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies, 280
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire, 285
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire, 290
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire:


The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole; 295
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence.

Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprizes through all Nature ran? 300
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him, Omnipotence new measures takes;
For him, through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky. 305

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art:
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;

And brighter sun beyond the bounds of time.

What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast, 310
And gaze and wonder there, a ravish'd guest ;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find ;
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright! 315
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
There, buds the promise of celestial worth !
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time. '
Thou, Minor, canst not guess thy vast estate, 320
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait :
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod ;
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day. 327



VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheist tremble, thou alone
 Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
 Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen
 How God descends to judge the souls of men.
 Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn, 5
 Driv'n out from God, and never to return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
 And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball.
 When Nature sunk, when ev'ry bolt was hurl'd,
 Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world. 10

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
 And sulphur fell on the devoted plain,
 The Patriarch thus the fiery tempest past,
 With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
 The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around, 15
 For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure, tell,
 To think so greatly, and describe so well!
 How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
 And find the thought of man could rise so high? 20
 Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
 And open all eternity to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
 Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse.
 O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm, 25
 To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
 To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
 To know the dignity of humankind;
 By stricter rules well govern'd life to scan,
 And practise o'er the angel in the man. 30

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.



THRICE happy **JOB** long liv'd in regal state,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East, a Prince so great;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
 At length misfortunes take their turn to reign, 5
 And ills on ills succeed; a dreadful train!
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more? 10
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he prest,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd, 15
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of reverence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate. 20
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose, 25
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they réprove, and he defends; 30
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
 Fixt in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:
 So high, at length, their arguments were wrought, 35
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
 A pause ensu'd.—When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies: 40
 (They saw, and trembled!) From the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust, 45
 And tells the world's Creator what is just?
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply:
 Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious *Earth*? 50
 Who on the surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air;
 When the bright morning stars in concert sung, 55
 When heav'n's high arch with loud Hosannas rung;
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
 Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball? 60
 Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
 Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side, 65
 And did a bason for the floods provide;
 I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;

Where dwells the light? In what refulgent dome?

"Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd :

"And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."

Hast thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep, 71

Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;

Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,

Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?

Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread, 75

Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?

Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?

E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade

To the black portal through th' incumbent shade? 80

Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide

My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the *light*? In what refulgent dome?

And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?

Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught

With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought, 86

Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,

And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are *mists* begotten? Who their father knew?

From whom descend the pearly drops of dew? 90

To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,

Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost*?

Whose pow'ful breath, from northern regions blown,

Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?

A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd, 95

And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see

How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.

Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst thou

In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow? 100

And, when day triumphs in meridian light,

Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll

Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain, 105

And quench the summer with a waste of rain?

Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,

Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast?

There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone. 110

To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields, 115
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wiftry skies, and seen
Of *hail* and *snows* my northern magazine? 120
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast, 125
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball? 130
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he 135
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the *stars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force? 140
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazzaroth* his destin'd station know, 145
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
 And draw the purple curtains of the morn; 150
 Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
 And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
 Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
 That pomp of light, what hand so far displays, 155
 That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the *soul* with her rich pow'rs invest.
 And light up reason in the human breast?
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night? 160
 To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, *Chaldean* sire, was thy surprise!
 Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:
 "Once and again, which I in groans deplore, 165
 "My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
 "My voice is in eternal silence bound,
 "And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
 The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine? 171
 And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
 Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
 The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
 When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise 175
 In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
 And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
 Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
 The spacious round of the creation shake; 180
 Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
 Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
 And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
 I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
 Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand 185
 Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
 Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

Who in the cruel *Ostrich* has subdu'd a parent's care?

What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
 What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd? 190
 When, pain'd with hunger, the wild *raven's* brood
 Loud calls on God, importunate for food;
 Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
 And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the cruel *ostrich* has subdu'd 195
 A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
 While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky; 200
 Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray.
 Unmindful she, that son's unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed.
 What time she skims along the field with speed, 205
 She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the *peacock*! what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day; 210
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *hawk* to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind; 216
 The sun returning, she returns agen,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Though strong the *hawk*, tho' practis'd well to fly,
 An *eagle* drops her in a lower sky.
 An *eagle*, when, deserting human sight, 221
 She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
 Where far above thy world she dwells alone, 225
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
 Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread survey
 And with a glance predestinates her prey?

Didst thou from service the Wild-Ass discharge? •

She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore. 230

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed; 235
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade. 240

Will the tall *reem*, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an'alsms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year; 246
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the *wild-ass* discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large; 250
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along, 255
He sees in distant smoke the city throng?
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike *horse*! didst thou invest
With thunder, his robust distended chest? 260
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might:
High-rais'd, he snuffs the battle from afar, 265
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.

Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame.

How does his firm, his rising heart, advance,
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance; 270
 While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
 Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
 He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast, 275
 Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly *lion* stalks,
 Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
 When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
 He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where, bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood, 285
 And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground. 290
 Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust, 295
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, though large his frame;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food; 300
 Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound.
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail! 305
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;

His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wile forest, and the mountain, law. 310

The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire

The mighty stranger, and in dread retire: •

At length his greatness nearer they survey,

Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

The fens and marshes are his cool retreat, 315

His noontide shelter from the burning heat;

Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,

And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when, fir'd with draught,

He trusts to turn its current down his throat; 320

In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain:

He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful side,

Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:

With slender hair *Leviathan* command, 325

And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.

Will he become thy servant? will he own

Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?

Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,

And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play? 330

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?

And the bowl journey round his ample size?

Or the debating merchants share the prey,

And various limbs to various marts convey?

Through his firm skull what steel its way can win? •

What forceful engine can subdue his skin? 336

Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;

The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;

The rashest dare not rouse him up: who then

Shall turn on me, among the sons of men? 340

Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard

Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?

My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,

And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:

Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own; 345

And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.

And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,

Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise, 349
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose 355
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows;
 What hideous fangs on either side arise!
 And what a deep abyss between them lies!
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound. 360

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas, 365
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370

When, late-awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread, 375
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
 Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
 In vain may Death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade; 380
 His naked breast their impotence defies;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted vollics strow; 385
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;

“Thou canst accomplish all things Lord of might!”

The billows feel him, as he works his way;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea; 390
 The foam high wrought with white, divides the green,
 And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face:
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd: 395
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
 Makes ev'ry swoln disdainful heart subside,
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress. 400

“Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
 “And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight.
 “But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
 “Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
 “Oft have I heard of thine almighty pow'r; 405
 “But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
 “O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
 “Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
 “Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
 “Man is not made to question, but adore.” 410



NOTES ON THE BOOK OF JOB. •

IT is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of *Job*. Some give it to *Moses*; some to others. As I was engag'd in this little performance, some arguments occur'd to me, which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

Verse 1. “Thricehappy Job,” &c.—The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order

to set this distinguish'd part of the poem in a full light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridg'd the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and join'd them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word Paraphrase, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberty I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transp. The *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other *Natr.* are entirely added: those upon the *Peacock*, the *moon* &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulg'd myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of Majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Verse 42. "A dreadful voice, and thus," &c.—The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*,) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since. Frequent, before the law, were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exodus* xix. *Ezekiel* i. &c. Hence is he said to *dwell in thick darkness; and have his way in the whirlwind*.

Verse 70. "And here, O man," &c.—There is a very great air in all that precedes; but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands,

and punctually obeying them; to find it like a manag'd horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. so much only as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad counter argument, that *Moses* is author of the book of ear

at verse 192. "Loud called on God," &c.—Another argument that *Moses* was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the Raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because, by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κορασσι α κοραξ*, is to ask earnestly, *Ælian*. l. ii. c. 48. And since there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of the species, those probably are meant in this place.

Verse 195. "Who in the stupid Ostrich," &c.—There are many instances of this stupidity; let two suffice. First, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

—— Stat lumine clauso

Ridendum revoluta caput; creditque latere,

Quæ non ipsa videt——

Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author, just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

Verse 205. "What time she," &c.—Here is mark'd another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies, nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat.— Claud. in *Eutr.*

Verse 206. "She scorns the rider," &c.—Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat, and the wild-ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

Verse 207. "How rich the peacock," &c.—Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true. *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant*, Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Verse 219. "Though strong the hawk," &c.—Thuanus (*de Re Accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind: for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Verse 228. "And with a glance," &c.—The eagle is said to be of 'so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

Verse 231. "Knowest thou how many," &c.—The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? for to know

the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Sesetis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect, *Psa.* xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a naturalist.

Verse 259. "Survey the warlike horse," &c.—The description of the horse is the most celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only observe, that, in this description, as in other parts of this speech, our *vulgar translation* has much more spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the most poetical and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the Hebrew itself, fall beneath it.

Verse 289. "By the pale moon," &c.—Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psa.* civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moon-shine*.

Verse 322. "He sinks a river," &c.

Cephesi glaciale caput, quo suetus anhelam
Ferre sitim Python, annemque avertere ponto.

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu

Flumina, &c.

Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern Poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

Verse 325. "With slender hair," &c.—The taking the Crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a Crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit*

Verse 339. "The rashest dare not," &c.—This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when sated with fish, to come ashore, and sleep among the reeds.

Verse 354. "Destruction yawns," &c.—The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, *Fit totum Os*. Martial says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora

Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

Verse 364. "Fate issues from his jaws," &c.—This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repress is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.


Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

Verse 378. "Lift their broad lids," &c.—*His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning*. I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable, that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no comment: for I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian: the two last are notoriously so; they are the River-horse and the Crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It

would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the Elephant and the Whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered Behemoth and Leviathan, the Elephant and Whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moses being (as we may well suppose) under an immediate terror of the Hippopotamos and Crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.



THE
FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

VIRGIL.

BOOK I.

—Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

VIRGIL.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: Indulge my fond desire;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise: 5
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of Fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind 11
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view, 15
And all but adoration is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious QUEEN, was born:
When now *Maria's* pow'ful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd, 20
Theauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race,
In blooming youth, adorn'd with every grace;

Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost.

Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
 And innocently fill'd another's throne;
 Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state, 25
 With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
 With manly reason fortify his heart?
 At once she longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
 Now swift she moves, and now advances slow, 30
 To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
 Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
 Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
 The mournful secret of his inward woes.
 Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face, 35
 The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
 And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
 She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
 While tender accents melt upon her tongue; 40
 Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
 Fanning the lilly, or the blooming rose.

"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
 "What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
 "A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain 45
 "A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
 "Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
 "To wealth eternal; and return above;
 "Above, where no distinction shall be known
 "Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
 "And him who, basking in the smiles of fate, 51
 "Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:
 "Nor can I find the difference here below;
 "I lately was a Queen; I still am so,
 "While GUILFORD's wife: Thee rather I *obey*, 55
 "Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
 "When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
 "Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget;
 "And I to death my duty will improve,
 "And what you miss in empire, add in love.— 60
 "Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
 "And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.

His pain was equal, but his virtue less.

“ For this alone I’m pleas’d I wore the crown,
 “ To find with what content we lay it down.
 “ Heroes may win, but ’tis a heav’nly race
 “ Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace.” 65

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer’d
 Her drooping lord ; whose boding bosom fear’d
 A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
 Severer vengeance on her guiltless head : 70
 Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt !
 For lo ! a guard !—Forgive him if he melt——
 How sharp her pangs, when sever’d from his side,
 The most sincerely lov’d, and loving bride,
 In space confin’d, the muse forbears to tell ; 75
 Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
 His pain was equal, but his virtue less ;
 He thought in grief there could be no excess.
 Pensive he sat, o’ercast with gloomy care,
 And often fondly clasp’d his absent fair ; 80
 Now silent, wander’d through his rooms of state,
 And sicken’d at their pomp, and tax’d his fate ;
 Which thus adorn’d, in all her shining store,
 A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
 Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast, 85
 And anguish fed on his enjoyments past ;
 Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
 And ev’ry transport stabl’d him to the heart.

That happy moon which summon’d to delight,
 That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night, 90
 Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
 (Deny’d to princes) in his longing arms ;
 Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
 Empire and love ! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the *British* clime a summer storm 95
 Will oft the smiling face of heav’n deform ;
 The winds with violence at once descend,
 Sweep flow’rs and fruits, and make the forest bend ;
 A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
 O’ercomes the season, and inverts the year. 100

But whither is the captive borne away,
 The beauteous captive, from the cheerful day?

If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.

The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
 Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise;
 For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown, 105
 A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frowns;
 Black thoughts each morn invade the *Lover's* breast,
 Each night a ruffian locks the *Queen* to rest.

Ah, mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
 But *Suffolk's* daughter its advantage finds. 110

Religion's force divine is best display'd
 In deep desertion of all human aid:

To succour in extremes, is her delight,
 And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
 We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze, 115
 And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise

To triumph o'er misfortune, smile in grief,
 And comfort those who come to bring relief:
 We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
 And all the world's vain glories fade away. 120

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
 And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
 Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
 Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
 Address'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine! 125

" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;
 " With honour to light up the name unknown,
 " Or to put out the lustre of a throne.

" In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
 " And though with ill, frail nature will be mov'd, 130
 " I'll bear it well; (O strengthen me to bear!)

" And if my piety may claim thy care;
 " If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
 " And tumult of a court, a Future State;
 " O favour, when thy mercy I implore. . . 135

" For *one* who never guilty sceptre bore!
 " 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord's is free;
 " If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
 " Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
 " And in a guilty land to speak Thy praise! 140

" O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
 " Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest.

"If *these* are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
"And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day 145
In which the Queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid justice rush'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad necessity of his return; 150
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd, to complain;
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest; 155
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks! and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command; 160
With royal purple is her vision hung;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung;
Low at her feet, the suppliant rival lies;
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd, 165
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade;
The busy trades in city had began
To sound and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants' breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks, 171
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A short-liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er, 175
That dý'd in birth, that shone, and was no more;
She turns her side; and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though serious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD!) of her instant doom. 180
Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;

At length she conquers in the doubtful field.

Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
 Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain!
 Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride; 185
 Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
 When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
 And open'd all the wonders of her face!
 To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief,
 Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief. 190
 Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
 (Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;
 No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
 No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
 Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears;
 And bliss and rapture rising out of cares: 196
 No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
 Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
 Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn, 200
 Might comfort to his silver-hairs impart,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
 As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
 And the bless'd *Indian* of his cares beguile.
 In vain these various reasons jointly press, 205
 To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
 She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her sight
 To the bless'd regions of eternal light,
 And fills her soul with peace: To weeping friends
 Her *father* and her *lord* she recommends; 210
 Unmov'd herself: Her foes her air survey,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away.
 She soars; now nought on earth detains her care—
 But GUILFORD; who still struggles for his share.
 Still will his form importunately rise, 215
 Clog and retard her transport to the skies.
 As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
 Now catch the brand with a returning light,
 Thus her soul onward from the seats above,
 Falls fondly back, and kindles into love: 220
 At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
 That heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD's shield.

Her rigid trials are not yet complete.

Now death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;
 'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh ! mortals, short of sight, who think the past 225
 O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last !

Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
 Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
 Till life and sorrow meet one common end. 230

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
 And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near :
 Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;
 The news arrives of her great father's fate.
 She sees his hoary head, all white with age, 235
 A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
 How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last.
 Ere the dire sentence on her father past !

A fonder parent nature never knew ;
 And, as his age increas'd, his fondness grew. 240
 A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd ;
 The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
 And can she from all weakness still refrain ?
 And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
 Impossible ! a sigh will force its way, 245
 One patient tear her mortal birth betray ;
 She sighs and weeps ! but so she weeps and sighs,
 As silent dew descends, and vapours rise.

„Celestial *Patience* ! how dost thou defeat
 The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate ? 250
 While *Passion* takes his part, betrays our peace,
 To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
 By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
 And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind, 255
 What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
 Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
 While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
 The sword is drawn ; the Queen to rage inclin'd,
 By mercy, not by piety, confin'd. 260
 What mercy can the *Zealot's* heart assuage,
 Whose piety itself converts to rage ?

Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd.

She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
 To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
 New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye, 265
 And on her cheek the fading roses die. •
 Alas! should GUILFORD too—when now she's brought
 To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
 While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
 Nor can recede, till heav'n's decrees are known; 270
 Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
 But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears!
 • Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
 To chase the shadows and the damps away;
 But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep 275
 And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
 Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
 His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
 Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
 A dying paleness sat upon his face. 280
 Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
 Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
 Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
 And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
 Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast, 285
 At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
 But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
 The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
 Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
 And strew with dying sweets their native bed. 290



BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis? • VIRGIT.

HER GUILFORD clasps her, beautiful in death,
 And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath. •
 To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
 A lighted taper touch'd, restores the fire:

You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear.

She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light, 5
 And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd the sight;
 Her *father's* death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
 But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
 "Ah! GUILFORD!" she began, and would have spoke;
 But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke: 10
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
 Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
 When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
 The scatter'd features slid into decay, 15
 And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and control
 The manly temper of the bravest soul,
 What with afflicted heart can compare,
 And drops of love distilling from the fair? 20
 It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
 And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This GUILFORD prov'd; and, with excess of pain,
 And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
 The weeping fair: Sunk deep in soft desire, 25
 Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
 Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
 As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
 With ill dissembled grief: "My life, forbear!

"You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear:
 "Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own; 31

"Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone:

"Have you beheld how, from the distant main,
 "The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
 "And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore; 35
 "There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?

"Thus the successive flows of human race,

"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;

"They sound and swell, their haughty heads they rear,

"Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear. 40

"Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay:

"And where's the mighty lucre of a day?

"Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis most unkind;

"For *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:

A shining axe is on the table laid.

" And which, can you imagine, was the dart 45
 " That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
 " I cannot live without you ; and my doom
 " I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
 " And are again your tears profusely spilt ?
 " Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt ; 50
 " It foils itself, if it recall your pain ;—
 " Life of my life, I beg you to refrain !
 " The load which fate imposes, you increase ;
 " And help MARIA to destroy my peace."
 . But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd ; 55
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd :
 Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
 But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams: nor her's alone,
 While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own. 60
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
 Hail'd him great partner of the regal state ;
 When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
 And bending nations on the glory gaz'd ?
 'Tis now the *Queen's* command, they both retreat,
 To weep with dignity, and mourn in state ; 65
 She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black ; all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night. 70
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky :
 It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
 Which only shows the darkness of the room.
 A shining axe is on the table laid ; 75
 A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.
 In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd ;
 A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind !
 A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
 And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs. 80
 What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
 Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly : " I despiee
 " An empire lost ; I fling away the crown ;
 " Numbers have laid that bright delusion down ;

Meantime, the Queen new cruelty decreed.

" But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCESIAN where, 85
 " Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
 " Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 " In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 " And, through th' unclouded crystal of thine eye,
 " The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy! 90
 " Till rapture reason happily destroys,
 " And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
 " Give me the world, and ask me, where's my bliss?
 " I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.
 " And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
 But all her charms in silence traces o'er; 96
 Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
 And, wond'ring, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,
 From that fair neck that world of beauty fall,
 And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball! 100
 Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly bless'd!
 For who but GUILFORD could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
 From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy, 105
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
 Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the *brave* or *fair*.
 Was ever such a mournful, moving sight?
 See, if you can, by that dull trembling light: 110
 Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
 Like *Jess* and her *Thames*, one stream they flow:
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair:
 Now tenderly severe, and fiercely kind, 115
 They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat:
 And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
 A short delusion! for the raging pain
 Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again. 120
 Meantime, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed;
 But, ill content that they should *only* bleed,
 A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
 Instils his poison into SUFFOLK's heart;

Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain.

And GUILFORD drank it: Hanging on the breast, 125
He from his childhood was with *Rome* possess.

When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind, 130
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."

Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills through ev'ry vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent, 135
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
"And ward your own, your lord's, and father's, doom."

Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now *first* she suffers pain. 140

Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid GUILFORD bleed?—It must not, cannot be.

It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Christian's praise,

Above impossibilities to raise

The weakness of our nature; and deride 145
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.

What though our feeble sinews scarce impart

A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;

Though tainted air our vig'rous *youth* can break,
And a chill blast the hardy *warrior* shake; 150

Yet are we strong: Hear the loud tempest roar

From east to west, and call us weak no more;

The lightning's unresisted force proclaims

Our might; and thunders raise our humble names;

'Tis *our* JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long 155

As He shall reign Almighty, we are strong:

We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;

And almost make Omnipotence our own:

We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r;

And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair. 160

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes

And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,

Devoutly sad.—Then, bright'ning, like the day,

When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,

Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears.

Shining in majesty, till now unknown, 165
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"

Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought; 171
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her alone: He beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest: 175
"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
"And show one moment uninflam'd with love!
"Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
"In pity to thyself, forget the past!
"Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear, 180
"Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear;
"Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
"Empires were vile, and fate could give no more;
"That to *continue*, was its utmost pow'r,
"And make the future like the present hour. 185
"Now call the ruffian; bid his cruel sword
"Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
"Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim,)
"And stain his honour with a *traitor's* name.
"This might perhaps be borne without remorse; 190
"But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
"Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
"Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
"His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
"Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?
"But he to you has ever been severe; 196
"Take your vengeance."—SUFFOLK now drew near,
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring, 200
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring:
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Then turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke:

• The beating storm's propitious rage she blest. •

" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That axe can only rob *me* of a day : 205

" For *thee*, my soul's desire ! I can't refrain ;
" And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain ?
" When you shall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's distress no longer will you blame."

At this, afar his bursting groans were heard ; 210
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard :

He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast ;

Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust. 215

Hard-hearted men ! will you no mercy know ?
Has the *Queen* brib'd you to distress her foe ?

O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart !
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly, 220
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky !

And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her fight recover, and disstain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind ; 225

As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'ous tail, and stings her as she flies ?

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels ; 231

Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltring on the ground,
Three headless trunks of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd : 235

The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed ; or here break off my tale ;
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal ?

She met this utmost malice of her fate 240

With christian dignity, and pious state :
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast :

Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate.

Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace! 245
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
 And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.

"Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
 "I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*;
 "I joy I cannot save you; and have giv'n 250
 "Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n,
 "If so the Queen decrees.*—But I have cause
 "To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
 "And there is mercy still for you in store:
 "With me the bitterness of death is o'er. 255
 "He shot his sting in *that* farewell embrace;
 "And all that is to come, is joy and peace.
 "Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
 "Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."

Then, turning to the ministers of fate, 260

She, smiling, says, "My victory's complete:
 "And tell your *Queen* I thank her for the blow,
 "And grieve, my gratitude I cannot show:
 "A poor return I leave in *England's* crown,
 "For everlasting pleasure, and renown: 265

// Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
 // Her guilt,—the *only* vengeance in her pow'r."
 Not *Rome*, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate,
 And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them.

THE MERCHANT;

AN ODE,

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

To His Grace the Duke of Chandos.

πλιττελαι παντοθεν λογι-
σι εντι προβαδοι
ιασον ευαλεια παν-
δε κοσμειν.

PIND. NEM. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

CONTENTS.—The proposition. An address to the vessel that brought over the king. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar;
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song. Fam'd isle! no less,
By nature's favour from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an isle in happiness!

Though fate and time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recalls the warmth of blooming years;
Returning GEORGE supplies the distant sun.

I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

Away, my soul! salute the Pine,*
 That glads the heart of CAROLINE,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
 With inspiration from the Godhead warm;
 Now bound for an eternal clime,
 O send her down the tide of time,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
 Which gods of old and heroes bore;
 Bid her a British constellation rise——
 The sea she scorns; and now shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound:
 I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train?
 Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
 Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods:
 Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

Ye lawful sons of genius, rise!
 Of genuine title to the skies;
 Ye founts of learning! and ye mints of fame!
 You, who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
 As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The gen'rous burst of willing wine,
 Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

* The vessel in which the king came over.

•On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire, grows.

STRAIN I.

CONTENTS.—How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

OUR monarch comes! nor comes alone!
 What shining terms surround his throne,
 O sun! as planets thee! To my loud strain
 See peace, by wisdom led, advance;
 The grace, the muse, the season, dance!
 And plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
 New glories kindly round his throne;
 The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze.
 By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of fate;
 And now am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
 The mighty mouths in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
 Bless'd Industry! a smiling earth
 From thee alone derives its birth:
 By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee, mast, cable, anchor, oar,
 From thee the cannon, and his roar;
 On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire, grows:
 O golden fruit! oak well might prove,
 The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
 All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows.

What cannot Industry complete?
 *When Punic war first flam'd, the great,

* L. Florus.

Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long.

Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet:

“ Fell all your groves,” a flamin cries;

As soon they fall; as soon they rise;

One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

Is sloth indulgence? 'Tis a toil,

Enervates man, and damns the soil;

Defeats creation, plunges in distress,

Cankers our being; all devours:

A full exertion of our pow'rs!

Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,

The sun suspend his swift career,

Yet healthy nature feel her wonted force;

Ere man his active springs resign'd,

Can rust in body and in mind,

Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?

Recall her to her native air;

Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;

And ever shall she flourish here:

What though she languish'd? 'twas but fear;

She's sound of heart, her constitution's strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more

On thy fix'd anchor; push from shore;

Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.

And see! she's rous'd, absolv'd from fears,

Her brow in cloudless azure rears,

Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,

She levies gain on every place,

Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!

Again she travels with the sun,

Again she draws a golden zone

Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

Ten thousand active hands, that hung

In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,

Each land's each season blending on thy shores!

The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.
His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgey foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted, prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia, for their great ally,
With climes paid down. What can the gods do more?

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet,
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our Merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores!

All these one British harvest make!
The servant ocean, for thy sake,
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap;
And fondly give in boundless dow'r
To mighty GEORGE's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair virtue with the first renown:
A large revenue, and a large expence,
When hearts for others' welfare glów,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow then, my breast! abound, my store;
This, and this boldly, I implore:

All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

Their want and apathy let Stoics boast:
 Passions and riches, good or ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our skill:
 All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

Wealth in the virtuous and the wise,
 'Tis vice and folly to despise:
 Let those in praise of poverty refine,
 Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
 The narrow-soul'd, or the profuse,
 The truly great find morals in the mine.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
 Has learnt the rare, illustrious art
 Of being rich: stores starve us, or they cloy,
 From gold if more than chymic skill
 Extract not what is brighter still:
 'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
 Exalted minds their joys extend.
 A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done;
 As lofty turrets by their height,
 When humbler scenes resign their light,
 Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
 No sordid son of thine shall dare
 Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace:
 "Who now his whole creation drains
 To pour into thy tumid veins
 That blood of nations, Commerce and Increase.

How various nature! turgid grain,
 Here nodding, floats the golden plain;
 There worms weave silken webs, here glowing vines
 Lay forth their purple to the sun:
 Beneath the soil, their harvests run,
 And king's revenues ripen in the mines.

What's various nature? art divine,
 Man's soul to soften and refine:

Her pilot into service lists the stars.

Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And int'rest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts..

Thus has the great CREATOR'S pen,
His law supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ :
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

Vast naval ensigus strow'd around,
The wond'ring foreigner confound :
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
As her proud sceptred sons survey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast!

Th' unwieldly tun ! the pond'rous bale !
Each prince his own clime set to sail
Sees here, by subjects of a British king :
How earth's abridg'd ! all nations range
A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange !
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends :
Toils she in trade ? or bleeds in honest wars ?
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvas calls,
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point the ball ?
Heav'n lighted up the human soul,
Heav'n bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And giving godlike reason, gave us all.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Blest Reason ! guide my life and pen ;

A god is nought but reason infinite.

All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.

Who thee obeys, reigns over all ;

Smiles, though the stars around him fall ;

A god is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a god,

Who scorns to stoop to fortune's nod ;

Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.

Others are passive, are impell'd,

Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,

As accident is pleas'd to domineer.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame ;

Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?

From gross mistake our idle tumult springs :

Those men the silly world disarm,

Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,

Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,

Are idle phantoms, and away ;

What's lasting only does exist. Know this,

Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all ;

Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,

To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though most in view !

Go, look your whole existence through ;

Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate :

For so the gods. But as the gains,

How great the toil? 'twill cost more pains

To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

Hence, Reason ! the first palm is thine :

Old Britain learnt from thee to shine ;

By thee, trade's, swarming throng, gay freedom's smile,

Armies in war of fatal frown,

Of peace the pride, arts flowing down,

Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold.

STRAIN II.

CONTENTS.—Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

COMMERCE gives arts, as well as gain ;
 By commerce wafted o'er the main,
 They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run ;
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul !
 May travel thus from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold !
 Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
 Inur'd to winds and seas ! lest gods repent :
 The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple realm that awes the continent.

And awes with wealth ; for wealth is pow'r :
 When Jove descends a golden show'r,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.—
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre ;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants princes ! every deck a throne !

She sat an empress ! aw'd the flood !
 Her stable column ocean trod ;
 She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas, •
 By both obey'd : the Syrian sings ;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
 Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor ;
 And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;

Great mart of nations!—But she fell.

High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
 Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
 Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
 Arvad sends mariners; the Persian, arms.

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
 The Golden City was her name!
 Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
 Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
 And rich as Nile's, let others boast;
 Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas.

O merchant land! as Eden, fair!
 Ancient of empires! Nature's care!
 The strength of ocean! head of plenty's springs!
 The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
 Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
 Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Great mart of nations!—But she fell:
 Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
 Against his favourite isle loud roars the main!
 The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
 Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
 The land, one altar! a whole people slain!

The destin'd day puts on her frown;
 The sable hour is coming down;
 She's on her march from yon almighty throne;
 The sword and storm are in her hand;
 She trumpets shrill her dread command:
 Dark be the light of earth, the boast, unknown!

For, oh! her sins, as red as blood,
 As crimson deep, outcry the flood:
 The queen of trade is bought, once wise and just;
 Now, venal is her council's tongue:
 How riot, violence, and wrong,
 Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,

Her very priests in guilt abound.

Her sordid noble sinks! her mighty bow!

Is it for this the groves around

Return the tabret's sprightly sound?

Is it for this her great ones toss the brow?

What burning fends 'twixt brothers reign!

To nuptials cold, how glows the vein,

Confounding kindred, and misleading right?

The spurious lord it o'er the land!

Bold blasphemy dares make a stand,

Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

Tyre's artizan, sweet prator,

Her merchant, sage, big man of war,

Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,

Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,

Her very priests, in guilt abound:

Hence, the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

What dearth of truth! what thirst of gold!

Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!

What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!

What public boasts! what private views!

What desert temples! crowded stews!

What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames

Decline the sun's intruding beams,

To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts;

Alas! there is who sees them there;

There is who flatters not the fair,

When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

He sees, and thunders!—Now in vain

The courser paws and foams the rein,

And chariots stream along the printed soil:

In vain her high presumptuous air,

In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,

O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,

Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!

Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

In vain their golden head her turrets rear ;
 In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
 Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams,
 Damascus vain ! unfolds the glossy store,
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense, vain, she boasts ;
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

Bell falls ! the mighty Nebo bends !
 The nations hiss ! her glory ends !
 To ships, her confidence ! she flies from foes ;
 Foes meet her there : the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd sail,
 And mast of cedar, nought avail,
 Or pilot learn'd ! she sinks, nor sinks alone,
 Her gods sink with her ! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

What though so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right,
 * All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet.
 What though she longer warr'd than Troy ?
 At length her foes that isle destroy,
 Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings she cloth'd in purple, shake
 Their awful brows : " O foul mistake !
 " O fatal pride ! (they cry :) this, this is she,
 " Who said — With my own art and arm,
 " In the world's wealth I wrap me warm——
 " And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea !

" This, this is she, who meanly soar'd :

" Alas ! how low to be ador'd,

"Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates.

" And style herself a god!--Through stormy wars

" This eagle-isle her thunder bore,

" High-fed her young with human gore;

" And would have built her nest among the stars.

" But ah! frail man! how impotent

" To stand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!

" To turn aside the great CREATOR's aim!

" Shall island-kings with him contend,

" Who makes the poles beneath him bend,

" And shall drink up the sea herself with flame!

" Earth, ether, empyræum, bow,

" When from the brazen mountain's brow,

" The GOD of battle takes his mighty bow:

" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,

" Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,

" And marches out to scourge the world below.

" Ah, wretched isle, once call'd the great!

" Ah, wretched isle, and wise too late!

" The vengeance of JEHOVAH is gone out:

" Thy luxury, corruption, pride,

" And, freedom lost, the realms deride;

" Ador'd thee standing,—o'er thy ruins shout.

" To scourge with war, or peace bestow,

" Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!

" 'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:

" How art thou fallen, down, down, down!

" Wide, waste, and night, and horror, frown,

" Where empire flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

STRAIN III.

CONTENTS.—An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligations to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's right, and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The Merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure:
 Nations may thrive or perish by the wave,
 What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
 A people's crimes solicit down!
 Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
 Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell.
 What is large property?—The sign of good,
 Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
 Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
 High-flush'd with wealth and freedom's smile:
 To vassals prison'd in the continent,
 Who starve at home on meagre toil,
 And suck to death their mother soil,
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
 And wound the soul; bow genius down,
 Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts, who strain,
 To throw them at a monster's foot?
 'Tis property supports pursuit;
 Freedom gives eloquence; and freedom, gain.

The man that can think greatly is no slave.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;
 She make the blood and spirits boil :
 I feel her now ! and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In Theban song : O muse ! not thine,
 Verse is gay freedom's gift divine :
 The man that can think greatly is no slave.

Others may traffic if they please ;
 Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
 Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
 And reap the growth of every coast ;
 A speck of land ! but let her boast,
 Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

Britain ! behold the world's wide face ;
 Nor cover'd half with solid space,
 Three parts are fluid : Empire of the sea !
 And why ? for commerce. Ocean streams
 For that, through all his various names :
 And if for commerce, ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
 Of eastern clime, retires in state,
 Shuts out the nations ! Would a prince draw nigh ?
 He passes her strong guards the waves,
 Of servant winds admission craves,
 Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends ; soft Zephyr there,
 Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
 Rough Boreas bursting from the pole : all urge,
 And urge for her, their various toil ;
 The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
 And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a marshall'd train !
 A golden host ! and azure plain !
 By turns to duty, and by turns retreat :
 They may retreat, but not from her ;
 The stars that quit this hemisphere,
 Must quit the skies to want a British fleet

"The seas are ours," the monarchs said.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn ;
For her, Orien's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth ;
Near the deep chambers of the south,
The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

These nations Newton made his own ;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the last volume's closing star ;
Decipher'd every character ;
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand ;
Not such the sea : let Fohe's ancient line
Vast tracks, and ample beings, vaunt ;
The camel low, small elephant ;
O Britain ! the Leviathan is thine.

Leviathan ! whom nature's strife
Brought forth her largest piece of life !
He sleeps an isle ! his sports the billows warm !
Dreadful Leviathan ! thy spout
Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

The Atlantic surge around our shore,
German and Caledonian roar ;
Their mighty genii hold us in their lap—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred :
"The seas are ours,"—the monarchs said—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

Whence is a rival then to rise ?
Can he be found beneath the skies ?
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear :
The pow'rs of earth by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim ;
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves ;
Her sobt ambitious Ocean laves ;
Art's noblest boast ! but, O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle ?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil ?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose ;
The child of Britain ! and shall she contend ?
It were no less than parricide !—
What wonders rise from out the tide !
Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

And are there then of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth ?
Alas ! these chiefs but little know,
Commerce how high, themselves how low !
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil ?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate, to make the nations smile.

Blush, and behold the Russian* bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brow,
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand ;
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See ! the huge axe or hammer wield ;
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

O shame to subjects ! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown !
Old Time is poor : What age boasts such a sight ?
Ye drones ! adore the man divine—
No ; virtue still as mean decline ;
Call Russians barb'rous, and yourselves polite.

* Peter the Great.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?

He too of Judah, great as wise,
 With Hiram strove in merchandise;
 Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
 That merchant sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave;
 The king left much, the merchant bury'd more.*

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
 Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Out-number'd sands, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
 With purple monarchs merchants vie:
 If great to spend, what to supply?
 Priests pray for blessings, merchants pour 'em down.
 Kings merchants are, in league and love;
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range:
 Planets are merchants, take, return,
 Lustre and heat; by traffic burn:
 The whole creation is one vast exchange.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 What say the sons of letter'd fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
 In open life, in change of scene,
 Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, arts, and solid wisdom, dwells.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's stores
 Well weighs; to starry science soars:
 Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
 The sifes, tongues, int'rests, of the ball:
 Who studies trade, he studies all:
 Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies, resound.

STRAIN IV.

CONTENTS.—Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne.* Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown Queen Elizabeth. King George II. His glory navally represented.

How shall I farther rouse the soul?

How sloth's lascivious reign control

By verse, with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?

How ev'ry breast inflame with mine?

How bid my theme still brighter shine,

With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

O thou Dircean swan on high,

Round whom familiar thunders fly!

While Jove attends a language like his own,

Thy spirit pow'r like vernal show'rs;

My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,

While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,

Grasp not at bloody fame from war;

Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:

Jove gathers tempest black as night;

Jove pours the golden flood of light;

Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain, a comet or a star,

In commerce this, or that in war;

Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies, resound!

Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,

And spirit dart through every nerve,

Hear from the throne* a voice through time renown'd.

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs,

To cheer the glebe, and wake the flow'rs;

* The King's Speech.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all.

The bloom call'd forth, sees azure skies display'd ;
 The bird of voice is proud to sing ;
 Industrious bees ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 'He shines in vain ! her isle's an isle indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome :
 Ah, dreadful safety ! wretched doom !
 No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all :
 Trade's all herself ; her's, her's the ball ;
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there :
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
 The courtier's pomp, the student's ease !
 'Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the year.

What Rome and all her gods defies ?
 The Punic oar. Behold it rise
 And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call ;
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home ?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
 In which his Majesty first deign'd to dwell ;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, through gold unweigh'd,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon !
 Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan,
 Beneath you load : * Created, sure, not made !
 Servant and rival of the skies !
 Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise :
 What hand immortal rais'd thee ?—Humble Trade.

Where hadst thou been, if left at large ?
 Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

Trade gives fair virtue fairer still to shine.

Had caught at pleasure on the flow'ry green :
 If they that watch'd the midnight star,
 Had swung behind the rolling car,
 Or fill'd it with disgrace, where had'st thou been?

As by repletion men consume,
 Abundance is the miser's doom :
 Expend it nobly ; he that lets it rust,
 Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine,
 Is not a man, but living mine,
 Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair ;
 Make earth well worth the wise man's care ;
 Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets ;
 Can make one house of human race ;
 Can bid the distant poles embrace :
 Her's every sun ; and India India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
 With bounty feeds, with laurel courts :
 Trade gives fair virtue fairer still to shine ;
 Enacts those guards of gain, the laws ;
 Exalts even freedom's glorious cause :
 Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine !

You lend each other mutual aid ;
 Why is Heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd ?
 Not to place vice, but virtues, in our pow'r :
 Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
 Boundless in time, and in degree ;
 Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
 That jars on nature's trembling string,
 Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame :
 True joy the sunshine of the soul,
 A bright serene that calms the whole ;
 Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

Merchant ! religion is the care
 To grow as rich— as angels are :

Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

To know false coin from true; to sweep the main;
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund;
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join then religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle! proud war decline,
Trade patronize! What glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who could'st subdue mankind!

Rich commerce ply, with warmth divine,
By day, by night; the stars are thine:
Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain, and to bestow:
While ages last! in trade burn out the sun.

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold;
Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
O let Columbus' shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
That womb of gold and gem:* her wide domain,
An universe! her rivers, seas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her eternal Sire;
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are you not Britons? Why despair?
New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That trade as long as waters roll:

* Vid. Descriptions of America.

Truth bright as stars with thee prevails.

Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree.
 By great ELIZA do not swear:
 For thee, O GEORGE! the gods declare;
 And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

"Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
 Full be thy fame, as swelling sails:
 Constant as tides thy mind; as masts elate;
 Thy justice an unerring helm,
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm:
 Thy num'rous race, sure anchor of the state.

STRAIN V.

CONTENTS.—What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of Glory. Britain's record.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine?
 (Of rising thought, O golden mine!)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound;
 She sallies, till she strikes the star;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.
 Small isle! for Cæsars, for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
 For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind;
 Then, when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from fable shone;
 They rose to gods, in half thy sphere confin'd.

Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

Here no demand for fancy's wing;
 Plain truth's illustrious: as I sing,
 O hear you spangled harp repeat my lay!
 Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies, (fair printed page!) unfold
 The naval fame of heroes old!
 As in a mirror show th' adventurous throng:
 The deeds of Grecian mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
 And noble verse that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main:
 Thence Argo listens to my strain:
 Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For naval fame and song renews,
 As Britain's fame he hears and views;
 Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours grateful lustre on my lays:
 How smiles Arion's* friend with partial beams!
 Erüdanns would flatter too,
 But jealousies his smiles subdue;
 He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
 To see his British brothers reign
 As stars below: the Balance, George! from thine,
 Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
 More accurate the night and day;
 From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights!
 How could the wise man gaze whole nights
 On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair?
 But, oh! you practise shameful arts;
 Your own retain, seize others' hearts;
 Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

* The Dolphin.

Yet what if my prediction should prove true?

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam,
 Pale Queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame!
 And rolling, tell the nations,—“ O'er the main
 “ To share her empire is thy pride.”
 He, mighty pow'r! who curbs the tide,
 Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd?
 Britannia's centre, and your bound:
 Austrian! where'er Leviathan can roll,
 Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine
 Where'er the ripening sun can shine!
 Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill
 To see thy welfare in the world's?—too late
 Another Churchill thou may'st find,
 Another Churchill not so kind,
 And other Blenheims big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
 Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne;
 Ill thou consider'st, that the kind are brave;
 Ill dost thou weigh, that in time's womb
 A day may sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to ruin as was that to save.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain?
 Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
 Know'st thou the fatal pair, who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
 As one rejected, what if one subdue?

What naval scene* adorns the seat
 Of awful Britain's high debate,
 Inspires her councils, and records her pow'r?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When her august assembled senates low'r.

* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

O language, fit for thoughts so bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
Through heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expence of blood,
Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

Nay, her's the sword; for fleets have wings,
Like light'ning fly to distant kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they roar,
And 'carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

The fools of nature ever strike
On bare outsides; and lothe or like
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown,
Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

Whence Tartar grand, or Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people sell; one half on t'other feed.

Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Of nature's wealth from commerce rent,
 Afric's a glaring monument:
 Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
 (Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines;
 O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
 Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

Not so thine, China, blooming wide!
 Thy numerous fleets might bridge the tide;
 Thy products would exhaust both India's mines:
 Shut be thy gate of trade! or woe
 To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
 Ungrateful song! her growth* inspires thy lines.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
 Devoid of naval skill or might,
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command!
 That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe:
 That awful pow'r the world would brave,
 Bold war, and empire proud, his slave;
 Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
 From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
 To GEORGE from Noah, empires, living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
 And pow'r from wealth: of pow'r is made
 The god on earth: Hail then the dove of peace!
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood.
 Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
 War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd.

Then perish war—detested war!
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
 What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
 Why not adore, too, as divine,
 Wide-wasting storms before the genial sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
 His harvest! harvest round the year!
 For peace, with laurel every mast be bound;
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon sound, each sailor shout;
 For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd!

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
 An angel drew the first design;
 With which the patriarch* nature's ruin brav'd:
 Two world's abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
 The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

How sacred, too, the merchant's name!—
 When Britain blaz'd meridian fame,†
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law:
 Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
 Merchants, ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times;
 The march of stars, the birth of climes;
 Summer and winter theirs; theirs land and sea;
 Theirs are the seasons, months, and years;
 And each a different garland wears:
 O that my song could add eternity!

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of godlike deeds;
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
 O noble voyage, glorious round!
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

* Noah.

† In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll:
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her stories in the skies
 Ye Syrens, sing! ye Tritons, blow!
 Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around!
 Ye navies to the concert bound!
 From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

CONTENTS. — The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity.
 What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

BRITAIN! thus bless'd, thy blessing know;
 Or bliss, in vain, the gods bestow;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
 Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
 They most may lose who most possess;
 Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.
 Nor be too fond, of life at best;
 Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
 Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give,
 Prospects immortal! that deride
 A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
 And make it perfect fortitude to live.
 O for eternity! a scene
 To fair adventurers serene!
 O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
 Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
 What boundless import to the soul!
 The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

Glorious, while heav'n-born freedom lasts.

Adore the gods, and plough the seas :
 These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
 Let others pant for an immense command ;
 Let others breathe war's fiery god :
 The proudest victor fears thy nod,
 Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

Glorious, while heav'n-born freedom lasts ;
 Which trade's soft spurious daughter blasts :
 For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
 From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
 By glowing pow'r in shades compress'd ;
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.



THE CLOSE.

CONTENTS.—This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subject. How Britain should be sung by all.

THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long ;
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of time to sure renown.
 O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.
 Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why then unsung? my simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood,
 Not sport imaginations vain ;
 But list with yon ethereal train*
 The shiving muse, to serve the public good.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
 The springs are open'd in my lays:†

* The stars.

—† Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos aulus recludere fontes ;
 Ascræumque cano Romana pef oppida carmen.

VIRG.

In life or song, how rare the true sublime!

Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
 And think their glory sung anew;
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view;
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
 As far surpass'd as useful cares
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain:
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong;
 The charioteer's, not empire's, golden reign.

Nor, Chandos! thou the muse despise
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart:
 In life or song, how rare the true sublime!

None British born will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Though not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the muse!) the lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British mast,
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at winds and storms unbroke;
 By strength not her's sublime: thus proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain,
 And lives and echoes through the plain,
 While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye grov'ling sons of verse,
 Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the muse with impotent desire;
 Ye sacrilegious! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens, sing! ye Tritons, blow!
 Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!

O glorious theft! O nobly-wicked draught!

Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around!
 Ye navies, to the concert bound
 From pole to pole! to Britain all belong:
 Britain to heaven; from heaven descends my song.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THAT

FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXON,

DONE BY

MICHAEL ANGELO;

Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,
 Views the pale check, and the distorted mien;
 He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
 Examines every spirit as it flies:
 He studies torment; dives in mortal woe;
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
 Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
 O glorious theft! O nobly-wicked draught!
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
 Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.



W. M. Craig del.

S. M. Allen sculp.

*Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something puring at his heels.*

THE GRAVE.

A POEM.

BY ROBERT BLAIR.

In the following well-known Poem (written by a clergyman of Edinburgh, and first published in the year 1743,) many important admonitions are held out, and solemn truths inculcated and enforced.

Most of the characters which mankind sustain in the present state, many of the pursuits of men in general here below, together with the vanity and emptiness of every earthly pleasure and enjoyment, are herein pourtrayed in the most lively and striking colours; well deserving the attention and regard of you, of me, of all.

“The grave is mine house,”---JOB xvii. 13.

“The house appointed for all living,”---JOB xxx. 23.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb; 5
Th’ appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.

The Grave, dread thing! 10

Men shiver when thou’rt nam’d! Nature appall’d
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark

In grim array the grisly spectres rise.

Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night!
 Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun 15
 Was roll'd together; or had tried its beams
 Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
 By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,
 Eets fall a supernumerary horror, 20
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.

Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades, 25
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds;
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane; the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot, 30
 And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
 There lie interr'd the most illustrious dead.

The wind is up: hark, how it howls! methinks,
 Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary: 34
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
 Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy aisles,
 Black plaister'd & hung round with shreds of scutcheons
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults, 39
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grim horrible, and obstinately sullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill. 45

Quite round the pile a row of rev'rend elms,
 Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds; some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top
 That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree. 50
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
 Wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs;

Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,

Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd : 55
 Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard, at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moon-shine chequ'ring through the trees,
 The School-boy, with his satchel in his hand, 62
 Whistling aloud, to bear his courage up;
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
 That tell in homely phrase who liew below;
 Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears, 65
 The sound of something purring at his heels.
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly, 70
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made Widow too I've sometimes spied;
 Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead: 75
 Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
 She drops! whilst busy meddling memory, 80
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf, 85
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way. -

Invidious Grave! how durst thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's bond.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul: 90
 Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me.
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Where are the jesters now? the men of health!

Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart 95
 Anxious to please. Oft, when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along 100
 In grateful errors through the underwood
 Sweet murmur'ing; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose 105
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness 110
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave! thou spoilst the dance of youthful blood,
 Tak'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feaune from the face; 115
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.

Where are the jesters now? the men of health,
 Complexionally pleasant? where the droll?
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds, 120
 And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war? 125
 The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work? 131
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
 And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.

Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue! 135
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now:
 Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes, 140
 Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base born crowd,
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst, 145
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
 Of being unmolested and alone.

Arabia's gums, and odorif'rous drugs,
 And honours by the heralds duly paid
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple; 150
 O cruel irony! these come too late,
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he. 155
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
 Above the vulgar, born to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on
 Stately and slow; and properly attended
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch 160
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.

How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
 And glittering in the sun! triumphant entries 165
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard th' unwieldy shew; whilst from the casements,
 And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste? 170
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
 That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,

" Absurd, to think to over-reach the grave. "

'Midst all the gorgeous figure you exhibit,
Why is the principle conceal'd, for which 175
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man! 180
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd, to think to over-reach the grave, 185
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame, 190
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm; 195
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down, 200
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.

Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time: her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them;
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes, 205
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge;
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth, 210
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste:

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!

And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
 Thinu'd states of half their people, and gave up 215
 To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert:
 Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
 That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant, 222
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
 And well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as short;
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger, 225
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery,
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common nature with his lord,)
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hand with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground, 231
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something 235
 Above the common level of our kind;
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart, 240
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
 The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head laid low; 246
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed worms, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riot unscar'd. For this was all thy caution!
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass; 250
 To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,

What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!

And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look, how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs: 256
 Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too! thou surly and less gentle boast
 Of those that laugh loud at the village ring! 260
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.

What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden: let me trace it! 265
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard hunted beast: How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play! what now avail 270
 The strong-built sinewy limbs & well-spread shoulders?
 See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
 On what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning! Hideous sight! 275
 O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow across his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
 It was his last. See how the great Goliath, 280
 Just like a child that brawld itself to rest,
 Lies still! What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
 To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man? 285
 Who knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife.

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye
 Applies the sight-invigorating tube; 290
 And trav'ling through the boundless length of space,
 Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs,
 That roll with regular confusion there,

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now!

In ecstasy of thought. But, ah! proud man!
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head: 295
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
 And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
 Where not device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
 Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
 And cannot tell his ails to passers-by. 300
 Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
 This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
 Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly insinuation's softer arts 305
 In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
 Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
 Rest like a weary cloud upon thy breast
 Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words, 310
 The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
 Raz'd from the book of fame: Or, more provoking,
 Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler 315
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes
 With heavy halting pace, that drawl along;
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm with red resentment the wan cheek. 320

Here the great masters of the healing art,
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
 Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!
 Where are thy boasted implements of art, 325
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
 Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out, 330
 And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus? why this cost?

*Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons.

Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now, 335
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
 Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
 Looks not afore silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole, discreditable shift! 340
 From back and belly too their proper cheer;
 Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd;
 By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs. 345
 But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
 Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
 Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
 O! cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
 The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds, 350
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions!
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come! 355

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the wall of her clay tenement!
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers! 360
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 O might she stay to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood! and ev'ry groan
 She heaves is big with horror: but the foe, 365
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till forc'd, at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin. 370

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view!

• Self-murder! name it not: our island's shame!

'That awful gulph no mortal ere repass'd,
To tell what's doing on the other side. 375
Nature turns back, and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thought of parting!
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source, 380
The witness of its actions, now its judge:
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be, 385
Returning to the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprang: then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'n's; then might the drum-
Reel o'er his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd, [kard
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh 390
At the poor bug-bear death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd;
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel; 395
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an hereafter, 400
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.

Self-murder! name it not: our island's shame, 405
That makes her the reprov'd of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, heav'n! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er 410
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!

Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd.

As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together; 416
 The common, damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.

Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
 How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons, 421
 Nor dare to stir till heav'n shall give permission;
 Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
 Those only are the brave who keep their ground, 425
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick: to run away
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown, 430
 And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad;
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
 O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out, 435
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.

I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death! 'Twas kindly done
 To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness 440
 That does its work by halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
 Sullen, like lamps, in sepulchres, your shine 445
 Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord: the cup goes round, 450
 And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart!

The very turf on which we tread once liv'd.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The Sexton, hoary-head chronicle! 455
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
 By far his juniors! scarce a skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell 460
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand 465
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade,
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out 470
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
 Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are!
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time! as if to learn to die 475
 Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
 For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
 Unapprehensive; when, for ought we know,
 The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in. 480

Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize. What is this world? 485
 What! but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcasses 490
 To cover our own offspring: in their turns
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
 The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor:

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden.

Men of all climes, that never met before ; 493
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.

Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
 His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
 The great negociators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance, 500.

Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts ;
 Now vain their treaty-skill ! Death scorns to treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him, 505
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream, 510
 Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
 Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their feuds.

The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter, 515
 Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun, 520
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch ;
 Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;
 The barren wife ; the long demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff, 525
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here !
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ; 531
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!

Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongu'd shrew;
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding. 535

Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern; 540
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image; and, well pleas'd, 545
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their sev'ral parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should, 550
For all was pure within; no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom; summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds:
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd, 555
The gen'rous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.

Blessed, thrice blessed days! but, ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men, 560
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.

O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject! 565
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone, 570
Ne'er to return again.--And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin.

Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain; 575
 Not all the lavish'd odours of the place,
 Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
 With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take 580
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost
 His glory and his God. If mortal now,
 And sorely main'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd:
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he needs would try: nor tried in vain. 585
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
 Alas! too well be sped: the good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd guest,
 Not to return; or if it did, its visits, 590
 Like those of angels, short and far between;
 Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man, who now too late 595
 Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel; 600
 And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
 What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin,
 Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee,
 Sorrow had never been. All noxious things 605
 Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails,
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench, 610
 Mars the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,
 And there it stops. The big swoln inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,

Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear.

Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass. 615

More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands; 620
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.

Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills! 625
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend 630
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt: yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And only pines till the dead blow is struck. 635

But, hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.

Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread; 640
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought 645
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more; 650
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;

Death only lies between, a gloomy path!

As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers. 655

But know, that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump 660
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, *long* sleepers, into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground, 665
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind, 670
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold: self-vig'rous he arose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent,
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!) 675
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven: methinks I see him 680
Climb the *aerial heights*, and glide along
Athwart the sev'ring clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in; 685
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.

Death only lies between, a gloomy path! 690
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears;
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigues
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no *by-road*

Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd!

To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way 695

That lead to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom,
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go!

So have I seen, upon a summer's eve, 700

Fast by the riv'let's brink a younster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!

This moment resolute, next unresolv'd.

At last he dips his foot; but as he dips

His fears redouble, and he runs away 705

From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now

Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,

And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,

Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe 710

On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!

Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd

Loses his fellness quite: all thanks to him

Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end

Of the good man is *peace*. How calm his exit! 715

Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,

Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,

A life well spent, whose early care it was

His riper years should not upbraid his green: 720

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;

Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!

High in his faith and hope, see how he reaches

After the prize in view! and, like a bird

That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away; 725

Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded

To let new glories in; the first fair fruits

Of the fast coming harvest! Then! O then!

Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,

Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs 730

To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!

'Tis done, and now he's happy. The glad soul

Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh

Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd.

Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more. 735

Nor shall it hope in *vain*; the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land, or on the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolatè: and faithfully shall these 740
 Make up the full account; not the least atom-
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.

Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r 745
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days; and what he can, he will: 750
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown 755
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscions soul
 Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
 With haste runs over ev'ry diff'rent room, 761
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time nor death shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone. 765
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cows down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

DEATH.

BY BISHOP PORTEUS.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In Fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently thrill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour, 5
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting 'cross my path 10
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion 15
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care, 20
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom, drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange,
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers. 25
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him Diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-tort'ring Gout, 30

By Heav'n's Command Death waves his ebony wand.

And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
 Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
 Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
 At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more, 35
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
 By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebony wand,
 Stal'den rush forth to execute his purpose,
 And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms 40
 Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey!
 Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
 This creature, Man? why wake th' unconscious dust
 To life and wretchedness? O better far
 Still had he slept in uncreated night, 45
 If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
 Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
 For this, dominion giv'n him absolute 50
 O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought! God never made a creature 55
 But what was good. He made a *living Soul*:
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
 Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
 No fear of change, no check to his desires, 60
 Save one command. That one command which stood
 'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
 Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
 He broke. There in one moment was undone
 The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand, 65
 That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
 Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
 And Death, and all the family of Pain,
 To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw 69
 The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame.

A happier scene of things; the promis'd Seed.

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
 Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours chok'd
 The troubled air, and form'd a vail of clouds
 To hide the willing Sun. The Earth, convuls'd
 With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop 75
 Of thorns and briars; and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
 That wont before with admiration fond
 To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
 Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
 The infection of his misery. He alone 80
 Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
 Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
 Forsook not in this uttermost distress
 His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
 (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction,) 85
 The countenance of God, and through the gloom
 Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
 Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heav'n
 Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
 A happy scene of things; the promis'd Seed 90
 Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
 Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
 Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
 No more the limit, but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the ground,
 From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil 96
 As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,
 So merciful is Heav'n,) this toil became
 The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
 Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard 100
 Against Disease and Death. Death, though denounc'd,
 Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
 Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
 Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
 Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes; 105
 Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
 One solitary ghost went shivering down.
 To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
 Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
 The venerable Patriarch guileless held. 110

He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.

The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet, 115
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength,
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head. 120
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And, looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline 125
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
So calm was Life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains, 130
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; though fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset 135
With Death in ev'ry shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace, 140
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhor'd; with violence rude to break 145
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By suble fraud to snatch a single life: 150

Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?

Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One Murder made a Villain;
Millions, a Hero.* Princes were' privileg'd 155
To kill, and numbers sanctifi'd the crime!

Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?,
And Men, that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together 160
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream 165
Of universal empire growing up

From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel, 170
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;

Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend;
Her olive branch, and give the world repose, [youth,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? — Alas! 176

Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain, 180
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,

Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth;
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd, 185
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who, nought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky, 190

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life.

Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore
 Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far
 He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,
 Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar, 195
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
 O sad but sure mischance! O happier far,
 To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
 A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
 In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice 200
 To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
 Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
 A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.
 Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
 Ye sons of Pleasure, by the Almighty strick'n, 205
 Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
 To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
 To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
 And be your own avengers! Hold, rash man,
 Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd 210
 Through every region of delight, nor left
 One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
 Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
 Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair;
 Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe, 215
 Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
 And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
 Pause on the verge a while: look down and see
 Thy future mansion.—Why that start of horror?
 From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel? 220
 Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
 The wretch, that, with his crimes all fresh about him,
 Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
 Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
 With insolent disdain his choicest gift? 225
 Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
 And think it all too short to wash away,
 By penitential tears, and deep contrition,
 The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
 Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shalt meet 230

Without thy aid, can shorten that short span.

Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
 His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern,
 With innocence to live: with patience wait
 Th' appointed hour: too soon that hour will come,
 Though Nature run her course. But Nature's God;
 If need require, by thousand various ways, 236
 Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
 And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
 Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
 To heav'n ascending from some guilty land, 240
 Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes, array'd
 In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
 Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
 And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
 Who can abide his coming? Who can bear 245
 His whole displeasure? In no common form
 Death then appears, but starting into size
 Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
 Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws round
 Unutterable horror and dismay 250
 All nature lends her aid. Each element
 Arise in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven;
 The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
 Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
 And drown Creation: or in floods of fire 255
 Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
 An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
 Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
 Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
 Whelms the proud wooden world: full many a youth
 Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept 261
 On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
 In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
 Contagion close behind taints all her steps
 With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen, 265
 No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
 Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge near;
 All, all is false and treacherous around;
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death. 270

Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee?

But, ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
 These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
 The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
 Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
 Heels to the ground, with one convulsive heave, 275
 Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
 The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
 Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
 One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
 To wail her sons: the house, that should protect, 280
 Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
 If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
 Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heav'n,
 O smother me from destruction! If this globe,
 This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
 So firm and sure, if this n^o steps betray; 286
 If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
 Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
 Her wretched offspring; whither shall I fly?
 Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee, 290
 Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
 From horrors such as these! At thy good time
 Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
 Too much for man to bear. O rather lend 295
 Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
 And at that hour when all aghast I stand
 (A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
 On this World's brink, and look into the next;
 When my soul, starting from the dark unknown, 300
 Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
 To her frail prop, unwilling to be wretch'd
 From this fair scene, from all her 'custom'd joys,
 And all the love'y relatives of life;
 Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on 305
 The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
 In all their hideous forms then starting up,
 Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
 And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
 Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe. 310

Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed.

Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead.
 Let cheerful Mem'ry from her purest cells
 Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
 Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
 With tenfold usury the pious care, 315
 And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
 Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
 Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heav'n,
 To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
 And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die; 320
 Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
 Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
 That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
 Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith;
 Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n, 325
 Bursts from the thralldom of encumb'ring clay,
 And on the wing of Ecstasy upborne,
 Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

AMONG THE TOMBS.

BY THE LATE MR. MOORE, OF CORNWALL.

STRUCK with religious awe and solemn dread,
 I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;
 Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
 And in mute language teach me to be wise.
 Time was these ashes liv'd; a time must be,
 When others thus may stand and look at me.
 Here, blended lie the aged and the young,
 The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:

The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach.

Death conquers all, and Time's subduing hand,
Nor tombs, nor marble statues, can withstand. 10

Mark yonder ashes, in confusion spread!
Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!
How striking the resemblance—yet how just!
Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust:
Around these bones, now broken and decay'd, 15
The streams of life in various channels play'd:
Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view,
Was some fair maid's, ye belles! as fair as you.
These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd: 20
Here glow'd the lips; there, white as Parian stone,
The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.

This is life's goal—no farther can we view;
Beyond it, all is wonder, old and new.
O say, ye spirits in a future state, 25
Why do you hide the secrets of your fate?
Nor tell your endless pains or joys to none;
Is it that men may live by faith alone?
The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach,
In silence, louder than divines can preach; 30
Hear what it says—ye sons of folly! hear;
It speaks to you—lend an attentive ear:
It bids you lay all vanity aside;
An humbling lecture this for human pride.

The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the sound!
Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound! 36
They bid us hasten to be wise, and show
How rapid in their course our minutes flow.

Now airy shapes, and hideous spectres, dance
Athwart Imagination's vivid glance; 40
The felon now attacks the miser's door,
And ruthless Murder prints her steps with gore:
Dull Fancy now her dreary path pursues,
'Midst groves of cypress, and unhallow'd yews;
Poetic visions vanish from my brain, 45
And my pulse throbs as feebly as my strain.

What means this sudden, strange, uncalled start,
This solemn something creeping to my heart?

Attend, ye fair, ye thoughtless, and ye gay!

Why fear to read a gracious God's decree?
Why fear to look on that I soon must be? 50

Can man be thoughtless of his end? or proud
Of charms that claim the coffin and the shroud?
Come, let him read these sculptur'd tombstones o'er,
Here fix his thoughts, and then be vain no more:

Let proud ambition learn this lesson hence, 55

Howe'er distinguish'd, dignify'd for sense;
Whate'er the honor'd ensigns of renown,
The cap, the hood, the mitre, or the crown,
Death levels all; nor parts our pow'rs can save;
Milton himself must shoulder in the grave, 60

Who sung, and prov'd with inspiration strong

The soul immortal, an immortal song.

Hark! thus Death speaks; Ingénious sons of men,
Why boast the chissel, pencil, or the pen?

Will Fame, who oft denies her children bread, 65
Deceive the living, discompose the dead?

No; fame's a breath, it cannot worth supply,

Nor yield you comfort when you come to die;

In my dark realms all opposites agree,

The heirs of wealth, and sons of poverty. 70

Whose tomb is this? It says, 'tis *Mira's* tomb,
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom:

Attend, ye fair, ye thoughtless, and ye gay!

For *Mira* dy'd upon the nuptial day!

The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in his arms,
And kindred worms destroy'd her pleasing charms. 76

In yonder tomb the old *Avaro* lies;

(Once he was rich, the world esteem'd him wise,)

Schemes unaccomplish'd labour'd in his mind,

And all his thoughts were to *this* world confin'd; 80

Death came unlook'd for,—from his grasping hands

Down dropt his bags, and mortgage of lands.

Beneath the sculptur'd pompous marble stone

Lies youthful *Florio*, aged *twenty-one*;

Crop'd like a flower he wither'd in his bloom, 85

Though flattering life had promis'd years to come.

Ye silken sons, ye *Florios* of the age!

Who tread in giddy maze life's flow'ry stage,

Here man dissolv'd, in shatter'd ruin lies.

Mark here the end of man, in *Florio* see,
 What you and all the sons of mirth must be. 90
 There low in dust the vain *Hortensio* lies,
 Whose splend'or was belied with envious eyes;
 Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
 With a long hist'ry of his noble race:
 Still after death his vanity survives, 95
 And on his tomb, all of *Hortensio* lives!
 Around me, as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
 Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,
 Whose stones say only when their owners dy'd,
 If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd; 100
 On others, pompous epitaphs are spread,
 In memory of the virtues of the dead:
 Vain waste of praise! since flattery or sincere,
 The judgment day alone will make appear.
 How silent is this little spot of ground! 105
 How melancholy looks each object round!
 Here man dissolv'd, in shatter'd ruin lies
 So fast asleep—as if no more to rise;
 'Tis strange to think, how these dead bones can live,
 Leap into form, and with new heat revive! 110
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
 Know its own place, its former figure take!
 But whence these doubts? when the last trumpet sounds
 Through heav'n's expanse, to earth's remotest bounds,
 The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
 And view again the long extinguish'd day: 116
 Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust
 Th' Almighty's pow'r to raise me from the dust;
 On his unfailing promises rely,
 And all the horrors of the grave defy: 120
 Death! where's thy sting? Grave! where's thy victory?

EVENING REFLECTIONS

Written in Westminster Abbey.

HAIL, sacred Fane! amidst whose stately shrines
Her constant vigils Melancholy keeps,
(Whilst on her arm her grief-worn cheek reclines)
And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weeps.

Hail, ancient edifice! thine aisles along,
In contemplation wrapped, now let me stray;
And stealing from the idly-busy throng,
Devoutly meditate the moral lay.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast
Whene'er my steps these gloomy mansions trace!
Where, in their sumptuous tombs, in silence rest
The honour'd ashes of the British race,

Here terminate ambition's airy schemes,
The syren pleasure here allures no more,
Here grov'ling avarice drops her golden dreams,
And life's fantastic trifles all are o'er.

No cares nor passions here the bosom rend,
Here wasting pain and earthly troubles cease;
Here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
And the world's weary traveller rests in peace.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r, and fame!
Here learn a lesson from each speaking bust;
View on each lofty tomb the envied name
Of worldly greatness, levell'd in the dust;

How high each personage once, how honour'd, read;
How low, how little now, look down, and see:
Hence learn to know thyself; for 'tis decreed,
That thou 's little and as low shalt be.

Great day of gladness to the good and just.

Full many a hapless victim yet unborn,
 O Death, all conqu'ring! at thy feet must fall,
 Before the dawning of that glorious morn,
 When thou shalt yield; and God be all in all.

Then from the silent grave and op'ning tomb
 Shall each reviving tenant lift his head,
 And this time-honour'd Abbey's crouded womb.
 Resign its treasures of illustrious dead.

E'en now, methinks, by faith's pervading eye
 I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
 And the world's Saviour, from his throne on high,
 Descend in prest robes of light array'd.

Great day of gladness to the good and just,
 When they shall taste his wonders of his love;
 And rising joyful from their beds of dust,
 Ascend triumphant to the realms above.

Then shall the finish'd bust, the sculptur'd stone,
 And all the labour of the artist's hand,
 Dissolve; and virtue's solid base alone
 Amidst the gen'ral wreck of matter stand.

Yea, should creation founder in the storm,
 And whelming perish in this awful doom,
 Yet shall celestial virtue's angel form
 Survive, and flourish in immortal bloom.

Then shall the good resolve, the gen'rous deed,
 And noble conflict in religion's cause,
 Be well rewarded, ('tis by Heav'n decreed),
 And surely meet at judgment God's applause.

O be it then our wisdom to secure
 Those glorious crowns that shine for ever bright:
 Crowns that adorn the faithful and the pure,
 In the blest mansions of eternal light.

CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

BY GAY.

WHETHER amid the gloom of Night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still Nature's various face informs my sense
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of Night;
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light. 6
 Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show; 10
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 As 'a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns;
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast, 15
 But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost;
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
 Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand; 20
 Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circuit makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays, 25
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare—
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are; 30

Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ.

But this we know, that Heav'n's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can, at his word, bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends, 35
 To other lands a rising day he lends;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil. 40
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away, 45
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow. 50
 Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy.
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God! for ever shine the same. 54

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